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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the SIXTH.

CONTAINING,

KING LEAR.
TIMON *of* ATHENS.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.
MACBETH.
CORIOLANUS.

LONDON:

Printed for *J.* and *P. Knapton, S. Birt, T. Longman, H. Lintot, C. Hitch, J. Hodges, J. Brindley, J.* and *R. Tonson* and *S. Draper, B. Dod,* and *C. Corbet.*

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Knapp
Feb. 5, 1920
E
8 vols.

H.Gravelot in Vol: 6.P: 3. G.V.de Gucht Scul.

BRARY

THE

LIFE and *DEATH*

OF

King *LEAR.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LEAR, *King of* Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Glo'ſter.
Earl of Kent.
Edgar, *Son to* Glo'ſter.
Edmund, *Baſtard Son to* Glo'ſter.
Curan, *a Courtier.*
Doctor.
Fool.
Oſwald, *Steward to* Gonerill.
A Captain, employ'd by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old Man, Tenant to Glo'ſter.
Servant to Cornwall.
1ſt. 2d. } *Servants to* Glo'ſter.

Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, } *Daughters to* Lear.

Knights attending on the King, Officers, Meſſengers, Soldiers and Attendants.

SCENE *lies in* Britain.

KING

KING *LEAR.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *the KING's PALACE.*

Enter Kent, Glo'ſter, *and* Edmund *the Baſtard.*

KENT.

I Thought, the King had more affected the Duke of *Albany* than *Cornwall.*

Glo. It did always ſeem ſo to us: but now, in the Diviſion of the Kingdom, it appears not, which of the Dukes he values moſt; for qualities are ſo weigh'd, that curioſity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your ſon, my lord?

Glo. His Breeding, Sir, hath been at my charge. I have ſo often bluſh'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon ſhe grew round-womb'd; and had, indeed, Sir, a ſon for her cradle, ere ſhe had a huſband for her bed. Do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.

Glo. But I have a son, Sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account; though this knave came somewhat sawcily to the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whorson must be acknowledg'd. Do you know this Nobleman, *Edmund?*

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of *Kent*; ———
Remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study your deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. [*Trumpets sound, within.*
The King is coming.

Enter King Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Gonerill, Regan, Cordelia, *and Attendants.*

Lear. Attend the lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Glo'ster.*

Glo. I shall, my Liege. [*Exit.*

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose.
Give me the Map here. Know, we have divided,
In three, our Kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent,
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburthen'd crawl tow'rd death. Our son of *Cornwall*,
And You, our no less loving son of *Albany*,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters sev'ral Dow'rs, that future strife
May be prevented now. The Princes *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great rivals in our younger daughter's love,
Long in our Court have made their am'rous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd. Tell me, daughters,
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Int'rest of territory, cares of state;)

Which

Which of you, ſhall we ſay, doth love us moſt?
That we our largeſt bounty may extend,
Where nature doth with merit challenge. *Gonerill*,
Our eldeſt born, ſpeak firſt.

Gon. I love you, Sir,
Dearer than eye-ſight, ſpace and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No leſs than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour;
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and ſpeech unable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I love you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* do? love and be ſilent.
[*Aſide.*

Lear. Of all theſe Bounds, ev'n from this line to this,
With ſhadowy foreſts and with champions rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-ſkirted meads,
We make thee lady. To thine and *Albany*'s iſſue
Be this perpetual.——What ſays our ſecond daughter,
Our deareſt *Regan*, wife of *Cornwall*? ſpeak.

Reg. I'm made of that ſelf-metal as my ſiſter,
And prize me at her worth, in my true Heart. (1)
I find, ſhe names my very deed of love;
Only ſhe comes too ſhort: that I profeſs
My ſelf an enemy to all other joys,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſenſe poſſeſſes;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highneſs' love.

Cor. Then poor *Cordelia!* [*Aſide.*
And yet not ſo, ſince, I am ſure, my love's
More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair Kingdom;
No leſs in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Than that confer'd on *Gonerill*.——Now our joy,

(1) *And prize me at her Worth. In my true Heart,*] Mr. *Biſhop* preſcrib'd the Pointing of this Paſſage, as I have regulated it in the Text. *Regan* would ſay, that in the Truth of her Heart and Affection, ſhe equals the worth of her Siſter. Without this Change in the Pointing, ſhe makes a Boaſt of her ſelf without any Cauſe aſſign'd.

Although our laſt, not leaſt; to whoſe young love,
The vines of *France*, and milk of *Burgundy*,
Strive to be int'reſs'd: what ſay you, to draw
A third, more opulent than your ſiſters? ſpeak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing; ſpeak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth: I love your Majeſty
According to my bond, no more nor leſs.
Lear. How, how, *Cordelia?* mend your ſpeech a little,
Leſt you may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me. I
Return thoſe duties back, as are right fit;
Obey you, love you, and moſt honour you.
Why have my ſiſters huſbands, if they ſay,
They love you, all? haply, when I ſhall wed,
That lord, whoſe hand muſt take my plight, ſhall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure, I ſhall never marry like my ſiſters,
To love my father all. ———
Lear. But goes thy heart with this?
Cor. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. So young, and ſo untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. Let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower;
For by the ſacred radiance of the ſun,
The myſteries of *Hecate*, and the night,
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exiſt, and ceaſe to be;
Here I diſclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me
Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barb'rous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation, meſſes
To gorge his appetite; ſhall to my boſom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my ſometime daughter.

Kent.

Kent. Good my Liege ——
Lear. Peace, *Kent!*
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my Reſt
On her kind nurs'ry. Hence, avoid my ſight! ——
[*To* Cor.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her; Call *France*; who ſtirs?
Call *Burgundy.*——*Cornwall* and *Albany*,
With my two daughters' dowers digeſt the third.
Let pride, which ſhe calls plainneſs, marry her.
I do inveſt you jointly with my Power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troop with Majeſty. Our ſelf by monthly courſe,
With reſervation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turns: only retain
The name and all th' addition to a King:
The ſway, revenue, execution,
Beloved ſons, be yours; which to confirm,
This Cor'onet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*
Kent. Royal *Lear*,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my King,
Lov'd as my father, as my maſter follow'd,
And as my patron thought on in my pray'rs ——
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the ſhaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart; be *Kent* unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad: what would'ſt thou do, old man?
Think'ſt thou, that duty ſhall have dread to ſpeak,
When pow'r to flatt'ry bows? to plainneſs Honour
Is bound, when Majeſty to folly falls.
Reſerve thy State; with better judgment check
This hideous raſhneſs; with my life I anſwer,
Thy youngeſt daughter does not love thee leaſt;
Nor are thoſe empty-hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reverbs no hollowneſs.
Lear. *Kent*, on thy life no more.
Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn

To wage againſt thy foes; nor fear to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my ſight!

Kent. See better, *Lear*, and let me ſtill remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now by *Apollo* ——

Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King,
Thou ſwear'ſt thy gods in vain.

Lear. O vaſſal! miſcreant! ——

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Alb. Corn. Dear Sir, forbear.

Kent. Kill thy phyſician, and thy fee beſtow
Upon the foul diſeaſe; revoke thy doom,
Or whilſt I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou doſt evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant!
Since thou haſt ſought to make us break our vow,
Which we durſt never yet; and with ſtrain'd pride,
To come betwixt our ſentence and our power;
(Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear;)
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for proviſion,
To ſhield thee from diſaſters of the world;
And, on the ſixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our Kingdom; if, the tenth day following,
Thy baniſh'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death: away! By *Jupiter*,
This ſhall not be revok'd.

Kent. Fare thee well, King; ſith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and baniſhment is here;
The gods to their dear ſhelter take thee, maid,
That juſtly think'ſt, and haſt moſt rightly ſaid;
And your large ſpeeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may ſpring from words of love:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adieu,
He'll ſhape his old courſe in a country new. [*Exit.*

Enter Glo'ſter, *with* France *and* Burgundy, *and Attendants.*

Glo. Here's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble lord.

Lear.

Lear. My lord of *Burgundy*,
We firſt addreſs tow'rd you, who with this King
Have rivall'd for our daughter; what at leaſt
Will you require in preſent dower with her,
Or ceaſe your queſt of love?

Bur. Moſt royal Majeſty,
I crave no more than what your Highneſs offer'd,
Nor will you tender leſs.

Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*,
When ſhe was dear to us, we held her ſo;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there ſhe ſtands,
If aught within that little ſeeming ſubſtance,
Or all of it with our diſpleaſure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and ſhe is yours.

Bur. I know no anſwer.

Lear. Will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon, royal Sir;
Election makes not up on ſuch conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, Sir; for by the pow'r that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.——For you, great King,
[*To* France.
I would not from your love make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beſeech you,
T' avert your liking a more worthy way
Than on a wretch, whom nature is aſham'd
Almoſt t' acknowledge hers.

France. This is moſt ſtrange!
That ſhe, who ev'n but now was your beſt object,
Your Praiſe's argument, balm of your age,
Deareſt and beſt; ſhould in this trice of time
Commit a thing ſo monſtrous, to diſmantle
So many folds of favour! ſure, her offence
Muſt be of ſuch unnatural degree,
That monſters it; or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,

Muſt

Muſt be a faith, that reaſon without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beſeech your Majeſty,
(If, for I want that glib and oily art,
To ſpeak and purpoſe not; ſince what I well intend,
I'll do't before I ſpeak,) that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murther, or foulneſs,
No unchaſte action, or diſhonour'd ſtep,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But ev'n for want of that, for which I'm richer,
A ſtill ſolliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
That I am glad I've not; though, not to have it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.

Lear. Better thou
Hadſt not been born, than not have pleas'd me better.

France. Is it but this? a tardineſs in nature,
Which often leaves the hiſtory unſpoke,
That it intends to do? my lord of *Burgundy*,
What ſay you to the lady? love's not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that ſtand
Aloof from th' intire point. Say, will you have her?
She is her ſelf a dowry.

Bur. Royal King,
Give but that portion which your ſelf propos'd,
And here I take *Cordelia* by the hand,
Dutcheſs of *Burgundy*.

Lear. Nothing: —— I've ſworn.

Bur. I'm ſorry then, you have ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a huſband.

Cor. Peace be with *Burgundy*,
Since that reſpects of fortune are his love,
I ſhall not be his wife.

France. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich, being poor,
Moſt choice, forſaken; and moſt lov'd, deſpis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I ſeize upon:
Be't lawful, I take up what's caſt away.
Gods, Gods! 'tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect
My love ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect.
Thy dow'rleſs daughter, King, thrown to my chance,

Is

Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair *France:*
Not all the Dukes of wat'rish *Burgundy*
Can buy this unpriz'd, precious, maid of me.
Bid them farewel, *Cordelia*, tho' unkind;
Thou loseſt here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou haſt her, *France*; let her be thine, for we
Have no ſuch daughter; nor ſhall ever ſee
That face of hers again; therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benizon:
Come, noble *Burgundy.*

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt* Lear *and* Burgundy.

France. Bid farewel to your ſiſters.

Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with waſh'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know what you are,
And, like a ſiſter, am moſt loth to call
Your faults, as they are nam'd. Love well our father:
To your profeſſing boſoms I commit him;
But yet, alas! ſtood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewel to you both.

Reg. Preſcribe not us our duty.

Gon. Let your ſtudy
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms; you have obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the Want that you have wanted. (2)

Cor. Time ſhall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
Who covers faults, at laſt with ſhame derides.
Well may you proſper!

France. Come, my fair *Cordelia.*

[*Exeunt* France *and* Cor.

Gon. Siſter, it is not little I've to ſay,
Of what moſt nearly appertains to us both;
I think, our father will go hence to night.

(2) *And well are worth the* Want *that you have* wanted.] This is a very obſcure Expreſſion, and muſt be piec'd out with an implied Senſe, to be underſtood. This I take to be the Poet's Meaning, ſtript of the Jingle which makes it dark: "You well deſerve to meet with that *Want* of Love from "your Husband, which you have profeſs'd to *want* for our "Father."

Reg.

Reg. That's certain, and with you; next month with us.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is, the observation we have made of it hath not been little; he always lov'd our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look, from his age, to receive not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness, that infirm and cholerick years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of *Kent*'s banishment.

Gon. There is further complement of leave-taking between *France* and him; pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' th' heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Castle belonging to the Earl of* Glo'ster.

Enter EDMUND, *with a Letter.*

Edm. THOU, *Nature*, art my Goddess; to thy law
My services are bound; wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curtesie of nations to deprive me, (3)
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines

(3) *The* Nicety *of Nations*] This is Mr. *Pope*'s Reading, *ex Cathedrâ*; for it has the Sanction of none of the Copies, that I have met with. They all, indeed, give it Us, by a foolish Corruption, ---- *the* Curiosity *of Nations*; but I some time ago prov'd, that our Author's Word was, *Curtesie*. Nor must we forget that Tenure in our Laws, whereby some Lands are held by the *Curtesie* of *England*.

Lag

Lag of a brother? Why *baſtard?* wherefore *baſe?*
When my dimenſions are as well compact,
My mind as gen'rous, and my ſhape as true,
As honeſt Madam's iſſue? why brand they us
With baſe? with baſeneſs? baſtardy? baſe, baſe?
Who, in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take
More compoſition and fierce quality;
Than doth, within a dull, ſtale, tired bed,
Go to creating a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween a-ſleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt have your land;
Our father's love is to the baſtard *Edmund*,
As to th' legitimate; fine word —— legitimate ——!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed,
And my invention thrive, *Edmund* the baſe
Shall be th' legitimate. —— I grow, I proſper;
Now, Gods, ſtand up for baſtards!

To him, Enter Glo'ſter.

Glo. *Kent* baniſh'd thus! and *France* in choler parted!
And the King gone to night! ſubſcrib'd his pow'r!
Confin'd to exhibition! all is gone
Upon the gad! —— *Edmund*, how now? what news?

Edm. So pleaſe your lordſhip, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

Glo. Why ſo earneſtly ſeek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No! what needed then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelf. Let's ſee; come, if it be nothing, I ſhall not need ſpectacles.

Edm. I beſeech you, Sir, pardon me, it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for ſo much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, Sir.

Edm. I ſhall offend, either to detain, or give it; the contents, as in part I underſtand them, are to blame.

Glo.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay, or taste of my virtue.

Glo. [reads.] *This policy and reverence of ages makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; which sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep, till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother* Edgar. ——— Hum ——— Conspiracy! —— sleep, 'till I wake him —— you should enjoy half his revenue —— My son *Edgar!* had he a hand to write this! a heart and brain to breed it in! When came this to you? who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear, it were his; but in respect of that, I would fain think, it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Has he never before sounded you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as a ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! his very opinion in the letter. Abhorred villain! unnatural, detested, brutish villain! worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord; if it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make

make a great gap in your own honour, and ſhake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your Honour, and to no other pretence of danger.

Glo. Think you ſo?

Edm. If your Honour judge it meet, I will place you where you ſhall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular aſſurance have your ſatisfaction: and that, without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Edm. Nor is not, ſure.

Glo. To his Father, that ſo tenderly and entirely loves him —— Heav'n and Earth! *Edmund*, ſeek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the buſineſs after your own wiſdom. I would unſtate my ſelf, to be in a due reſolution.

Edm. I will ſeek him, Sir, preſently: convey the buſineſs as I ſhall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. Theſe late eclipſes in the ſun and moon portend no good to us; tho' the wiſdom of nature can reaſon it thus and thus, yet nature finds it ſelf ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects. Love cools, friendſhip falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, diſcord; in palaces, treaſon; and the bond crack'd 'twixt ſon and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's ſon againſt father; the King falls from biaſs of nature, there's father againſt child. We have ſeen the beſt of our time. Machinations, hollowneſs, treachery, and all ruinous diſorders follow us diſquietly to our graves! Find out this villain, *Edmund*; it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully — and the noble and true-hearted *Kent* baniſh'd! his offence, Honeſty. 'Tis ſtrange. [*Exit.*

Manet Edmund.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are ſick in fortune, (often the ſurfeits of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our diſaſters, the ſun, the moon and ſtars; as if we were villains on neceſſity; fools,

fools, by heavenly compulſion; knaves, thieves, and treacherous, by ſpherical predominance; drunkards, lyars, and adulterers, by an inforc'd obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thruſting on. An admirable evaſion of whoremaſter Man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition on the charge of a ſtar! my father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *Urſa major*; ſo that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. I ſhould have been what I am, had the maidenlieſt ſtar in the firmament twinkled on my baſtardizing.

To him, Enter Edgar.

Pat!——he comes, like the Cataſtrophe of the old comedy; my cue is villainous Melancholy, with a ſigh like *Tom* o' *Bedlam*——O, theſe eclipſes portend theſe diviſions! ſa, ſol, la, me——

Edg. How now, brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe eclipſes.

Edg. Do you buſie your ſelf with that?

Edm. I promiſe you, the effects, he writes of, ſucceed unhappily. When ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms, found you no diſpleaſure in him, by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Bethink your ſelf, wherein you have offended him: and, at my intreaty, forbear his preſence, until ſome little time hath qualified the heat of his diſpleaſure; which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchief of your perſon it would ſcarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That's my fear; I pray you, have a continent forbearance 'till the ſpeed of his rage goes ſlower; and, as I ſay, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord ſpeak: pray you,

you, go, there's my key: if you do ſtir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother!

Edm. Brother, I adviſe you to the beſt; I am no honeſt man, if there be any good meaning toward you: I have told you what I have ſeen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon? [*Exit.*

Edm. I do ſerve you in this buſineſs:
A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo far from doing harms,
That he ſuſpects none; on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practices ride eaſie: I ſee the buſineſs.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit;
All with me's meet, that I can faſhion fit. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the Duke of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Gonerill *and Steward.*

Gon. DID my father ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour
He flaſhes into one groſs crime or other,
That ſets us all at odds; I'll not endure it:
His Knights grow riotous, and himſelf upbraids us
On ev'ry trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not ſpeak with him; ſay, I am ſick.
If you come ſlack of former ſervices,
You ſhall do well; the fault of it I'll anſwer.

Stew. He's coming, Madam, I hear him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe,
You and your fellows: I'd have it come to queſtion.
If he diſtaſte it, let him to my ſiſter,
Whoſe mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd: Idle old Man, (4)

That

(4) *Idle old Man,*] The following Lines, as they are fine in themſelves, and very much in Character for *Gonerill*, I have reſtor'd

That ſtill would manage thoſe Authorities,
That he hath giv'n away! —— Now, by my Life,
Old Fools are Babes again; and muſt be uſed
With Checks, like Flatt'rers when they're ſeen t'abuſe us.
Remember, what I have ſaid.

Stew. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights have colder looks among you: what grows of it, no matter; adviſe your fellows ſo: I'll write ſtrait to my ſiſter to hold my courſe: prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an open Place before the Palace.*

Enter Kent *diſguis'd.*

Kent. IF but as well I other accents borrow,
And can my ſpeech diffuſe, my good intent
May carry thro' it ſelf to that full iſſue,
For which I raz'd my likeneſs. Now, baniſh'd *Kent*,
If thou can'ſt ſerve where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd,
So may it come, thy maſter, whom thou lov'ſt,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter Lear, *Knights and Attendants.*

Lear. Let me not ſtay a jot for dinner, go, get it ready: How now, what art thou? [*To* Kent.

Kent. A man, Sir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſs? what would'ſt thou with us?

Kent. I do profeſs to be no leſs than I ſeem; to ſerve him truly, that will put me in truſt; to love him that is honeſt; to converſe with him that is wiſe and ſays little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eat no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

ſtor'd from the Old *Quarto*. The laſt Verſe, which I have ventur'd to amend, is there printed thus:

With Checks, like Flatt'ries *when they are ſeen abus'd.*

Kent,

Kent. A very honeſt-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

Lear. If thou beeſt as poor for a ſubject, as he is for a King, thou art poor enough. What would'ſt thou?

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'ſt thou ſerve?

Kent. You.

Lear. Doſt thou know me, fellow?

Kent. No, Sir, but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call Maſter.

Lear. What's that?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What ſervices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keep honeſt counſels, ride, run, marr a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain meſſage bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in: and the beſt of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young, Sir, to love a woman for ſinging; nor ſo old, to doat on her for any thing. I have years on my back forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerve me; if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner — where's my knave? my fool? go you, and call my fool hither. You, you, ſirrah, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. So pleaſe you — [*Exit.*

Lear. What ſays the fellow there? call the clotpole back: where's my fool, ho? — I think, the world's aſleep: how now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He ſays, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlave back to me when I call'd him!

Knight. Sir, he anſwer'd me in the roundeſt manner, he would not.

Lear. He would not?

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my Judgment, your Highneſs is not entertain'd with that

that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindneſs appears as well in the general dependants, as in the Duke himſelf alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo?

Knight. I beſeech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be miſtaken; for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I think your Highneſs is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remember'ſt me of my own conception. I have perceiv'd a moſt faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as my own jealous curioſity, than as a very pretence and purpoſe of unkindneſs; I will look further into't; but where's my fool? I have not ſeen him theſe two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into *France*, Sir, the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well; go you and tell my daughter, I would ſpeak with her. Go you, call hither my fool. O, you, Sir, come you hither, Sir; who am I, Sir?

Enter Steward.

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father? my lord's knave!—you whorſon dog, you ſlave, you cur.

Stew. I am none of theſe, my lord; I beſeech your pardon.

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you raſcal?

[*Striking him.*

Stew. I'll not be ſtruck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe foot-ball player.

[*Tripping up his heels.*

Lear. I thank thee, fellow. Thou ſerv'ſt me, and I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, Sir, ariſe, away; I'll teach you differences: away, away; if you will meaſure your lubber's length again, tarry again; but away, go to: have you wiſdom? ſo.— [*Puſhes the Steward out.*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee; there's earneſt of thy ſervice

To

To them, Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcomb.
[*Giving his cap.*

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how do'ſt thou?

Fool. Sirrah, you were beſt take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, my boy?

Fool. Why? for taking one's part, that is out of favour; nay, an thou canſt not ſmile as the wind ſits, thou'lt catch cold ſhortly. There, take my coxcomb; why, this fellow has baniſh'd two of his daughters, and did the third a bleſſing againſt his will; if thou follow him, thou muſt needs wear my coxcomb. How now, nuncle? would, I had two coxcombs, and two daughters.

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I give them all my living, I'll keep my coxcomb my ſelf; there's mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, Sirrah, the whip.——

Fool. Truth's a dog muſt to kennel; he muſt be whip'd out, when the lady brach may ſtand by th' fire and ſtink.

Lear. A peſtilent gall to me.

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a ſpeech. [*To* Kent.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle;
Have more than thou ſhoweſt,
Speak leſs than thou knoweſt,
Lend leſs than thou oweſt,
Ride more than thou goeſt,
Learn more than thou troweſt,
Set leſs than thou throweſt,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep within door,
And thou ſhalt have more
Than two tens to a ſcore.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer, you gave me nothing for't; can you make no uſe of nothing, nuncle?

Lear.

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool. [*To* Kent.

Lear. A bitter fool! ——

Fool. Doſt thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a ſweet one?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That Lord, that counſel'd thee to give away thy Land,
Come, place him here by me! do Thou for him ſtand;
The ſweet and bitter Fool will preſently appear,
The One, in motley here; the Other, found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou haſt given away; that thou waſt born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord.

Fool. No, faith; Lords, and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly on't, they would have part on't: nay, the Ladies too, they'll not let me have all fool to my ſelf, they'll be ſnatching.
Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns ſhall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i'th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg; when thou cloveſt thy Crown i'th' middle and gav'ſt away both parts, thou bor'ſt thine aſs on thy back o'er the dirt; thou hadſt little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gav'ſt thy golden one away: if I ſpeak like my ſelf in this, let him be whip'd that firſt finds it ſo.

Fools ne'er had leſs grace in a year, [Singing.
For wiſe men are grown foppiſh;
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs, ſirrah?

Fool. I have uſed it, nuncle, e'er ſince thou mad'ſt thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'ſt them the rod, and put'ſt down thy own breeches,

Then

Then they for ſudden joy did weep,
And I for ſorrow ſung;
That ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a ſchool-maſter that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie.

Lear. If you lie, ſirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, ſometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o'thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou haſt pared thy wit o'both ſides, and left nothing i' th' middle: here comes one o' th' parings.

To them, Enter Gonerill.

Lear. How now, daughter, what makes that frontlet on? you are too much of late i'th' frown.

Fool. Thou waſt a pretty fellow, when thou hadſt no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure; I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. —— Yes, forſooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To* Gonerill.] ſo your face bids me, tho' you ſay nothing.

Mum, mum, he that keeps nor cruſt nor crum, [Singing.
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome.
That's a ſheal'd peaſcod.

Gon. Not only, Sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
But other of your inſolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not to be endured riots.
I thought, by making this well known unto you,
T'have found a ſafe redreſs; but now grow fearful,
By what your ſelf too late have ſpoke and done,
That you protect this courſe, and put it on
By your allowance; if you ſhould, the fault
Would not 'ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſes ſleep;
Which, in the tender of a wholeſome weal,

Might in their working do you that offence,
(Which elſe were ſhame,) that then neceſſity
Will call diſcreet proceeding.

Fool. For you know, nuncle,
The hedge-ſparrow fed the Cuckoo ſo long,
That it had its head bit off by its Young;
So out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter? [dom,

Gon. I would, you would make uſe of your good wiſ-
Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away
Theſe diſpoſitions, which of late tranſport you
From what you rightly are.

Fool. May not an Aſs know when the cart draws the horſe? whoop, *Jug*, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me? this is not *Lear:*
Does *Lear* walk thus? ſpeak thus? where are his eyes?
Either his notion weakens, his diſcernings
Are lethargied —— Ha! waking — 'tis not ſo;
Who is it that can tell me who I am?
Lear's ſhadow? I would learn; for by the marks
Of ſovereignty, of knowledge, and of reaſon,
I ſhould be falſe perſuaded I had daughters.
Your name, fair gentlewoman? ——

Gon. This admiration, Sir, is much o'th' ſavour
Of other your new pranks. I do beſeech you,
To underſtand my purpoſes aright.
You, as you're old and reverend, ſhould be wiſe.
Here do you keep a hundred Knights and Squires,
Men ſo diſorder'd, ſo debauch'd and bold,
That this our Court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous Inn; Epicuriſm and luſt
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel,
Than a grac'd Palace. Shame itſelf doth ſpeak
For inſtant remedy. Be then deſir'd
By her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs,
‡ Of fifty to diſquantity your train;

‡ A little *is the common reading; but it appears, from what* Lear *ſays in the next Scene, that this number fifty was requir'd to be cut off, which (as the editions ſtood) is no where ſpecify'd by* Gonerill. Mr. *Pope.*

And

And the remainders, that ſhall ſtill depend,
To be ſuch men as may beſort your age,
And know themſelves and you.
Lear. Darkneſs and devils!
Saddle my horſes, call my train together.——
Degen'rate baſtard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter.
Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſorder'd rabble
Make ſervants of their betters.

To them, Enter Albany.

Lear. Woe! that too late repents—O, Sir, are you come?
Is it your will, ſpeak, Sir? prepare my horſes.——
[*To* Albany.
Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou ſhew'ſt thee in a child,
Than the ſea-monſter.
Alb. Pray, Sir, be patient.
Lear. Deteſted kite! thou lieſt. [*To* Gonerill.
My train are men of choice and rareſt parts,
That all particulars of duty know;
And in the moſt exact regard ſupport
The worſhips of their names. O moſt ſmall fault!
How ugly didſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew?
Which, like an engine, wrencht my frame of nature
From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O *Lear, Lear, Lear!*
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in. [*Striking his head.*
And thy dear judgment out. — Go, go, my people.
Alb. My lord, I'm guiltleſs, as I'm ignorant,
Of what hath moved you.
Lear. It may be ſo, my lord ———
Hear, Nature, hear; dear Goddeſs, hear a Father!
Suſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend
To make this creature fruitful:
Into her womb convey ſterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increaſe,
And from her derogate body never ſpring
A Babe to honour her! If ſhe muſt teem,

Create her child of ſpleen, that it may live,
And be a thwart diſnatur'd torment to her;
Let it ſtamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With candent tears fret chanels in her cheeks: (5)
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt; that ſhe may feel,
How ſharper than a ſerpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankleſs child. — Go, go, my people.

Alb. Now, Gods, that we adore, whereof comes this?

Gon. Never afflict your ſelf to know of it:
But let his diſpoſition have that ſcope,
That dotage gives it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight? ———

Alb. What's the matter, Sir?

Lear. I'll tell thee — life and death! I am aſham'd
That thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus;
[*To* Gon.
That theſe hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. — blaſts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented woundings of a father's curſe
Pierce every ſenſe about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this Cauſe again, I'll pluck ye out,
And caſt you, with the waters that you loſe,
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be ſo: I have another daughter,
Who, I am ſure, is kind and comfortable;
When ſhe ſhall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flea thy wolfiſh viſage. Thou ſhalt find,
That I'll reſume the ſhape, which thou doſt think

(5) *With* cadent *Tears.*] Mr. *Warburton* very happily here ſuſpects our Author wrote, *cadent:* as an Epithet of much more Energy, and more likely to effect *Lear*'s Imprecation. He brings in Confirmation, what the King ſays preſently after;

That theſe hot Tears, *that break from me perforce,*
And what he ſays towards the End of the 4th Act;

——————— *but I am bound*
Upon a Wheel of Fire, that mine own Tears
Do ſcald *like* molten Lead.

I have caſt off for ever. [*Ex.* Lear *and attendants.*

Gon. Do you mark that?

Alb. I cannot be ſo partial, *Goneril*,
To the great love I bear you, ———

Gon. Pray you, be content. What, *Oſwald*, ho!
You, Sir, more knave than fool, after your maſter.

Fool. Nuncle *Lear*, nuncle *Lear*, tarry, take the fool with thee:
A Fox, when one has caught her,
And ſuch a daughter,
Should ſure to the ſlaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter,
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counſel, — a hundred [Knights!
'Tis politick, and ſafe, to let him keep
A hundred Knights; yes, that on ev'ry dream,
Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, diſlike,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs,
And hold our lives at mercy: *Oſwald*, I ſay.

Alb. Well, you may fear too far; ———

Gon. Safer than truſt too far.
Let me ſtill take away the harms I fear,
Not fear ſtill to be harm'd. I know his heart;
What he hath utter'd, I have writ my ſiſter;
If ſhe'll ſuſtain him and his hundred Knights,
When I have ſhew'd th' unfitneſs——

Enter Steward.

How now, *Oſwald?*
What, have you writ that letter to my ſiſter?

Stew. Ay, Madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe;
Inform her full of my particular fears,
And thereto add ſuch reaſons of your own,
As may compact it more. So get you gone,
And haſten your return. [*Exit Steward.*
——— No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleneſs and courſe of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,

You are much more at task for want of wiſdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildneſs.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell;
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

Gon. Nay, then ———

Alb. Well, well, th' event. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a* Court-Yard *belonging to the Duke of* Albany's Palace.

Re-enter Lear, Kent, *Gentleman and Fool.*

Lear. GO you before to *Glo'ſter* with theſe letters; acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter; if your diligence be not ſpeedy, I ſhall be there afore you.

Kent. I will not ſleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*

Fool. If a man's brain were in his heels, wer't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry, thy wit ſhall not go ſlip-ſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Fool. Shalt ſee, thy other daughter will uſe thee kindly; for though ſhe's as like this as a crab's like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What can'ſt tell, boy?

Fool. She will taſte as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Can'ſt thou tell, why one's noſe ſtands i'th' middle of one's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either ſide one's noſe; that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong ———

Fool. Can'ſt tell how an oyſter makes his ſhell?

Lear. No.

Fool.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell, why a ſnail has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put's head in, not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature: ſo kind a father! be my horſes ready?

Fool. Thy aſſes are gone about 'em; the reaſon, why the ſeven ſtars are no more than ſeven, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Fool. Yes, indeed; thou wouldſt make a good fool.

Lear. To take't again perforce! —— monſter ingratitude!

Fool. If you were my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou ſhould'ſt not have been old, 'till thou hadſt been wiſe.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, ſweet heav'n! Keep me in temper, I would not be mad.

Enter Gentleman.

How now, are the horſes ready?

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,
Shall not be a maid long, unleſs things be cut ſhorter.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Caſtle belonging to the Earl of* Glo'ſter.

Enter Edmund *and* Curan, *ſeverally.*

EDMUND.

SAVE thee, *Curan.*

Cur. And you, Sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of *Cornwall*, and *Regan* his Dutcheſs, will be here with him this night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not; you have heard of the news abroad; I mean the whiſper'd ones; for they are yet but ear-kiſſing arguments.

Edm. Not I; pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of *Cornwall* and *Albany?*

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may do then in time. Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit.*

Edm. The Duke be here to night! the better! beſt! This weaves itſelf perforce into my buſineſs;
My father hath ſet guard to take my brother,
And I have one thing of a queazy queſtion
Which I muſt act: briefneſs, and fortune work!
Brother, a word; deſcend; Brother, I ſay; ——

To him, Enter Edgar.

My father watches; O Sir, fly this place,
Intelligence is giv'n where you are hid;
You've now the good advantage of the night ——
Have you not ſpoken 'gainſt the Duke of *Cornwall?*
He's coming hither, now i'th' night, i'th' haſte,

And

And *Regan* with him; have you nothing said
Upon his Party 'gainſt the Duke of *Albany?*
Adviſe your ſelf.
Edg. I'm ſure on't, not a word.
Edm. I hear my father coming. Pardon me—
In cunning, I muſt draw my ſword upon you ——
Draw, ſeem to defend your ſelf,
Now quit you well ———
Yield——come before my father—light hoa, here! —
Fly, brother—Torches! — ſo farewel — [*Exit* Edg.
Some blood, drawn on me, would beget opinion
[*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavour. I've ſeen drunkards
Do more than this in ſport. Father! father!
Stop, ſtop, no help? ———

To him, Enter Glo'ſter, *and ſervants with torches.*

Glo. Now, *Edmund*, where's the villain?
Edm. Here ſtood he in the dark, his ſharp ſword out,
Mumbling of wicked Charms, conj'ring the moon
To ſtand 's auſpicious miſtreſs.
Glo. But where is he?
Edm. Look, Sir, I bleed.
Glo. Where is the villain, *Edmund?*
Edm. Fled this way, Sir, when by no means he could ———
Glo. Purſue him, ho! go after. By no means, what?—
Edm. Perſuade me to the murther of your lordſhip;
But that, I told him, the revenging Gods
'Gainſt Parricides did all the thunder bend,
Spoke with how manifold and ſtrong a bond
The child was bound to th' father. —— Sir, in fine,
Seeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood
To his unnat'ral purpoſe, in fell motion
With his prepared ſword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanc'd my arm;
And when he ſaw my beſt alarmed ſpirits,
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' encounter,
Or whether gaſted by the noiſe I made,
Full ſuddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far;
Not in this land ſhall he remain uncaught
And found; diſpatch——the noble Duke my maſter,
My worthy and arch-patron, comes to-night; (6)
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, who finds him, ſhall deſerve our thanks,
Bringing the murth'rous coward to the ſtake:
He that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I diſſwaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech
I threaten'd to diſcover him; he replied,
Thou unpoſſeſſing Baſtard! do'ſt thou think,
If I would ſtand againſt thee, would the repoſal
Of any truſt, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faith'd? no; what I ſhould deny,——
(As this I would, although thou didſt produce
My very character) I'd turn it all
To thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned practice;
As thou muſt make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential ſpurs
To make thee ſeek it. [*Trumpets within.*

Glo. O ſtrange, faſten'd, villain!
Would he deny his letter? —— I never got him. ——
Hark, the Duke's trumpets! I know not why he comes——
All Ports I'll bar; the villain ſhall not 'ſcape;
The Duke muſt grant me that; beſides, his picture
I will ſend far and near, that all the Kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
(Loyal and natural Boy!) I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

(6) *My worthy* Arch and *Patron.*] I can meet with no Authority of this Word uſed in this manner, to ſignify, my Prince, my Chief; but always as an epitatic Particle prefix'd and annex'd to another Noun: and therefore I have ventur'd to ſuppoſe a Tranſpoſition of the Copulative, and that we ought to read, *Arch-patron*, as *Arch-duke*, *Arch-angel*, *Arch-biſhop*, &c.

Enter

Enter Cornwall, Regan, *and attendants.*

Corn. How now, my noble friend? ſince I came hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard ſtrange news.
Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort,
Which can purſue th' offender; how does my lord?
Glo. O Madam, my old heart is crack'd, it's crack'd.
Reg. What, did my father's godſon ſeek your life?
He whom my father nam'd, your *Edgar?*
Glo. O lady, lady, Shame would have it hid.
Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous Knights,
That tend upon my father?
Glo. I know not, Madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.
Edm. Yes, Madam, he was of that conſort.
Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expence and waſte of his revenues.
I have this preſent evening from my ſiſter
Been well inform'd of them; and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſojourn at my houſe,
I'll not be there.
Corn. Nor I, aſſure thee, *Regan*;
Edmund, I hear, that you have ſhewn your father
A child-like office.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, Sir.
Glo. He did bewray his practice, and receiv'd
This hurt you ſee, ſtriving to apprehend him.
Corn. Is he purſued?
Glo. Ay, my good lord,
Corn. If he be taken, he ſhall never more
Be fear'd of doing harm: make your own purpoſe,
How in my ſtrength you pleaſe. As for you, *Edmund,*
Whoſe virtue and obedience doth this inſtant
So much commend it ſelf, you ſhall be ours;
Natures of ſuch deep Truſt we ſhall much need:
You we firſt ſeize on.
Edm. I ſhall ſerve you, Sir,
Truly, however elſe.
Glo. I thank your Grace.

Corn.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you ——
Reg. Thus out of season threading dark-ey'd night; (7)
Occasions, noble *Glo'ster*, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice. ——
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of diff'rences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home: the sev'ral messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay Comforts to your bosom; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use.
Glo. I serve you, Madam:
Your Graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Kent, *and Steward, severally.*

Stew. Good evening to thee, friend; art of this house?
Kent. Ay.
Stew. Where may we set our horses?
Kent. I'th' mire.
Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou lov'st me, tell me.
Kent. I love thee not.
Stew. Why then I care not for thee.
Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.
Stew. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.
Kent. Fellow, I know thee.
Stew. What dost thou know me for?
Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lilly-liver'd, action-taking, knave; a whorson, glass-gazing,

(7) —— threading *dark-ey'd Night.*] I have not ventur'd to displace this Reading, tho' I have great Suspicion that the Poet wrote,

—— treading *dark ey'd night.*

i. e. travelling in it. The other carries too obscure, and mean an Allusion. It must either be borrow'd from the Cant-phrase of *threading of Alleys*, i. e. going thro' bye-passages to avoid the high Streets; or to *threading* a *Needle* in the *dark*.

super-

ſuper-ſerviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting ſlave; one that would'ſt be a bawd in way of good ſervice; and art nothing but the compoſition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the ſon and heir of a mungril bitch; one whom I will beat into clam-'rous whining, if thou deny'ſt the leaſt ſyllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monſtrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'ſt me? is it two days ago, ſince I tript up thy heels, and beat thee before the king? draw, you rogue; for tho' it be night, yet the moon ſhines; I'll make a ſop o'th' moonſhine of you; you whorſon, cullionly, barber-monger, draw. [*Drawing his ſword.*

Stew. Away. I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you raſcal; you come with letters againſt the King; and take Vanity, the Puppet's part, againſt the royalty of her father; draw, you rogue, or I'll ſo carbonado your ſhanks ——— draw, you raſcal, come your ways.

Stew. Help, ho! murther! help! ———

Kent. Strike, you ſlave; ſtand, rogue, ſtand, you neat ſlave, ſtrike. [*Beating him.*

Stew. Help ho! murther! murther! ———

Enter Edmund, Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ſter, *and Servants.*

Edm. How now, what's the matter? Part ———

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you pleaſe; come, I'll fleſh ye; come on, young maſter.

Glo. Weapons? arms? what's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; he dies, that ſtrikes again; what's the matter?

Reg. The meſſengers from our ſiſter and the King?

Corn. What is your difference? ſpeak.

Stew. I am ſcarce in breath, my lord.

Kent. No marvel, you have ſo beſtir'd your valour; you cowardly raſcal! nature diſclaims all ſhare in thee: a tailor made thee.

Corn.

Corn. Thou art a ſtrange fellow; a tailor make a man?

Kent. I, a tailor, Sir; a ſtone-cutter, or a painter could not have made him ſo ill, tho' they had been but two hours o'th' trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Stew. This ancient ruffian, Sir, whoſe life I have ſpar'd at ſuit of his grey beard——

Kent. Thou whorſon zed! thou unneceſſary letter! my lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes with him. Spare my grey beard? you wagtail!——

Corn. Peace, Sirrah!
You beaſtly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, Sir, but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That ſuch a ſlave as this ſhou'd wear a ſword,
Who wears no honeſty: ſuch ſmiling rogues as theſe,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain (8)
Too 'intrinſicate t'unlooſe: ſooth every paſſion,
That in the nature of their lords rebels:

(8) *Like rats, oft bite the* holy *Cords atwaine, Which are t'* intrince, *t' unlooſe*;] Thus the firſt Editors blunder'd this Paſſage into unintelligible Nonſenſe. Mr. *Pope* ſo far has diſengag'd them, as to give us plain Senſe; but by throwing out the Epithet *holy*, 'tis evident, he was not aware of the Poet's fine Meaning. I'll firſt eſtabliſh and prove the Reading; then explain the Alluſion. Thus the Poet gave it;

Like rats, oft bite the holy *Cords in twain,*
Too 'intrinſicate *t'unlooſe*——

It means, inward, hidden; perplext; as a Knot, hard to be unravell'd; it is deriv'd from the *Latin* adverb *intrinſecùs*; from which the *Italians* have coin'd a very beautiful Phraſe, *intrinſicarſi col uno*, i. e. to grow intimate with, to wind one ſelf into another. And now to our Author's Senſe. *Kent* is rating the Steward, as a Paraſite of *Goneril*'s; and ſuppoſes very juſtly, that he has fomented the Quarrel betwixt that Princeſs and her Father: in which Office, he compares him to a ſacrilegious Rat: and by a fine Metaphor, as Mr. *Warburton* obſerved to me, ſtiles the Union between Parents and Children the *holy Cords.*

Bring

Bring oil to fire, ſnow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With ev'ry Gale and Vary of their maſters;
As knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
A plague upon your epileptick viſage!
Smile you my ſpeeches, as I were a fool?
Gooſe, if I had you upon *Sarum*-plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Corn. What art thou mad, old fellow!

Glo. How fell you out? ſay that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and ſuch a knave.

Corn. Why doſt thou call him knave? what is his fault?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have ſeen better faces in my time,
Than ſtand on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Corn. This is ſome fellow,
Who having been prais'd for bluntneſs, doth affect
A ſawcy roughneſs; and conſtrains the garb,
Quite from his nature. He can't flatter, he, ——
An honeſt mind and plain, he muſt ſpeak truth;
An they will take it, ſo; if not, he's plain.
Theſe kind of knaves I know, which in this plainneſs
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty ſilly ducking obſervants,
That ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good faith, in ſincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aſpect,
Whoſe influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering *Phœbus'* front ——

Corn. What mean'ſt by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you diſcommend ſo much: I know, Sir, I am no flatterer; he, that beguil'd you in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to intreat me to't.

Corn.

Corn. What was th' offence you gave him?
Stew. I never gave him any:
It pleas'd the King his master very lately
To strike at me upon his misconstruction:
When he conjunct, and flatt'ring his displeasure,
Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthied him; got praises of the King,
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.
Kent. None of these rogues and cowards,
But *Ajax* is their fool.
Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks.
You stubborn ancient knave, you rev'rend braggart,
We'll teach you ———
Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your Stocks for me, I serve the King;
On whose imployment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.
Corn. Fetch forth the Stocks;
As I have life and honour, there shall he sit till noon.
Reg. 'Till noon! till night, my lord, and all night too.
Kent. Why, Madam, if I were your father's dog,
You could not use me so.
Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will. [*Stocks brought out.*
Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same nature
Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the Stocks.
Glo. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so;
His fault is much, and the good King his master
Will check him for't; your purpos'd low correction
Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches
For pilf'rings, and most common trespasses,
Are punish'd with. The King must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrain'd.
Corn. I'll answer that.
Reg. My Sister may receive it much more worse,

To

To have her Gentleman abus'd, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs———
[Kent *is put in the Stocks.*
Come, my lord, away. [*Exeunt* Regan *and* Cornwall.
Glo. I'm sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the Duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,
Will not be rubb'd nor stop'd. I'll intreat for thee.
Kent. Pray, do not, Sir. I've watch'd and travell'd hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle:
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels;
Give you good morrow.
Glo. The Duke's to blame in this, 'twill be ill taken.
[*Exit.*
Kent. Good King, that must approve the common Saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the warm sun!
Approach, thou beacon to this under-globe,
[*Looking up to the moon.*
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles,
But misery. I know, 'tis from *Cordelia*;
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd
Of my obscured course. I shall find time
From this enormous state, and seek to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging.
Fortune, good night; smile once more, turn thy wheel.
[*He sleeps.*

SCENE *changes to a part of a Heath.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I'VE heard my self proclaim'd;
And, by the happy hollow of a tree,
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free, no place,
That Guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. Whiles I may 'scape,
I will

I will preſerve my ſelf: and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and the pooreſt ſhape,
That ever Penury in contempt of man
Brought near to beaſt: my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins; elſe all my hair in knots;
And with preſented nakedneſs out-face
The winds, and perſecutions of the ſky.
The country gives me proof and preſident
Of bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, ſprigs of roſemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, ſheep-coats and mills,
Sometimes with lunatick bans, ſometimes with pray'rs,
Inforce their charity; poor *Turlygood!* poor *Tom!* ——
That's ſomething yet: *Edgar* I nothing am.

SCENE *changes, again, to the Earl of* Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Lear, *Fool, and Gentleman.*

Lear. 'TIS ſtrange, that they ſhould ſo depart from home,
And not ſend back my meſſenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before, there was no purpoſe in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble maſter!

Lear. Ha! mak'ſt thou thy ſhame thy paſtime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters; horſes are ty'd by the heads, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by th' loins, and men by th' legs; when a man is over-luſty at legs, then he wears wooden nether ſtocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath ſo much thy Place miſtook,
To ſet thee here?

Kent. It is both he and ſhe,
Your ſon and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent.

Kent. Yes.
Lear. No, I ſay.
Kent. I ſay, yea.
Lear. By *Jupiter*, I ſwear, no.
Kent. By *Juno*, I ſwear, ay.
Lear. They durſt not do't.
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worſe than murther,
To do upon reſpect ſuch violent outrage:
Reſolve me with all modeſt haſte, which way
Thou might'ſt deſerve, or they impoſe this uſage,
Coming from us?
Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highneſs' letters to them,
Ere I was riſen from the place, that ſhew'd
My duty kneeling, came a reeking Poſt,
Stew'd in his haſte, half breathleſs, panting forth
From *Gonerill* his miſtreſs, ſalutation;
Deliver'd letters ſpight of intermiſſion,
Which preſently they read: on whoſe contents
They ſummon'd up their meiny, ſtrait took horſe;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leiſure of their anſwer; gave me cold looks;
And meeting here the other meſſenger,
Whoſe welcome, I perceiv'd, had poiſon'd mine;
(Being the very fellow, which of late
Diſplay'd ſo ſaucily againſt your Highneſs,)
Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the houſe with loud and coward cries:
Your ſon and daughter found this treſpaſs worth
The ſhame which here it ſuffers.
Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geeſe fly that way.
Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall ſee their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.
But, for all this, thou ſhalt have as many dolours from
Thy dear daughters, as thou canſt tell in a year.

Lear.

Lear. Oh, how this mother ſwells up tow'rd my heart!
Hyſterica paſſio, down, thou climbing ſorrow,
Thy element's below; where is this daughter?
Kent. With the Earl, Sir, here within.
Lear. Follow me not; ſtay here. [*Exit.*
Gen. Made you no more offence,
But what you ſpeak of?
Kent. None.
How chance the King comes with ſo ſmall a number?
Fool. An thou hadſt been ſet i' th' ſtocks for that queſtion, thou'dſt well deſerved it.
Kent. Why, fool?
Fool. We'll ſet thee to ſchool to an Ant, to teach thee there's no lab'ring i' th' winter. All, that follow their noſes are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a noſe among twenty, but can ſmell him that's ſtinking —— let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, leſt it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after. When a wiſe man gives thee better counſel, give me mine again; I would have none but knaves follow it, ſince a fool gives it.
That Sir, which ſerves for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the ſtorm:
But I will tarry, the fool will ſtay,
And let the wiſe man fly:
The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.
Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?
Fool. Not i' th' Stocks, fool.

Enter Lear *and* Glo'ſter.

Lear. Deny to ſpeak with me? they're ſick, they're weary,
They have travell'd all the night? mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off.
Bring me a better anſwer ——
Glo. My dear lord,

You

You know the fiery quality of the Duke:
How unremovable, and fixt he is
In his own courſe.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confuſion!——
Fiery? what fiery quality? why, *Glo'ſter*,
I'd ſpeak with th' Duke of *Cornwall*, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them ſo.

Lear. Inform'd them? doſt thou underſtand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord?

Lear. The King would ſpeak with *Cornwall*, the dear father
Wou'd with his daughter ſpeak; commands her ſervice:
Are they inform'd of this?—my breath and blood!—
Fiery? the fiery duke? tell the hot Duke, that——
No, but not yet; may be, he is not well;
Infirmity doth ſtill neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound; we're not our ſelves,
When Nature, being oppreſt, commands the mind
To ſuffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier will,
To take the indiſpos'd and ſickly fit
For the ſound man.—Death on my ſtate! but wherefore
Should he ſit here? this Act perſuades me,
That this remotion of the Duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my ſervant forth;
Go, tell the Duke and's wife, I'd ſpeak with them:
Now, preſently,—bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum,
'Till it cry, ſleep to death.

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. Oh me, my heart! my riſing heart! but down.

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the Eels, when ſhe put them i' th' Paſty alive; ſhe rapt 'em o'th' coxcombs with a ſtick, and cry'd, down wantons, down; 'Twas her brother, that in pure kindneſs to his horſe butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Glo'ſter, *and Servants.*

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your Grace! [Kent *is ſet at liberty.*

Reg.

Reg. I am glad to see your Highness.

Lear. Regan, I think, you are; I know, what reason
I have to think so; if thou wert not glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepulchring an adult'ress. O, are you free? [*To* Kent.
Some other time for that. Beloved *Regan*,
Thy sister's naught: oh *Regan*, she hath tied
Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here;
[*Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,
With how deprav'd a quality —— oh *Regan!* ——

Reg. I pray you, Sir, take patience; I have Hope,
You less know how to value her desert,
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say? How is that? ——

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation. If, perchance,
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers;
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesom end,
As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her! ——

Reg. O Sir, you are old,
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confine; you should be rul'd and led
By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you your Self: therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return;
Say, you have wrong'd her, Sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark, how this becomes the Use? (9)

(9) *Do you but mark how this becomes the* House?] This Phrase to me is unintelligible, and seems to say nothing to the purpose: Neither can it mean, as I conceive, how this becomes the Order of Families. *Lear* would certainly intend to reply, how does asking my Daughters Forgiveness become me as a Father, and agree with common Fashion, the establish'd Rule and Custom of Nature? It seems, therefore, no Doubt to me, but the Poet wrote, as I have alter'd the Text. And that *Shakespeare* employs *Use* in this Signification, is too obvious to want a Proof.

Dear

Dear daughter, I confeſs, that I am old;
Age is unneceſſary: On my knees I beg,
That you'll vouchſafe me raiment, bed, and food.
Reg. Good Sir, no more; theſe are unſightly tricks:
Return you to my ſiſter.
Lear. Never, *Regan:*
She hath abated me of half my train;
Look'd blank upon me; ſtruck me with her tongue (10)
Moſt ſerpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful Top! ſtrike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameneſs! ———
Corn. Fie, Sir! fie!
Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornful eyes! infect her beauty,
You ſen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the pow'rful ſun
To fall, and blaſt her pride.
Reg. O the bleſt Gods!
So will you wiſh on me, when the raſh mood is on.
Lear. No, *Regan*, thou ſhalt never have my curſe:
Thy tender-hefted nature ſhall not give
Thee o'er to harſhneſs; her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my train,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And, in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my coming in. Thou better know'ſt
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of courteſie, dues of gratitude:
Thy half o'th' Kingdom thou haſt not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.
Reg. Good Sir, to th' purpoſe. [*Trumpet within.*
Lear. Who put my man i' th' Stocks?

(10) *Look'd* black *upon me,*] This is a Phraſe which I do not underſtand; neither have I any where elſe met with it. But to *look blank* is a known Expreſſion, ſignifying, either to give diſcouraging Looks to another, or to ſtand diſmay'd and diſappointed one's-ſelf. The Poet means here, that *Goneril* gave him *cold Looks,* as he before phraſes it in this play.

Enter

Enter Steward.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

Reg. I know't, my ſiſter's: this approves her letter,
That ſhe would ſoon be here. Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a ſlave, whoſe eaſie-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
Out, varlet, from my ſight.

Corn. What means your Grace?

Enter Gonerill.

Lear. Who ſtockt my ſervant? *Regan*, I've good hope,
Thou didſt not know on't. —— Who comes here?
O Heav'ns,
If you do love old men, if your ſweet ſway, (11)
Hallow obedience, if your ſelves are old,
Make it your cauſe; ſend down, and take my part.
Art not aſham'd to look upon this beard?
O *Regan*, will you take her by the hand?

Gon. Why not by th' hand, Sir? how have I offended?
All's not offence, that indiſcretion finds,
And dotage terms ſo.

Lear. O ſides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold? —— how came my man i' th' Stocks?

Corn. I ſet him there, Sir: but his own diſorders
Deſerv'd much leſs advancement.

Lear. You? did you?

Reg. I pray you, Father, being weak, ſeem ſo.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and ſojourn with my ſiſter,
Diſmiſſing half your train, come then to me;
I'm now from home, and out of that proviſion

(11) —— *if your ſweet ſway*
Allow *Obedience*,] Could any Man in his Senſes, and *Lear* has 'em yet, make it a Queſtion whether Heaven *allow'd* Obedience? Undoubtedly, the Poet wrote —— Hallow *Obedience*, —— i. e. if by your Ordinances you hold and pronounce it *ſanctified*; and puniſh the Violators of it as ſacrilegious Perſons.
Mr. *Warburton.*

Which

Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and chuse (12)
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl;
To wage, against the enmity o' th' air,
Necessity's sharp pinch —— Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded *France*, that dow'rless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and 'Squire-like pension beg,
To keep base life a-foot; —— Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave, and sumpter,
To this detested groom.
Gon. At your choice, Sir.
Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child. Farewel;
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine; thou art a bile,
A plague-sore, or imbossed carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood; but I'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will. I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging *Jove*.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure.
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*;
I, and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether so;
I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome; give ear to my sister;

(12) —— *and chuse*
To wage against the enmity o' the Air,
To be a Comrade with the Wolf and Owl,
Necessity's sharp Pinch.] The Breach of the Sense here is a manifest Proof, that these Lines were transpos'd by the first Editors: Neither can there be any Syntax or Grammatical Coherence, unless we suppose *Necessity's sharp Pinch* to be the Accusative to *wage*. As I have plac'd the Verses, the Sense is fine and easy; and the Sentence compleat and finish'd.

For thoſe that mingle reaſon with your paſſion,
Muſt be content to think you old, and ſo ——
But ſhe knows what ſhe does.

Lear. Is this well ſpoken?

Reg. I dare avouch it, Sir; what, fifty followers?
Is it not well? what ſhould you need of more?
Yea, or ſo many? ſince both charge and danger
Speak 'gainſt ſo great a number: how in one houſe
Should many people under two commands
Hold amity? 'tis hard, almoſt impoſſible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
From thoſe that ſhe calls ſervants, or from mine?

Reg. Why not, my lord? if then they chanc'd to ſlack ye,
We could controul them; if you'll come to me,
(For now I ſpy a danger) I intreat you
To bring but five and twenty; to no more
Will I give place or notice.

Lear. I gave you all ——

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my Guardians, my depoſitaries;
But kept a reſervation to be follow'd
With ſuch a number; muſt I come to you
With five and twenty? *Regan*, ſaid you ſo?

Reg. And ſpeak't again, my lord, no more with me.

Lear. Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked: Not being worſt,
Stands in ſome rank of praiſe; I'll go with thee;
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty;
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord;
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a houſe, where twice ſo many
Have a command to tend you?

Reg. What needs one?

Lear. O, reaſon not the need: our baſeſt beggars
Are in the pooreſt thing ſuperfluous;
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beaſts'. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'ſt,
Which ſcarcely keeps thee warm; but for true need,
You heav'ns, give me that patience which I need!
You ſee me here, you Gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you, that ſtir theſe daughters' hearts
Againſt their father, fool me not ſo much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger;
O let not womens' weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnat'ral hags,
I will have ſuch revenges on you both,
That all the world ſhall —— I will do ſuch things
What they are, yet I know not; but they ſhall be
The terrors of the earth: you think, I'll weep:
No, I'll not weep. I have full cauſe of weeping:
This heart ſhall break into a thouſand flaws
Or ere I weep. O fool, I ſhall go mad.

[*Exeunt* Lear, Glo'ſter, Kent *and* Fool.

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a ſtorm.

[*Storm and tempeſt.*

Reg. This houſe is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well beſtow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame hath put himſelf from reſt,
And muſt needs taſte his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly
But not one follower.

Gon. So am I purpos'd.
Where is my Lord of *Glo'ſter?*

Enter Glo'ſter.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth; — he is return'd.

Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis beſt to give him way, he leads himſelf.

Gon. My lord, intreat him by no means to ſtay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on: and the high winds
Do ſorely ruffle, for many miles about
There's ſcarce a buſh.

Reg. O Sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themſelves procure,

Muſt be their ſchool-maſters: ſhut up your doors;
He is attended with a deſp'rate train;
And what they may incenſe him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wiſdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord, 'tis a wild night.
My *Regan* counſels well: come out o' th' ſtorm.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Heath.*

A ſtorm is heard, with thunder and lightning. Enter Kent, *and a Gentleman, ſeverally.*

KENT.

WHO's there, beſides foul weather?

Gent. One minded like the weather, moſt unquietly.

Kent. I know you; where's the King?

Gent. Contending with the fretful elements;
Bids the wind blow the earth into the ſea;
Or ſwell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or ceaſe: tears his white hair;
(Which the impetuous blaſts with eyeleſs rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of)
Strives in his little World of Man t' outſcorn
The to-and-fro-conflicting Wind and Rain.
This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch,
The lion, and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their furr dry; unbonnetted he runs,
And bids what will, take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the Fool, who labours to out-jeſt
His heart-ſtruck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you,
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,
Commend a dear thing to you. There's diviſion

(Al-

(Although as yet the face of it is cover'd
With mutual cunning) 'twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*:
Who have (as who have not, whom their great ſtars (13)
Throne and ſet high?) ſervants, who ſeem no leſs;
Which are to *France* the ſpies and ſpeculations
Intelligent of our ſtate. What hath been ſeen,
Either in ſnuffs and packings of the Dukes;
Or the hard rein, which both of them have borne
Againſt the old kind king; or ſomething deeper,
(Whereof, perchance, theſe are but furniſhings ——)
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wiſe in our negligence, have ſecret ſea
In ſome of our beſt ports, and are at point
To ſhow their open banner —— Now to you,
If on my credit you dare build ſo far
To make your ſpeed to *Dover*, you ſhall find
Some that will thank you, making juſt report
Of how unnatural and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance of you,
Offer this office.

Gent. I'll talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not:
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purſe and take
What it contains. If you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
(As, fear not, but you ſhall) ſhew her that Ring,
And ſhe will tell you who this fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this ſtorm!
I will go ſeek the King.

(13) *Who have, as who have not,*——] The eight ſubſequent Verſes were degraded by Mr. *Pope*, as unintelligible, and to no purpoſe. For my part, I ſee nothing in them but what is very eaſy to be underſtood; and the Lines ſeem abſolutely neceſſary to clear up the Motives, upon which *France* prepar'd his Invaſion: nor without them is the Senſe of the Context compleat.

Gent. Give me your hand, have you no more to ſay?
Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the King, (in which you take
That way, I this:) he that firſt lights on him,
Halloo the other. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Storm ſtill. Enter Lear *and Fool.*

Lear. Blow winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, ſpout
'Till you have drencht our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!
You ſulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head. And thou all-ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world;
Crack nature's mould, all germins ſpill at once (14)
That make ingrateful man.

Fool. O nuncle, court-holy-water in a dry houſe is better than the rain-waters out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters bleſſing: here's a night, that pities neither wiſe men nor fools.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout rain;
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall

(14) *Crack Natures Mould, all* Germains *ſpill at once.*] Thus all the Editions have given us this Paſſage, and Mr. *Pope* has explain'd *Germains*, to mean *relations*, or *kindred* Elements. Then it muſt have been *germanes* (from the *Latin* Adjective, *germanus*;) a Word more than once uſed by our Author, tho' always falſe ſpelt by his Editors. But the Poet means here, "Crack Nature's Mould, and ſpill all the *Seeds of Matter*, that "are hoarded within it." To retrieve which Senſe, we muſt write *Germins*; (a Subſtantive deriv'd from *Germen*, σπορά: as the old Gloſſaries expound it;) And to put this Emendation beyond all Doubt, I'll produce one Paſſage, where our Author not only uſes the ſame Thought again, but the Word that aſcertains my Explication. In *Winter's Tale*;

Let Nature cruſh the Sides o' th' Earth together,
And marr the Seeds *within.*

Your

Your horrible pleaſure; —— here I ſtand, your ſlave;
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man!
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Fool. He that has a houſe to put's head in, has a good head-piece:
The codpiece that will houſe, before the head has any,
The head and he ſhall lowſe; ſo beggars marry many.
That man that makes his toe, what he his heart ſhould make,
Shall of a corn cry woe, and turn his ſleep to wake.
For there was never yet fair woman, but ſhe made mouths in a glaſs.

To them, Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry here's grace, and a cod-piece, that's a wiſe man and a fool.

Kent. Alas, Sir, are you here? things, that love night,
Love not ſuch nights as theſe: the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wand'rers of the dark,
And make them keep their Caves: ſince I was man,
Such ſheets of fire, ſuch burſts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of juſtice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou Perjure, and thou Simular of virtue,
That art inceſtuous: caitiff, ſhake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient ſeeming,
Haſt practis'd on man's life! —— Cloſe pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and ask

Theſe dreadful ſummoners grace. —— I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed?
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendſhip will it lend you 'gainſt the tempeſt,
Repoſe you there, while I to this hard houſe
(More hard than is the ſtone whereof 'tis rais'd;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in) return, and force
Their ſcanted courteſie.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How doſt, my boy? art cold?
I'm cold my ſelf. Where is the ſtraw, my fellow?
The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel:
Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart,
That's ſorry yet for thee.

Fool. *He that has an a little tynie wit,*
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain;
Muſt make content with his fortunes fit,
Though the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy: come, bring us to this hovel. [*Exit.*

Fool. 'Tis a brave night to cool a curtezan.
I'll ſpeak a prophecy, or ere I go;
When prieſts are more in words than matter,
When brewers marr their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' ſuitors;
When every caſe in law is right,
No 'Squire in debt, nor no poor Knight;
When ſlanders do not live in tongues,
And cut-purſes come not to throngs;
When uſurers tell their gold i' th' field,
And bawds and whores do churches build:
Then ſhall the realm of *Albion*
Come to great confuſion:
Then comes the time, who lives to ſee't,
That Going ſhall be us'd with feet.

This

This prophecy *Merlin* ſhall make, for I do live before his time. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *An apartment in* Glo'ſter's *caſtle.*

Enter Glo'ſter, *and* Edmund.

Glo. ALACK, alack, *Edmund*, I like not this unnatural dealing; when I deſir'd their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the uſe of mine own houſe; charg'd me on pain of perpetual diſpleaſure, neither to ſpeak of him, entreat for him, or any way ſuſtain him.

Edm. Moſt ſavage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; ſay you nothing. There is diviſion between the Dukes, and a worſe matter than that: I have receiv'd a letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be ſpoken; (I have lock'd the letter in my cloſet:) theſe injuries, the King now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed; we muſt incline to the King; I will look for him, and privily relieve him; go you, and maintain a talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceiv'd; if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed; if I die for it, as no leſs is threaten'd me, the King my old maſter muſt be reliev'd. There are ſtrange things toward, *Edmund*; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*

Edm. This courteſie, forbid thee, ſhall the Duke
Inſtantly know, and of that letter too.
This ſeems a fair deſerving, and muſt draw me
That which my father loſes; no leſs than all.
The younger riſes, when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a part of the Heath with a Hovel.*

Enter Lear, Kent, *and Fool.*

Kent. HERE is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter.
The tyranny o' the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Will't break my heart?

Kent. I'd rather break mine own; good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'ſt 'tis much, that this contentious ſtorm
Invades us to the skin; ſo 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarce felt. Thou'dſt ſhun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring ſea,
Thou'dſt meet the bear i'th' mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate; the tempeſt in my mind
Doth from my ſenſes take all Feeling elſe,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not, as this mouth ſhould tear this hand
For lifting food to't? ——But I'll puniſh home;
No, I will weep no more —— In ſuch a night,
To ſhut me out? —— pour on, I will endure:
In ſuch a night as this? O *Regan*, *Gonerill*,
Your old kind father, whoſe frank heart gave all ——
O, that way madneſs lies; let me ſhun that;
No more of that ——

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thy ſelf; ſeek thine own eaſe;
This Tempeſt will not give me leave to ponder
On Things would hurt me more —— but I'll go in;
In, boy, go firſt. You houſeleſs poverty ——
Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll ſleep ——
Poor naked wretches, whereſoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitileſs ſtorm!
How ſhall your houſeleſs heads, and unfed ſides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedneſs, defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe? ——— O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! take phyſick, Pomp;
Expoſe thy ſelf to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'ſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the Heavens more juſt. [poor *Tom.*

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a ſpirit; help me, help me. [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*

Kent.

Kent. Give me thy hand, who's there?

Fool. A ſpirit, a ſpirit; he ſays, his name's poor *Tom.*

Kent. What art thou, that doſt grumble there i'th' ſtraw? come forth.

Enter Edgar, *diſguis'd like a Madman.*

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me. Through the ſharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humph, go to thy bed and warm thee.

Lear. Didſt thou give all to thy daughters? and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor *Tom?* whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; ſet ratsbane by his Porridge, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe, over four inch'd bridges, to courſe his own ſhadow for a traitor,—bleſs thy five wits; *Tom*'s a-cold. O do, de, do, de, do, de; ——— bleſs thee from whirl-winds, ſtar-blaſting, and taking; do poor *Tom* ſome charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and here again, and there. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this paſs?
Coud'ſt thou ſave nothing? did'ſt thou give 'em all?

Fool. Nay, he reſerv'd a blanket, elſe we had been all ſhamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues, that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er mens' faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, Sir.

Lear. Death! traitor, nothing could have ſubdu'd nature
To ſuch a lowneſs, but his unkind daughters.
Is it the faſhion, that diſcarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their fleſh?
Judicious puniſhment! 'twas this fleſh begot
Thoſe pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock ſat on pillicock-hill, halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool.

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools, and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'th' foul fiend; obey thy parents; keep thy word juſtly; ſwear not; commit not with man's ſworn ſpouſe; ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array. *Tom*'s a-cold.

Lear. What haſt thou been?

Edg. A ſerving man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, ſerv'd the luſt of my miſtreſs's heart, and did the act of darkneſs with her: ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweet face of heav'n. One that ſlept in the contriving luſt, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the *Turk*. Falſe of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in ſloth, fox in ſtealth, wolf in greedineſs, dog in madneſs, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of ſhoes, nor the ruſtling of ſilks, betray thy poor heart to woman. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defie the foul fiend. Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: ſays ſuum, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, *Seſſey:* let him trot by. [*Storm ſtill.*

Lear. Thou wert better in thy grave, than to anſwer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies. Is man no more than this? Conſider him well. Thou ow'ſt the worm no ſilk, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are ſophiſticated. Thou art the thing it ſelf; unaccommodated man is no more but ſuch a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art. Off, off, you lendings; come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; 'tis a naughty night to ſwim in. Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart, a ſmall ſpark, and all the reſt on's body cold; look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the firſt cock; he gives the web and the pin, ſquints the eye, and makes the hair-lip: mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth. *Saint*

Saint Withold *footed thrice the* Wold, (15)
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Enter Glo'ſter, *with a Torch.*

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you ſeek?

Glo. What are you there? your names?

Edg. Poor *Tom*, that eats the ſwimming frog, the toad, the tod-pole; the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for ſallets; ſwallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the ſtanding pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and ſtock-puniſh'd, and impriſon'd: who hath had three ſuits to his back, ſix ſhirts to his body;

Horſe to ride, and weapon to wear;
But mice, and rats, and ſuch ſmall deer
Have been Tom's *food for ſeven long year.*

Beware my follower. Peace, *Smolkin*, peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of Darkneſs is a gentleman; *Modo* he's call'd, and *Mahu.*

Glo. Our fleſh and blood, my lord, is grown ſo vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot ſuffer

(15) Swithold *footed thrice the* old,] What Idea the Editors had, or whether any, of *footing the old*, I cannot pretend to determine. My ingenious Friend Mr. *Biſhop* ſaw it muſt be *Wold*, which ſignifies a Down, or champion Ground, hilly and void of Wood. And as to St. *Withold*, we find him again mention'd in our Author's *Troubleſome Reign* of King *John*, in two Parts:

Sweet St. Withold, *of thy Lenity,*
Defend us from Extremity.

T'obey

T' obey in all your Daughters' hard commands:
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you, where both fire and food is ready.

Lear. First, let me talk with this Philosopher;—
What is the cause of thunder?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer,
Go into th' house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned *Theban*:
What is your study?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let us ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord;
His Wits begin t' unsettle.

Glo. Can'st thou blame him? [*Storm still.*
His Daughters seek his death: ah, that good *Kent!*
He said, it would be thus; poor banish'd man!——
Thou say'st, the King grows mad; I'll tell thee, friend,
I'm almost mad my self; I had a son,
Now out-law'd from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I lov'd him, friend,
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this?
I do beseech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy, Sir:
Noble Philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, into th' hovel; keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;
I will keep still with my Philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow.

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; along with us.

Lear. Come, good *Athenian.*

Glo. No words, no words, hush.

Edg. Child *Rowland* to the dark tower came,

His

His word was ſtill, fie, foh, and fum,
I ſmell the blood of a *Britiſh* man. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Glo'ſter's *Caſtle.*

Enter Cornwall, *and* Edmund.

Corn. I Will have revenge, ere I depart his houſe.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be cenſur'd, that Nature thus gives way to loyalty, ſomething fears me to think of.

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil diſpoſition made him ſeek his death: but a provoking merit, ſet a-work by a reprovable badneſs in himſelf.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to be juſt? this is the letter, which he ſpoke of; which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of *France.* Oh heavens! that this treaſon were not; or not I the detector!

Corn. Go with me to the Dutcheſs.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty buſineſs in hand.

Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earl of *Glo'ſter*: ſeek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our Apprehenſion.

Edm. If I find him comforting the King, it will ſtuff his ſuſpicion more fully. — [*aſide.*] I will perſevere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be ſore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay truſt upon thee; and thou ſhalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Chamber, in a Farm-houſe.*

Enter Kent *and* Glo'ſter.

Glo. HERE is better than the open Air, take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can; I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*

Kent.

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience: the Gods reward your kindneſs!

Enter Lear, Edgar, *and Fool.*

Edg. Fraterreto calls me, and tells me, *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkneſs: pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend. (16)

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A King, a King.

Fool. No, he's a yeoman that has a gentleman to his ſon: for he's a mad yeoman, that ſees his ſon a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thouſand with red burning ſpits
Come hizzing in upon 'em ——

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad that truſts in the tameneſs of a wolf, the health of a horſe, the love of a boy, or the oath of a whore.

Lear. It ſhall be done, I will arraign 'em ſtrait.
Come, ſit thou here, moſt learned juſticer;
Thou ſapient Sir, ſit here — now, ye ſhe-foxes! ——

Edg. Look, where ſhe ſtands and glares. Wanteſt thou eyes
At tryal, Madam?

Come o'er the Broom, Beſſy, *to me.*

Fool. Her Boat hath a Leak, and ſhe muſt not ſpeak,
Why ſhe dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor *Tom* in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in *Tom*'s belly for two white Herrings. Croak not, black angel, I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, Sir? ſtand you not ſo amaz'd;
Will you lye down, and reſt upon the Cuſhions?

(16) Fraterrito *calls me,*] As Mr. *Pope* had begun to inſert ſeveral Speeches in the mad Way, in this Scene, from the Old Edition; I have ventur'd to replace ſeveral others, which ſtand upon the ſame Footing, and had an equal right of being reſtor'd.

Lear.

Lear. I'll ſee their tryal firſt, bring me in the evidence.
Thou robed man of juſtice, take thy place;
And thou his yoke-fellow of equity,
Bench by his ſide. You are o'th' commiſſion, ſit you too.
Edg. Let us deal juſtly. ———
Sleepeſt, or wakeſt thou, jolly Shepherd?
Thy Sheep be in the Corn;
And for one Blaſt of thy minikin Mouth,
Thy Sheep ſhall take no Harm.
Purre, the Cat, is grey.
Lear. Arraign her firſt, 'tis *Gonerill.* I here take my Oath before this honourable Aſſembly, ſhe kick'd the poor King her Father.
Fool. Come hither, Miſtreſs, is your name *Gonerill?*
Lear. She cannot deny it.
Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a Joint-ſtool.
Lear. And here's another, whoſe warpt Looks proclaim
What ſtore her Heart is made of. Stop her there;
Arms, arms, ſword, fire, — Corruption in the place!
Falſe juſticer, why haſt thou let her 'ſcape?
Edg. Bleſs thy five wits.
Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now,
That you ſo oft have boaſted to retain?
Edg. My tears begin to take his part ſo much,
They mar my counterfeiting. [*Aſide.*
Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and *Sweet-heart,* ſee, they bark at me—
Edg. Tom will throw his head at them; avaunt, you curs!
Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poiſons if it bite:
Maſtiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,
Hound or ſpaniel, brache, or hym;
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail,
Tom will make him weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.
Do, de, de, de: *Seſſey,* come, march to wakes and fairs,
And

And market towns; poor *Tom*, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize *Regan* — see what breeds about her heart — Is there any cauſe in nature that makes theſe hard hearts? You, Sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the faſhion of your garments. You will ſay, they are *Perſian*; but let them be chang'd.

Re-enter Glo'ſter.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lye here and reſt a while.

Lear. Make no noiſe, make no noiſe, draw the curtains: So, ſo, we'll go to ſupper i'th' morning.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Glo. Come hither, friend; where is the King, my maſter?

Kent. Here, Sir, but trouble him not; his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee, take him in thy arms:
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him:
There is a litter ready, lay him in't,
And drive tow'rd *Dover*, friend, where thou ſhalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy maſter.
If thou ſhould'ſt dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in aſſured loſs. Take up, take up,
And follow me, that will to ſome proviſion
Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppreſt Nature ſleeps: (17)
This Reſt might yet have balm'd thy broken Senſes,
Which, if Conveniency will not allow,
Stand in hard Cure. Come, help to bear thy Maſter;

(17) ——— *oppreſt Nature ſleeps:*] Theſe two concluding Speeches by *Kent* and *Edgar*, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have reſtored from the Old Quarto. The Soliloquy of *Edgar* is extremely fine; and the Sentiments of it are drawn equally from Nature and the Subject. Beſides, with Regard to the Stage it is abſolutely neceſſary: For as *Edgar* is not deſign'd, in the Conſtitution of the Play, to attend the King to *Dover*; how abſurd would it look for a Character of his Importance to quit the Scene without one Word ſaid, or the leaſt Intimation what we are to expect from him?

Thou

Thou must not stay behind. [*To* Fool.

Glo. Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt, bearing off the* King.

Manet Edgar.

Edg. When we our Betters see bearing our Woes,
We scarcely think our Miseries our Foes.
Who alone suffers, suffers most i'th' Mind;
Leaving free things, and happy Shows behind:
But then the Mind much Suff'rance does o'erskip,
When Grief hath Mates, and Bearing Fellowship.
How light, and portable, my pain seems now,
When That, which makes me bend, makes the King bow;
He childed, as I father'd!—*Tom*, away;
Mark the high Noises, and thyself bewray,
When false Opinion, whose wrong Thought defiles thee,
In thy just Proof repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will, hap more to Night; safe 'scape the King!
Lurk, Lurk.——— [*Exit* Edgar.

SCENE *changes to* Glo'ster's *Castle.*

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonerill, Edmund, *and Servants.*

Corn. POST speedily to my lord your husband, shew him this letter; the army of *France* is landed; seek out the traitor *Glo'ster*.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure. *Edmund*, keep you our sister company; the revenges, we are bound to take upon your traiterous father, are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke, where you are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are bound to the like. Our Posts shall be swift, and intelligent betwixt us. Farewel, dear sister; farewel, my lord of *Glo'ster*.

Enter Steward.

How now? where's the King?

Stew.

Stew. My lord of *Glo'ſter* hath convey'd him hence.
Some five or ſix and thirty of his Knights,
Hot Queſtriſts after him, met him at gate;
Who with ſome other of the Lords dependants,
Are gone with him tow'rd *Dover*; where they boaſt
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtreſs.

Gon. Farewel, ſweet lord, and ſiſter.

[*Exeunt* Gon. *and* Edm:

Corn. Edmund, farewel: — go ſeek the traitor *Glo'ſter*;
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:
Though well we may not paſs upon his life
Without the form of juſtice; yet our pow'r
Shall do a court'ſie to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not controul.

Enter Glo'ſter, *brought in by Servants.*

Who's there? the traitor?

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind faſt his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your Graces? Good my Friends, conſider.
You are my Gueſts: Do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I ſay. [*They bind him.*

Reg. Hard, hard: O filthy traitor!

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are! I'm none.

Corn. To this chair bind him. Villain, thou ſhalt find ——

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis moſt ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a traitor?

Glo. Naughty lady,
Theſe hairs, which thou doſt raviſh from my chin,
Will quicken and accuſe thee; I'm your Hoſt;
With robbers' hands, my hoſpitable favours
You ſhould not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, Sir, what letters had you late from *France?*

Reg. Be ſimple anſwerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confed'racy have you with the traitors.

Late

Late footed in the kingdom?
Reg. To whose hands
Have you sent the lunatick King? speak.
Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.
Corn. Cunning ———
Reg. And false.
Corn. Where hast thou sent the King?
Glo. To *Dover*.
Reg. Wherefore to *Dover?*
Wast thou not charg'd, at peril ———
Corn. Wherefore to *Dover?* let him first answer that.
Glo. I am ty'd to th' stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to *Dover?*
Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish phangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night indur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires; (18)
Yet poor old heart, he help'd the heav'ns to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, " go, porter, turn the key;
All cruels else subscrib'd; but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
Corn. See't shalt thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.
[Glo'ster *is held down, while* Cornwall *treads out one of his eyes.*
Glo. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me some help. ——— O cruel! O you gods!

(18) *And quench'd the* steeled *fires.*] The sagacious Editors have all blunder'd in this Word without the least Variation: It is indisputable, that the Author must have wrote,
And quench'd the stelled *fires.*
i. e. the starry Fires; an adjective coin'd from *Stella.*

Reg.

Reg. One side will mock another; th' other too.
Corn. If you see vengeance ——
Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:
I've serv'd you, ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.
Reg. How now, you dog?
Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?
Corn. My villain!
Serv. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.
[*Fight; in the Scuffle* Cornwall *is wounded.*
Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus?
[*Kills him.*
Serv. Oh, I am slain —— my lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. Oh — [*Dies.*
Corn. Lest it see more, prevent it; out, vile gelly:
Where is thy lustre now? [*Treads the other out.*
Glo. All dark and comfortless —— where's my son *Edmund?*
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.
Reg. Out, treacherous villain.
Thou call'st on him, that hates thee: It was he,
That made the overture of thy treasons to us:
Who is too good to pity thee.
Glo. O my follies!
Then *Edgar* was abus'd. Kind gods, forgive
Me that, and prosper him!
Reg. Go thrust him out
At gates, and let him smell his way to *Dover.*
[*Ex. with* Glo'ster.
How is't, my lord, how look you?
Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt; follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghil. —— *Regan,* I bleed apace.
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.
[*Exit* Corn. *led by* Regan.
1st. Serv.

1st. Serv. I'll never care what Wickedneſs I do (19)
If this Man come to Good.
2d. Serv. If ſhe live long,
And, in the End, meet the old courſe of Death,
Women will all turn Monſters.
1st. Serv. Let's follow the old Earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would; his roguiſh Madneſs
Allows itſelf to any Thing.
2d. Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch ſome Flax and whites of Eggs
T' apply to's bleeding Face. Now, Heaven help him!
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *an open Country.*

Enter EDGAR.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,
Than ſtill contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worſt,
The loweſt, moſt dejected thing of Fortune,
Stands ſtill in eſperance; lives not in fear.
The lamentable change is from the beſt;
The worſt returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unſubſtantial air, that I embrace!
The wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy blaſts.

(19) *I'll never care what Wickedneſs I do,*] This ſhort Dialogue I have inſerted from the Old Quarto, becauſe I think it full of Nature. Servants, in any Houſe, could hardly ſee ſuch a Barbarity committed on their Maſter, without Reflexions of Pity; and the Vengeance that they preſume muſt overtake the Actors of it, is a Sentiment and Doctrine well worthy of the Stage.

Enter

Enter Glo'ſter, *led by an old man.*

But who comes here?
My father poorly led? World, world, O world! (20)
But that thy ſtrange Mutations make us wait thee,
Life would not yield to age.

Old Man. O my good Lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, theſe fourſcore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away: good friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. You cannot ſee your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes:
I ſtumbled when I ſaw. Full oft 'tis ſeen,
Our mean ſecures us; and our meer defects
Prove our commodities. —— O dear ſon *Edgar*,
The food of thy abuſed father's wrath;
Might I but live to ſee thee in my Touch,
I'd ſay, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! who is't can ſay, I'm at the worſt?
I'm worſe, than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad *Tom.*

Edg. And worſe I may be yet: the worſt is not,
So long as we can ſay, this is the worſt.

(20) —— *World, World, O World!*
But that thy ſtrange Mutations make us hate *thee,*] The Reading of this Paſſage, as it has thus ſtood in all the Editions, has been endeavour'd to be explain'd ſeverally into a Meaning; but not ſatisfactorily. Mr. *Pope*'s mock-reaſoning upon it has already been rallied in Print, ſo I forbear to revive it: and the Gentleman, who then advanced a Comment of his own upon the Paſſage, has ſince come over to my Emendation. My Explanation of the Poet's Sentiment was, "If the Num-"ber of Changes and Viciſſitudes, which happen in Life, "did not make us *wait*, and hope for ſome Turn of For-"tune for the better, we could never ſupport the Thought of "living to be Old, on any other Terms." And our Duty, as human Creatures, is piouſly inculcated in this Reflexion of the Author.

Old.

Old Man. Fellow, where goeſt?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man. Madman, and beggar too.

Glo. He has ſome reaſon, elſe he could not beg.
I'th' laſt night's ſtorm I ſuch a fellow ſaw;
Which made me think a man, a worm. My ſon
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then ſcarce friends with him. I've heard more ſince.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' Gods;
They kill us for their ſport.

Edg. How ſhould this be?
Bad is the trade muſt play the fool to ſorrow,
Ang'ring it ſelf and others.——Bleſs thee, maſter.

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Get thee away: if, for my ſake,
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I'th' way tow'rd *Dover*, do it for ancient love;
And bring ſome Covering for this naked ſoul,
Whom I'll intreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, Sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead the blind:
Do as I bid, or rather do thy pleaſure;
Above the reſt, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the beſt 'parrel that I have,
Come on't, what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poor *Tom*'s a-cold; — I cannot daub it further.

Glo. Come hither, fellow.

Edg. And yet I muſt;
Bleſs thy ſweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'ſt thou the way to *Dover?*

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way and foot-path: poor *Tom* hath been ſcar'd out of his good wits. Bleſs thee, good man, from the foul fiend. Five fiends have been in poor *Tom* at once; of Luſt, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence*, Prince of dumbneſs; *Mahu*, of ſtealing; *Mohu*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mow-

ing; who ſince poſſeſſes chamber-maids and waiting-women.

Glou. Here, take this purſe, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all ſtrokes. That I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier: heavens deal ſo ſtill!
Let the ſuperfluous, and luſt-dieted man,
That ſlaves your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he do's not feel, feel your power quickly:
So diſtribution ſhould undo exceſs,
And each man have enough. Doſt thou know *Dover?*

Edg. Ay, maſter.

Glo. There is a cliff, whoſe high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the miſery, thou doſt bear,
With ſomething rich about me: from that place
I ſhall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm;
Poor *Tom* ſhall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Duke of* Albany's *Palace.*

Enter Gonerill, *and* Edmund.

Gon. WELCOME, my lord. I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way.

Enter Steward.

Now, where's your Maſter?

Stew. Madam, within; but never man ſo chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed:
He ſmil'd at it. I told him, you were coming,
His anſwer was, the worſe. Of *Glo'ſter*'s treachery,
And of the loyal ſervice of his ſon,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me ſot;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong ſide out.
What moſt he ſhould diſlike, ſeems pleaſant to him;
What like, offenſive.

Gon.

Gon. Then ſhall you go no further.
It is the cowiſh terrour of his ſpirit,
That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an anſwer; our wiſhes on the way
May prove effects. Back, *Edmund*, to my brother,
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers.
I muſt change arms at home, and give the diſtaff
Into my husband's hands. This truſty ſervant
Shall paſs between us: you ere long ſhall hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A miſtreſs's command. Wear this; ſpare ſpeech;
Decline your head. This kiſs, if it durſt ſpeak,
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits up into the air:
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My moſt dear *Glo'ſter!* [*Exit* Edmund.
Oh, the ſtrange difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's ſervices are due,
My fool uſurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I have been worth the whiſtle.

Alb. Oh *Gonerill*,
You are not worth the duſt, which the rude wind
Blows in your face,——I fear your diſpoſition:
That Nature, which contemns its origine,
Cannot be border'd certain in it ſelf;
She that herſelf will ſliver, and diſ-branch,
From her maternal ſap, perforce muſt wither, (21)
And come to deadly uſe.

Gon. No more; 'tis fooliſh.

Alb. Wiſdom and goodneſs to the vile ſeem vile;

(21) *From her* material *Sap,*] Thus the old Quarto; but *material Sap*, I own, is a Phraſe that I don't underſtand. The *Mother-Tree* is the true technical Term; and conſidering, our Author has ſaid but juſt above, *That Nature, which contemns its* Origine, there is little room to queſtion but he wrote,—— *From her* maternal *Sap*.

Filths favour but themſelves—What have you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Moſt barb'rous, moſt degenerate, have you madded.
Cou'd my good Brother ſuffer you to do it,
A man, a Prince by him ſo benefited?
If that the heav'ns do not their viſible Spirits
Send quickly down to tame the vile offences,
Humanity muſt perforce prey on it ſelf,
Like monſters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!
That bear'ſt a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who haſt not in thy brows an eye diſcerning
Thine honour, from thy ſuffering: that not know'ſt,
Fools do theſe villains pity, who are puniſh'd
Ere they have done their miſchief. Where's thy Drum?
France ſpreads his Banners in our noiſeleſs land,
With plumed helm thy ſlayer begins his threats;
Whilſt thou, a moral fool, ſit'ſt ſtill, and cry'ſt,
"Alack! why does he ſo?———

Alb. See thy ſelf, devil:
Proper deformity ſeems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou chang'd, and ſelf-converted thing! For ſhame,
Be-monſter not thy feature. Were't my fitneſs
To let theſe hands obey my [boiling] blood,
They're apt enough to diſlocate and tear
Thy fleſh and bones,—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's ſhape doth ſhield thee.——

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!——

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh, my good lord, the Duke of *Cornwall*'s dead:
Slain by his ſervant, going to put out
The other eye of *Glo'ſter*.

Alb. Glo'ſter's eyes!

Meſ. A ſervant, that he bred, thrill'd with remorſe,
Oppos'd againſt the act; bending his ſword

To

To his great maſter: who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongſt them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful ſtroke, which ſince
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This ſhews you are above,
You Juſtices, that theſe our nether crimes
So ſpeedily can venge. But O poor *Glo'ſter!*
Loſt he his other eye?

Meſ. Both, both, my lord.
This letter, Madam, craves a ſpeedy anſwer:
'Tis from your ſiſter.

Gon. One way, I like this well;
But being widow, and my *Glo'ſter* with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not ſo tart. I'll read, and anſwer. [*Exit.*

Alb. Where was his ſon, when they did take his eyes?

Meſ. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He's not here.

Meſ. No, my good lord, I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedneſs?

Meſ. Ay, my good lord, 'twas he inform'd againſt him,
And quit the houſe of purpoſe, that their puniſhment
Might have the freer courſe.

Alb. Glo'ſter, I live
To thank thee for the love thou ſhew'dſt the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend,
Tell me, what more thou know'ſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *DOVER.*

Enter Kent, *and a Gentleman.*

Kent. THE King of *France* ſo ſuddenly gone back!
Know you the reaſon?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the State,
Which ſince his coming forth is thought of, which
Imports the Kingdom ſo much fear and danger,
That his Return was moſt requir'd and neceſſary.

Kent. Whom hath he left behind him General?

Gent. The Mareſchal of *France*, Monſieur *le Far.*

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queen to any demonſtration of grief?

Gent. I, Sir, ſhe took 'em, read 'em in my preſence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it ſeem'd, ſhe was a Queen
Over her paſſion, which, moſt rebel-like,
Sought to be King o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her. ———

Gent. But not to Rage. Patience and Sorrow ſtrove
Which ſhould expreſs her goodlieſt; you have ſeen
Sun-ſhine and rain at once: — her Smiles and Tears (22)
Were like a wetter *May*. Thoſe happieſt ſmiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, ſeem'd not to know
What gueſts were in her Eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt. ——In brief,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt belov'd,
If all could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verbal queſtion?

Gent. Yes, once, or twice, ſhe heav'd the Name of *Father*
Pantingly forth, as if it preſt her heart.
Cry'd, ſiſters! ſiſters! —— Shame of Ladies! ſiſters!
Kent! Father! Siſters! what? i'th' ſtorm? i'th' night?
Let Pity ne'er believe it! —— there ſhe ſhook
The holy water from her heav'nly Eyes;
And, Clamour-motion'd, then away ſhe ſtarted (23)
To

(22) ——— *her Smiles and Tears*
Were like a better day.] Mr. *Pope*, who thought fit to reſtore this Scene from the old Quarto, tacitly ſunk this Paſſage upon us, becauſe he did not underſtand it. Indeed, it is corrupt; and he might have done himſelf ſome Honour in attempting the Cure; but *Rhyme* and *Criticiſm*, he has convinc'd us, do not always center in the ſame Perſon. My Friend Mr. *Warburton* with very happy Sagacity ſtruck out the Emendation, which I have inſerted in the Text.

(23) *And Clamour-*moiſten'd,] This Paſſage, again, Mr. *Pope* ſunk upon us; and for the ſame Reaſon, I ſuppoſe. Mr. *Warburton*

To deal with grief alone.

Kent. —— It is the Stars,
The Stars above us, govern our conditions:
Elſe one ſelf-mate and mate could not beget
Such diff'rent iſſues. Spoke you with her ſince?

Gent. No.

Kent, Was this before the King return'd?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. Well, Sir; the poor diſtreſſed *Lear*'s in town;
Who ſometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about; and by no means
Will yield to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why, good Sir?

Kent. A ſov'reign ſhame ſo bows him; his unkindneſs,
That ſtript her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign caſualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters; Theſe things ſting him
So venomouſly, that burning ſhame detains him
From his *Cordelia.*

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of *Albany*'s, and *Cornwall*'s Pow'rs you heard not?

Gent. 'Tis ſo, they are a-foot.

Kent. Well, Sir, I'll bring you to our maſter *Lear*,

Warburton diſcover'd likewiſe, that this was corrupt: for tho' *Clamour*, (as he obſerves,) may diſtort the Mouth, it is not wont to moiſten the Eyes. But clamour-*motioned* conveys a very beautiful Idea of Grief in *Cordelia*, and exactly in Character. She bore her Grief hitherto, ſays the Relater, in Silence; but being no longer able to contain it, and wanting to vent it in Groans and Cries, ſhe flies away and retires to her Cloſet to deal with it in private. This He finely calls, *Clamour-motion'd*; or provok'd to a loud Expreſſion of her Sorrow, which drives her from Company! —— It is not impoſſible, but *Shakeſpeare* might have form'd this fine Picture of *Cordelia*'s Agony from Holy Writ, in the Conduct of *Joſeph*; who, being no longer able to reſtrain the Vehemence of his Affection, commanded all his Retinue from his Preſence; and then *wept aloud*, and diſcover'd himſelf to his Brethren.

And leave you to attend him. Some dear cauſe
Will in Concealment wrap me up awhile:
When I am known aright, you ſhall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. Pray, along with me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a CAMP.*

Enter Cordelia, *Phyſician, and Soldiers.*

Cor. ALACK, 'tis he; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vext ſea; ſinging aloud;
Crown'd with rank fumiterr, and furrow-weeds, (24)
With hardocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining corn. Send forth a cent'ry;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. What can man's Wiſdom
In the reſtoring his bereaved ſenſe,
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.
Phyſ. There are means, Madam:
Our foſter nurſe of nature is repoſe;
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
Are many Simples operative, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.

(24) *Crown'd with rank* Fenitar;] There is no ſuch Herb, or Weed, that I can find, of *Engliſh* Growth; tho' all the Copies agree in the Corruption. I dare ſay, I have reſtor'd its right Name; and we meet with it again in our Author's *Henry* V. and partly in the ſame Company as we have it here;

——— *her fallow Leas*
The darnel, hemlock, *and* rank fumitory
Do root upon.

For this Weed is call'd both *Fumitory* and *Fumiterr*, nearer to the *French* Derivation *Fume-terre:* which the Latin Shopmen term *Fumaria.* I obſerve, in *Chaucer* it is written *Femetere*; by a Corruption either of the Scribe, or of vulgar Pronunciation; if of the latter, it might from thence eaſily ſlide, in progreſs of time, into *Fenitar.*

Cor.

Cor. All bleſt Secrets,
All you unpubliſh'd Virtues of the Earth,
Spring with my tears; be aidant, and remediate
In the good man's diſtreſs! ſeek, ſeek for him;
Leſt his ungovern'd rage diſſolve the life,
That wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. News, Madam:
The *Britiſh* Pow'rs are marching hitherward.
Cor. 'Tis known before. Our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy buſineſs that I go about: therefore great *France*
My Mourning and important Tears hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and ſee him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Regan's *PALACE.*

Enter Regan, *and Steward.*

Reg. BUT are my Brother's Powers ſet forth?
Stew. Ay, Madam.
Reg. Himſelf in perſon there?
Stew. With much adoe.
Your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your lady at home?
Stew. No, Madam.
Reg. What might import my ſiſter's letter to him?
Stew. I know not, lady.
Reg. Faith, he is poſted hence on ſerious matter.
It was great ign'rance, *Glo'ſter*'s eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts againſt us: *Edmund*, I think, is gone,
In pity of his miſery, to diſpatch
His nighted life: moreover, to deſcry
The ſtrength o'th' enemy.
Stew. I muſt needs after him, Madam, with my letter.

Reg. Our troops ſet forth to morrow: ſtay with us:
The ways are dangerous.
Stew. I may not, Madam;
My lady charg'd my duty in this buſineſs.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund?* might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word? Belike,
Something——I know not what——I'll love thee much——
Let me unſeal the letter.
Stew. Madam, I had rather——
Reg. I know, your lady do's not love her husband:
I'm ſure of that; and, at her late being here,
She gave ſtrange œiliads, and moſt ſpeaking looks
To noble *Edmund.* I know, you're of her boſom.
Stew. I, Madam?
Reg. I ſpeak in underſtanding: you are; I know't;
Therefore, I do adviſe you, take this note.
My lord is dead; *Edmund* and I have talk'd,
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's: you may gather more:
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your Miſtreſs hears thus much from you,
I pray, deſire her call her wiſdom to her. So farewel.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.
Stew. 'Would I could meet him, Madam, I ſhould ſhew
What party I do follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Country, near* Dover.

Enter Glo'ſter, *and* Edgar *as a Peaſant.*

Glo. When ſhall I come to th' top of that ſame hill?
Edg. You do climb up it now. Look, how we labour.
Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.
Edg. Horrible ſteep.

Hark,

Hark, do you hear the ſea?

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguiſh.

Glo. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou ſpeak'ſt
In better phraſe and matter than thou didſt.

Edg. You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am I chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Sure, you're better ſpoken.

Edg. Come on, Sir, here's the place——ſtand ſtill.
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to caſt one's eyes ſo low!
The crows and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one, that gathers Samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he ſeems no bigger than his head.
The fiſhermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark,
Diminiſh'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on th' unnumbred idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard ſo high. I'll look no more,
Leſt my brain turn, and the deficient ſight
Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me, where you ſtand.

Edg. Give me your hand: you're now within a foot
Of th' extream verge: for all below the moon
Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand:
Here, friend,'s another purſe, in it a Jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking. Fairies, and Gods,
Proſper it with thee! Go thou further off,
Bid me farewel, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good Sir. [*Seems to go.*

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his deſpair?
'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty Gods!
This world I do renounce; and in your ſights

Shake

Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great oppoſeleſs Wills,
My ſnuff and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burn it ſelf out. If *Edgar* live, O bleſs him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well. [*He leaps, and falls along.*
Edg. Good Sir, farewel.
And yet I know not how Conceit may rob
The treaſury of life, when life it ſelf
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been paſt.——Alive or dead?
Hoa, you, hear you, friend! Sir! Sir! ſpeak!
Thus might he paſs, indeed——yet he revives.
What are you, Sir?
Glo. Away, and let me die.
Edg. Had'ſt thou been aught but Goſs'mer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou'd'ſt ſhiver'd like an egg: but thou doſt breathe,
Haſt heavy ſubſtance, bleed'ſt not; ſpeak, art ſound?
Ten maſts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fall'n.
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
Glo. But have I fall'n, or no?
Edg. From the dread ſummit of this chalky bourn!
Look up a-height, the ſhrill-gorg'd Lark ſo far
Cannot be ſeen or heard: do but look up.
Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedneſs depriv'd that benefit,
To end it ſelf by death? 'twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Give me your arm.
Up, ſo—how is't? feel you your legs? you ſtand.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is above all ſtrangeneſs.
Upon the crown o'th' cliff, what thing was that,
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.
Edg. As I ſtood here, below, methought, his eyes
Were

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend. Therefore, thou happy father,
Think, that the cleareſt gods, who make them honours
Of men's impoſſibilities, have preſerv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out it ſelf,
Enough, enough, and die. That thing you ſpeak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould ſay,
The fiend, the fiend ——— he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear, *dreſt madly with flowers.*

But who comes here?
The ſafer ſenſe will ne'er accommodate
His maſter thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning: I am the King himſelf.

Edg. O thou ſide-piercing ſight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that reſpect. There's your preſs-mony. (25) That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. Look, look, a mouſe! Peace, peace;—this piece of toaſted cheeſe will do't — there's my gauntlet, I'll prove it on a giant. Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, Barb! (26) i'th' clout, i'th' clout: hewgh. ——Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

(25) *That Fellow handles his Bow like a* Cowkeeper.] Thus Mr. *Pope* in his laſt Edition; but, I am afraid, I betray'd him into the Error by an abſurd Conjecture of my own, in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtored.* 'Tis certain we muſt read *Crowkeeper* here; and, it ſeems, in ſeveral Counties to this Day, they call a ſtuff'd Figure, repreſenting a Man, and arm'd with a Bow and Arrow, (ſet up to fright the Crows, and other Birds of Prey, from the Fruit and Corn;) a *Crowkeeper*; as well as a *Scare-crow.*

(26) *O well flown* Bird,] *Lear* is here raving of *Archery*, and ſhooting at *Buts*, as is plain by the Words *i'th' Clout*, that is, the *white* Mark they ſet up and aim at: hence the Phraſe, to *hit the White.* So that We muſt certainly read, *O well-flown*, Barb! i. e. the *barbed*, or *bearded* Arrow. Mr. *Warburton.*

Lear.

Lear. Paſs.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! *Gonerill!* hah! *Regan!* they flatter'd me like a dog, and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To ſay ay, and no, to every thing that I ſaid — Ay, and no, too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I ſmelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was every thing: 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember: Is't not the King?

Lear. Ay, every inch a King.
When I do ſtare, ſee, how the ſubject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was the cauſe?
Adultery? thou ſhalt not die; die for adultery? no, the wren goes to't, and the ſmall gilded flie does letcher in my ſight. Let copulation thrive: for *Glo'ſter*'s baſtard-ſon was kinder to his father, than my daughters got 'tween the lawful ſheets. To't, luxury, pell-mell; for I lack ſoldiers. Behold yond ſimpering Dame, whoſe face 'tween her forks preſages ſnow; that minces virtue, and does ſhake the head to hear of pleaſure's name. The fitchew, nor the ſoyled horſe, goes to't with a more riotous appetite: down from the waſte they are centaurs, though women all above: but to the girdle do the Gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends. There's hell, there's darkneſs, there is the ſulphurous pit, burning, ſcalding, ſtench, conſumption: fie, fie, fie; pah, pah; give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to ſweeten my imagination! there's mony for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiſs that hand.

Lear. Let me wipe it firſt, it ſmells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! this great world
Shall ſo wear out to nought. Doſt thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough: doſt thou ſquiny at me? no, do thy worſt, blind *Cupid*; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge, mark but the penning of it.

Glo.

Glo. Were all the letters ſuns, I could not ſee one.

Edg. I would not take this from report; it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with this caſe of eyes?

Lear. Oh, ho, are you there with me? no eyes in your head, nor no mony in your purſe? your eyes are in a heavy caſe, your purſe in a light; yet you ſee how this world goes.

Glo. I ſee it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? a man may ſee how this world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears: ſee, how yond juſtice rails upon yond ſimple thief. Hark in thine ear: change Places, and handy-dandy, which is the juſtice, which is the thief? Thou haſt ſeen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar.

Glo. Ay, Sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? there thou might'ſt behold the great image of authority; a dog's obey'd in office. ——
Thou raſcal beadle, hold thy bloody hand:
Why doſt thou laſh that whore? ſtrip thy own back;
Thou hotly luſt'ſt to uſe her in that kind,
For which thou whip'ſt her. Th' uſurer hangs the cozener.
Through tatter'd cloaths ſmall vices do appear;
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate ſin with gold,
And the ſtrong lance of juſtice hurtleſs breaks:
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's ſtraw doth pierce it.
None does offend, none, I ſay, none; I'll able 'em;
Take that of me, my friend, who have the pow'r
To ſeal th' accuſer's lips. Get thee glaſs eyes,
And, like a ſcurvy politician, ſeem
To ſee the things thou doſt not. [ſo.
Now, now, now, now. Pull off my boots: harder, harder,

Edg. O matter and impertinency mixt,
Reaſon in madneſs!

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough, thy name is *Glo'ſter*;
Thou muſt be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'ſt, the firſt time that we ſmell the air,

We

We wawle and cry. I will preach to thee: mark ——
Glo. Alack, alack the day!
Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great ſtage of fools — This a good block! ——
It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhoe
A troop of horſe with Felt; I'll put't in proof;
And when I've ſtolen upon theſe ſons-in law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is, lay hand upon him; Sir,
Your moſt dear daughter ——
Lear. No reſcue? what, a priſoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Uſe me well,
You ſhall have ranſom. Let me have ſurgeons,
I am cut to th' brains.
Gent. You ſhall have any thing.
Lear. No ſeconds? all my ſelf?
Why, this would make a man, a man of ſalt;
To uſe his eyes for garden-water-pots,
And laying autumn's duſt. I will die bravely,
Like a ſmug bridegroom. What? I will be jovial:
Come, come, I am a King. My Maſters, know you that?
Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then there's life in't. Come, an you get it,
You ſhall get it by running: ſa, ſa, ſa, ſa. [*Exit.*
Gent. A ſight moſt pitiful in the meaneſt wretch,
Paſt ſpeaking of in a King. Thou haſt one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curſe
Which twain have brought her to.
Edg. Hail, gentle Sir.
Gent. Sir, ſpeed you: what's your Will?
Edg. Do you hear aught, Sir, of a battle toward?
Gent. Moſt ſure, and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can diſtinguiſh ſound.
Edg. But by your favour,
How near's the other army?
Gent. Near, and on ſpeedy foot: the main deſcry
Stands on the hourly thought.
Edg. I thank you, Sir: That's all.

Gent.

Gent. Though that the Queen on ſpecial cauſe is here,
Her army is mov'd on. [*Exit.*

Edg. I thank you, Sir.

Glo. You ever gentle Gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me again
To die before you pleaſe!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good Sir, what are you?

Edg. A moſt poor man, made tame to fortune's blows,
Who, by the art of known and feeling ſorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to ſome biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benizon of heav'n
To boot, and boot! ——

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! moſt happy!
That eyeleſs head of thine was firſt fram'd fleſh,
To raiſe my fortunes. Old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thy ſelf remember: the ſword is out,
That muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Let thy friendly hand
Put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore, bold peaſant,
Dar'ſt thou ſupport a publiſh'd traitor? hence,
Leſt that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, Zir, without vurther 'caſion.

Stew. Let go, ſlave, or thou dy'ſt.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gate, and let poor volk paſs: and chud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man: keep out, che vor'ye, or ice try whether your coſtard or my bat be the harder; chill be plain with you.

Stew. Out, dunghil!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, Zir: come, no matter vor your foyns. [Edgar *knocks him down.*

Stew. Slave, thou haſt ſlain me: villain, take my purſe;

If

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters, which thou find'ſt about me,
To *Edmund* Earl of *Glo'ſter:* ſeek him out
Upon the *Engliſh* party: Oh, untimely death!— [*Dies.*
Edg. I know thee well, a ſerviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy Miſtreſs,
As badneſs would deſire.
Glo. What, is he dead?
Edg. Sit you down, father: reſt you.
Let's ſee theſe pockets; the letters, that he ſpeaks of,
May be my friends: he's dead; I'm only ſorry,
He had no other death's-man. Let us ſee——
By your leave, gentle wax—and manners blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers are more lawful.

Reads the Letter.

LET our reciprocal Vows be remembred. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your Will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror. Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my goal; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and ſupply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, ſo I would ſay) affectionate Servant,

Gonerill.

Oh, undiſtinguiſh'd ſpace of woman's Will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother. Here, i' th' ſands
Thee I'll rake up, the poſt unſanctified
Of murth'rous letchers: and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death-practis'd Duke: for him 'tis well,
That of thy death and buſineſs I can tell.
Glo. The King is mad; how ſtiff is my vile ſenſe,
That I ſtand up, and have ingenious Feeling
Of my huge ſorrows! better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be ſever'd from my griefs;
[*Drum afar off.*
And woes, by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelves. *Edg.*

Edg. Give me your hand :
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll beſtow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Chamber.*

Enter Cordelia, Kent, *and Phyſician.*

Cor. O thou good *Kent*, how ſhall I live and work
To match thy Goodneſs? life will be too ſhort,
And ev'ry meaſure fail me.
Kent. To be acknowledg'd, Madam, is o'erpaid;
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.
Cor. Be better ſuited;
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer hours:
I pr'ythee, put them off.
Kent. Pardon, dear Madam,
Yet to be known, ſhortens my made intent;
My boon I make it, that you know me not,
'Till time and I think meet.
Cor. Then be it ſo,
My lord. —— How does the King? [*To the* Phyſician.
Phyſ. Madam, ſleeps ſtill.
Cor. O you kind Gods!
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature;
Th' untun'd and jarring ſenſes, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father.
Phyſ. Pleaſe your Majeſty,
That we may wake the king, he hath ſlept long?
Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' th' ſway of your own will: is he array'd?

Enter Lear *in a chair, carried by Servants.*

Phyſ. Ay, Madam; in the heavineſs of ſleep,
We put freſh garments on him.
Be by, good Madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cor. O my dear father! Reſtauration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiſs
Repair thoſe violent harms, that my two ſiſters

Have

Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and deareſt Princeſs!
Cor. Had you not been their Father, theſe white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face,
To be expos'd againſt the warring winds?
To ſtand againſt the deep, dread-bolted Thunder?
In the moſt terrible and nimble Stroke
Of quick, croſs Lightning? To watch poor *Perdue*,
With this thin Helm? My very Enemy's Dog,
Though he had bit me, ſhou'd have ſtood That Night
Againſt my fire: And waſt thou fain, poor Father,
To hovel thee with ſwine and rogues forlorn,
In ſhort and muſty ſtraw? alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits, at once,
Had not concluded all. — He wakes; ſpeak to him.
Phyſ. Madam, do you, 'tis fitteſt.
Cor. How does my royal lord? how fares your Majeſty?
Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o'th' grave;
Thou art a ſoul in bliſs, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire; that mine own tears
Do ſcald like molten lead.
Cor. Sir, do you know me?
Lear. You are a ſpirit, I know; when did you die?
Cor. Still, ſtill, far wide ——
Phyſ. He's ſcarce awake, let him alone a while.
Lear. Where have I been? where am I? fair day-light?
I'm mightily abus'd; I ſhould even die with Pity
To ſee another thus. I know not what to ſay;
I will not ſwear, theſe are my hands: let's ſee,
I feel this pin prick: 'would I were aſſur'd
Of my condition.
Cor. O look upon me, Sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me.
No, Sir, you muſt not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me;
I am a very fooliſh fond old man,
Fourſcore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I ſhould know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: For I'm mainly ignorant,

What

What place this is; and all the skill I have,
Remembers not these garments; nay, I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think, this lady
To be my child *Cordelia*.

Cor. And so I am; I am. ——— [weep not.

Lear. Be your tears wet? yes, faith; I pray you,
If you have poison for me, I will drink it;
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in *France?*

Kent. In your own kingdom, Sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good Madam; the great Rage,
You see, is cur'd in him: — and, yet, 'twere danger
To make him even o'er the Time, h'as lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more,
'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your Highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me;
Pray you now, forget and forgive;
I am old and foolish.

[*Exeunt* Lear, Cord. Phys. *and Attendants.*

Manent Kent *and Gentleman.*

Gent. Holds it true, Sir, that the Duke of *Cornwall* was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, Sir.

Gent. Who is Conductor of his people?

Kent. As 'tis said, the Bastard Son of *Glo'ster.*

Gent. They say, *Edgar*, his banisht Son, is with the Earl of *Kent* in *Germany.*

Kent. Report is changeable; 'Tis time to look about: the Powers of the Kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The Arbitrement is like to be bloody. ——— Fare you well, Sir. [*Exit* Gent.

Kent. My Point and Period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's Battle's fought. [*Ex.* Kent.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Camp.*

Enter Edmund, Regan, *Gentlemen, and Soldiers.*

EDMUND.

KNOW of the Duke, if his laſt purpoſe hold;
Or whether ſince he is adviſ'd by aught,
To change the courſe? he's full of Alteration,
And ſelf-reproving: bring his conſtant pleaſure.

Reg. Our ſiſter's man is certainly miſcarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, Madam.

Reg. Now, ſweet lord,
You know the goodneſs I intend upon you:
Tell me but truly, but then ſpeak the truth,
Do you not love my ſiſter?

Edm. In honour'd love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place?

Edm. No, by mine honour, Madam.

Reg. I never ſhall endure her; dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear not; ſhe, and the Duke her husband——

Enter Albany, Gonerill, *and Soldiers.*

Gon. I'd rather loſe the Battle, than that Siſter
Should looſen him and Me—— [*Aſide.*

Alb. Our very loving ſiſter, well be met:
Sir, this I hear, the King is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our ſtate
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honeſt,
I never yet was valiant: 'fore this buſineſs,
It toucheth us, as *France* invades our Land,
(Not holds the King, with others, whom, I fear,
Moſt juſt and heavy cauſes make oppoſe,)——

Edm. Sir, you ſpeak nobly.

Reg.

Reg. Why is this reaſon'd?
Gon. Combine together 'gainſt the enemy:
For theſe domeſtick and particular broils
Are not the queſtion here.
Edm. I ſhall attend you preſently at your Tent.
Alb. Let's then determine with th' Antient of war
On our proceeding.
Reg. Siſter, you'll go with us?
Gon. No.
Reg. 'Tis moſt convenient, pray you, go with us.
Gon. Oh ho, I know the riddle, I will go.

As they are going out, Enter Edgar *diſguis'd.*

Edg. If e'er your Grace had ſpeech with man ſo poor,
Hear me one word.
Alb. I'll overtake you:—ſpeak.
[*Exeunt* Edm. Reg. Gon. *and Attendants.*
Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have vict'ry, let the trumpet ſound
For him that brought it: wretched though I ſeem,
I can produce a Champion, that will prove
What is avouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſs of the world hath ſo an end,
And machination ceaſes. Fortune love you!
Alb. Stay 'till I've read the letter.
Edg. I was forbid it.
When time ſhall ſerve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*
Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The Enemy's in view, draw up your Powers.
Hard is the gueſs of their true ſtrength and forces,
By diligent diſcovery; but your haſte
Is now urg'd on you.
Alb. We will greet the time. [*Exit.*
Edm. To both theſe ſiſters have I ſworn my love:
Each jealous of the other, as the ſtung
Are of the adder. Which of them ſhall I take?
Both? one? or neither? neither can be enjoy'd,

If

If both remain alive: to take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Gonerill*;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *another open Field.*

Alarum within. Enter with drum and colours. Lear, Cordelia, *and soldiers over the stage, and exeunt.*

Enter Edgar *and* Glo'ster.

Edg. HERE, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good Host; pray, that the right may thrive:
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace be with you, Sir! [*Exit* Edgar.

[*Alarum, and retreat, within.*

Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man; give me thy hand, away;
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en,
Give me thy hand. Come on.

Glo. No further, Sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? men must endure
Their going hence, ev'n as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all; come on.

Glo. And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, Edmund; Lear *and* Cordelia, *as prisoners; Soldiers, Captain.*

Edm. Some Officers take them away; good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known,

That

That are to cenſure them.

Cor. We're not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning have incurr'd the worſt:
For thee, oppreſſed King, am I caſt down;
My ſelf could elſe out-frown falſe fortune's frown.
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters and theſe ſiſters?

Lear. No, no, no, no; come, let's away to priſon;
We two alone will ſing, like birds i'th' cage:
When thou doſt ask me Bleſſing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee Forgiveneſs: ſo we'll live,
And pray, and ſing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court-news, and we'll talk with them too,
Who loſes and who wins; who's in, who's out:
And take upon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were God's ſpies. And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd priſon, packs and ſects of Great ones,
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon ſuch Sacrifices, my *Cordelia*,
The Gods themſelves throw incenſe. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us, ſhall bring a brand from heav'n,
And fire us hence, like foxes; wipe thine eye,
The good-jers ſhall devour them, fleſh and fell,
Ere they ſhall make us weep; we'll ſee them ſtarv'd firſt.
Come. [*Exeunt* Lear *and* Cordelia *guarded.*

Edm. Come hither, Captain, hark.
Take thou this note; go, follow them to priſon.
One ſtep I have advanc'd thee; if thou doſt
As this inſtructs thee, thou doſt make thy way
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Do's not become a ſword; My great Employment (27)
Will

(27) ——— thy *great Employment*
Will not bear Queſtion;] All the Copies concur in reading thus; but, without doubt, erroneouſly. The Perſon, whom *Edmund* is here ſpeaking to, was of no higher Degree than a Captain; and therefore, certainly, accountable to his Superiors. *Edmund*, 'tis plain, muſt mean; "I leading one of the Con-

Will not bear queſtion; either ſay, thou'lt do't;
Or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it, and write happy, when thou'ſt done.
Mark, I ſay, inſtantly; and carry it ſo,
As I have ſet it down. [*Exit Captain.*

Flouriſh. *Enter* Albany, Gonerill, Regan, *and Soldiers.*

Alb. Sir, you have ſhew'd to day your valiant ſtrain,
And fortune led you well: you have the Captives,
Who were the oppoſites of this day's ſtrife:
We do require them of you, ſo to uſe them,
As we ſhall find their merits and our ſafety
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To ſend the old and miſerable King
To ſome retention, and appointed guard;
Whoſe age has charms in it, whoſe title more,
To pluck the common boſoms on his ſide;
And turn our impreſt launces in our eyes,
Which do command them. With him I ſent the Queen;
My reaſon all the ſame; and they are ready
To morrow, or at further ſpace, t' appear
Where you ſhall hold your Seſſion. At this time,
We ſweat and bleed; the Friend hath loſt his Friend;
And the beſt Quarrels, in the Heat, are curſt
By thoſe that feel their Sharpneſs. ——
The Queſtion of *Cordelia*, and her Father,
Requires a fitter Place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a Subject of this war,
Not as a Brother.

Reg. That's as we liſt to grace him.
Methinks, our pleaſure might have been demanded,
Ere you had ſpoke ſo far. He led our Pow'rs;
Bore the Commiſſion of my Place and Perſon;

" querors' Forces, and having employ'd thee in this Buſineſs,
" will be thy ſufficient Warrant, and will ſecure Thee from
" being queſtion'd about it."

The

The which immediacy may well ſtand up,
And call it ſelf your brother.
Gon. Not ſo hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himſelf,
More than in your advancement.
Reg. In my Right,
By me inveſted, he compeers the beſt.
Alb. That were the moſt, if he ſhould husband you.
Reg. Jeſters do oft prove Prophets.
Gon. Holla, Holla!
That eye, that told you ſo, look'd but a-ſquint.
Reg. Lady, I am not well, elſe I ſhould anſwer
From a full-flowing ſtomach. General,
Take thou my ſoldiers, priſoners, patrimony,
Diſpoſe of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witneſs the World, that I create thee here
My lord and maſter.
Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?
Alb. The Lett alone lyes not in your good Will.
Edm. Nor in thine, lord.
Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
Reg. Let the drum ſtrike, and prove my Title thine.
Alb. Stay yet; hear reaſon: *Edmund*, I arreſt thee
On capital treaſon; and, in thy Arreſt,
This gilded Serpent; for your Claim, fair ſiſter,
I bar it in the intereſt of my wife;
'Tis ſhe is ſub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banes.
If you will marry, make your loves to me,
My lady is beſpoke.
Gon. An enterlude! ——
Alb. Thou art arm'd, *Glo'ſter*; let the trumpet ſound;
If none appear to prove upon thy perſon
Thy heinous, manifeſt, and many treaſons,
There is my Pledge: I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taſte bread, thou art in nothing leſs
Than I have here proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sick, O ſick ——
Gon. If not, I'll ne'er truſt poiſon. [*Aſide.*
Edm. There's my exchange; what in the world he is,

That names me Traitor, villain-like he lies;
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, (who not?) I will maintain
My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Enter a Herald.

Truſt to thy ſingle virtue; for thy ſoldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their diſcharge.

Reg. This ſickneſs grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well, convey her to my Tent.

[*Exit* Reg. *led.*

Come hither, herald, let the trumpet ſound,
And read out this. [*A trumpet ſounds.*

Herald reads.

IF any man of Quality, or Degree, within the liſts of the army, will maintain upon Edmund *ſuppoſed Earl of* Glo'ſter, *that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third ſound of the trumpet: he is bold in his defence.*

1 *trumpet.*

Her. Again. 2 *trumpet.*

Her. Again. 3 *trumpet.*

[*Trumpet anſwers, within.*

Enter Edgar, *armed.*

Alb. Ask him his purpoſes, why he appears
Upon this Call o'th' trumpet.

Her. What are you?
Your name, your quality, and why you anſwer
This preſent ſummons?

Edg. Know, my name is loſt;
By treaſon's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit;
Yet am I noble, as the Adverſary
I come to cope.

Alb. Which is that Adverſary?

Edg. What's he, that ſpeaks for *Edmund* Earl of *Glo'ſter*?

Edm.

Edm. Himſelf; what ſay'ſt thou to him?
Edg. Draw thy Sword,
That if my ſpeech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee juſtice; here is mine: —
Behold, it is the privilege of mine Honours,
My Oath, and my Profeſſion. I proteſt,
Maugre thy ſtrength, place, youth, and eminence,
Spite of thy victor-ſword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart, thou art a traitor;
Falſe to thy Gods, thy brother, and thy father;
Conſpirant 'gainſt this high illuſtrious Prince,
And from th' extreameſt upward of thy head,
To the deſcent and duſt below thy foot,
A moſt toad-ſpotted traitor. Say thou, no;
This ſword, this arm, and my beſt ſpirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I ſpeak,
Thou lieſt.
Edm. In Wiſdom I ſhould ask thy name;
But ſince thy out-ſide looks ſo fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue ſome 'Say of Breeding breathes;
What ſafe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of Knight-hood, I diſdain and ſpurn:
Back do I toſs theſe treaſons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart;
Which (for they yet glance by, and ſcarcely bruiſe)
This ſword of mine ſhall give them inſtant way,
Where thou ſhalt reſt for ever. Trumpets, ſpeak.
[*Alarm. Fight.*
Gon. O, ſave him, ſave him; This is Practice,
Glo'ſter: (28)
By th' law of war, thou waſt not bound to anſwer
An unknown oppoſite; thou art not vanquiſh'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.
Alb. Shut your mouth, Dame,

(28) Alb. *Save him, ſave him.*
Gon. *This is Practice,* Glo'ſter:] Thus all the Copies have diſtinguiſh'd theſe Speeches: but I have ventur'd to place the two Hemiſtichs to *Goneril.* 'Tis abſurd, that *Albany*, who knew *Edmund*'s Treaſons, and his own Wife's Paſſion for him, ſhould be ſolicitous to have his Life ſav'd.

Or with this paper ſhall I ſtop it;
Thou worſe than any thing, read thine own evil:
No tearing, lady; I perceive, you know it.
Gon. Say, if I do; the Laws are mine, not thine;
Who can arraign me for't?
Alb. Monſter, know'ſt thou this paper?
Gon. Ask me not, what I know— [*Exit* Gon.
Alb. Go after her, ſhe's deſperate, govern her.
Edm. What you have charg'd me with, That I have done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
'Tis paſt, and ſo am I: but what art thou
That haſt this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee.
Edg. Let's exchange charity:
I am no leſs in blood than thou art, *Edmund*;
If more, the more thou'ſt wrong'd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy father's ſon.
The Gods are juſt, and of our pleaſant vices
Make inſtruments to ſcourge us:
The dark and vicious place, where thee he got,
Coſt him his eyes.
Edm. Thou'ſt ſpoken right, 'tis true,
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
Alb. Methought, thy very gate did propheſie
A royal Nobleneſs: I muſt embrace thee: ——
Let Sorrow ſplit my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!
Edg. Worthy Prince, I know't.
Alb. Where have you hid your ſelf?
How have you known the miſeries of your father?
Edg. By nurſing them, my lord. Liſt a brief tale,
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burſt! —
The bloody Proclamation to eſcape
That follow'd me ſo near, (O our lives' ſweetneſs!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once) taught me to ſhift
Into a mad-man's rags; t'aſſume a Semblance,
The very Dogs diſdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,

Their

Their precious gems new loſt; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, ſav'd him from deſpair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd my ſelf unto him,
Until ſome half hour paſt, when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping, of this good ſucceſs,
I ask'd his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage. But his flaw'd heart,
Alack, too weak the Conflict to ſupport,
'Twixt two extreams of paſſion, joy and grief,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath mov'd me,
And ſhall, perchance, do good; but ſpeak you on,
You look, as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be more, more woful, hold it in,
For I am almoſt ready to diſſolve,
Hearing of this.

Edg. —— This would have ſeem'd a Period,
To ſuch as love not Sorrow: but Another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top Extremity! ——
Whilſt I was big in Clamour, came there a Man,
Who having ſeen me in my worſer State,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd Society; but now finding
Who 'twas, had ſo endur'd, with his ſtrong Arms
He faſten'd on my Neck; and bellow'd out,
As he'd burſt Heaven; threw him on my Father;
Told the moſt piteous Tale of *Lear* and him,
That ever Ear receiv'd; which in recounting
His Grief grew puiſſant, and the Strings of Life
Began to crack. — Twice then the Trumpets ſounded,
And there I left him traunc'd. ——

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, Sir; the baniſh'd *Kent*, who in diſguiſe
Follow'd his enemy King, and did him Service
Improper for a Slave.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Help, help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smoaks; it came even from the heart
Of —— O! she's dead. ——

Alb. Who's dead? speak, man.

Gent. Your lady, Sir, your lady; and her sister
By her is poison'd; she confesses it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Edg. Here comes *Kent*.

Enter Kent.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.
[Gonerill *and* Regan's *Bodies brought out.*
This Judgment of the heav'ns, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity. — O! is this He?
The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my King and Master aye good night;
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, *Edmund*, where's the King? and where's *Cordelia?*
See'st thou this Object, *Kent?*

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet *Edmund* was belov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew her self.

Alb. Even so; cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life; some Good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send,
(Be brief) into the Castle; for my Writ
Is on the life of *Lear* and on *Cordelia:*
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run ——

Edg. To whom, my lord? who has the office? Send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on, take my sword,
Give it the Captain ——

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. [*Exit Messenger.*

Edm. He hath Commission from thy wife and me

To

To hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and
To lay the blame upon her own deſpair.
Alb. The Gods defend her! bear him hence a while.
[Edmund *is borne off.*

Enter Lear, *with* Cordelia *dead in his arms.*

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl, — O, you are men of ſtone;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd uſe them ſo,
That heaven's vault ſhould crack: ſhe's gone for ever!
I know, when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth! lend me a looking-glaſs,
If that her Breath will miſt or ſtain the ſtone,
Why then ſhe lives.
Kent. Is this the promis'd End?
Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe lives; if it be ſo,
It is a Chance which do's redeem all ſorrows,
That ever I have felt.
Kent. O my good maſter! [*Kneeling.*
Lear. Pr'ythee, away ——
Edg. 'Tis noble *Kent*, your friend.
Lear. A plague upon you, murth'rous traitors all!
I might have ſav'd her; now ſhe's gone for ever!
Cordelia, *Cordelia*, ſtay a little. Ha! ——
What is't thou ſay'ſt? her voice was ever ſoft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.
I kill'd the ſlave, that was a hanging thee.
Gent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.
Lear. Did I not, fellow?
I've ſeen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And theſe ſame croſſes ſpoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are none o'th' beſt. —— I'll tell you ſtrait.
Kent. If fortune brag of two ſhe lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.
Lear. Are you not *Kent?*
Kent. The ſame; your ſervant *Kent*;
Where is your ſervant *Caius?*

Lear. 'Twas a good fellow, I can tell you that, (29)
He'd ſtrike, and quickly too: — he's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord, I am the very man, ——
Lear. I'll ſee that ſtrait.
Kent. That, from your firſt of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your ſad ſteps ——
Lear. You're welcome hither.
Kent. Nor no man elſe; — all's cheerleſs, dark, and dead:
Your eldeſt daughters have fore-done themſelves,
And deſp'rately are dead.
Lear. Ay, ſo I think.
Alb. He knows not what he ſays; and vain is it,
That we preſent us to him.
Edg. Very bootleſs.

Enter a Meſſenger,

Meſſ. Edmund is dead, my lord.
Alb. That's but a trifle.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent;
What Comfort to this great Decay may come,
Shall be apply'd. For us, we will reſign,
During the life of this old Majeſty,
To him our abſolute Power: to you, your Rights,
[*To* Edgar.
With boot, and ſuch addition as your honours
Have more than merited. All friends ſhall taſte
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deſervings: O ſee, ſee ——
Lear. And my poor Fool is hang'd: no, no, no life.
Why ſhould a dog, a horſe, a rat have life,
And thou no breath at all? thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never ——

(29) He's a *good Fellow, I can tell you that,*
He'll *ſtrike and quickly too:* he's dead and rotten.] We have ſeen *Lear* mad; but, never, a ſtark Fool till this Moment; to tell us, that a dead and rotten Man will ſtrike quickly. But it was a Stupidity of the Editors, and not chargeable on the Poet.

Pray

Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, Sir;
Do you ſee this? look on her, look on her lips,
Look there, look there —— [*He dies.*

Edg. He faints; my lord, ——

Kent. Break heart, I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghoſt: O, let him paſs! He hates him,
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. He is gone, indeed.

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd ſo long:
He but uſurpt his life.

Alb. Bear them from hence, our preſent buſineſs
Is general woe: friends of my ſoul, you twain
Rule in this Realm, and the gor'd State ſuſtain.

Kent. I have a journey, Sir, ſhortly to go;
My maſter calls me; I muſt not ſay, no. [*Dies.*

Alb. The weight of this ſad time we muſt obey, (30)
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to ſay.
The oldeſt hath borne moſt; we, that are young,
Shall never ſee ſo much, nor live ſo long.

[*Exeunt with a dead March.*

(30) Alb. *The Weight of this ſad Time*, &c.] This Speech from the Authority of the Old Quarto is rightly plac'd to *Albany*: in the Edition by the Players it is given to *Edgar*, by whom, I doubt not, it was of Cuſtom ſpoken. And the Caſe was this: He who play'd *Edgar*, being a more favourite Actor, than he who perſonated *Albany*; in Spight of Decorum, it was thought proper he ſhould have the laſt Word.

Hgravelot in Vol: 6. P: 109. *G. Vander Gucht Sculp.*

TIMON

OF

ATHENS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

TIMON, *A noble* Athenian.
Lucius, Lucullus, } *two flattering Lords.*
Apemantus, *a churliſh Philoſopher.*
Sempronius, *another flattering Lord.*
Alcibiades, *an* Athenian *General.*
Flavius, *Steward to* Timon.
Flaminius, Lucilius, Servilius, } Timon's *ſervants.*
Caphis, Varro, Philo, Titus, Lucius, Hortenſius, } *ſeveral Servants to Uſurers.*
Ventidius, *one of* Timon's *falſe Friends.*
Cupid *and Maskers.*

Phrynia, Timandra, } *Miſtreſſes to* Alcibiades.

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Mercer and Merchant; with divers ſervants and attendants.

SCENE, Athens; *and the Woods not far from it.*

TIMON *of* ATHENS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Hall in* Timon's *House.*

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, *and* Mercer, *at several doors.*

POET.

GOOD day, Sir.

Pain. I am glad y' are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; how goes the world?

Pain. It wears, Sir, as it goes.

Poet. Ay, that's well known.
But what particular rarity? what so strange,
Which manifold Record not matches? see,
(Magick of Bounty!) all these Spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fixt.

Mer. A most incomparable man, breath'd as it were
To an untirable and continuate goodness.
He passes ———

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't:
For the lord *Timon*, Sir?
Jew. If he will touch the estimate: but for that—
Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse
Which aptly sings the good.
Mer. 'Tis a good form. [*Looking on the jewel.*
Jew. And rich; here is a water, look ye.
Pain. You're rapt, Sir, in some Work, some dedication
To the great lord.
Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.
Our Poesie is as a Gum, which issues
From whence 'tis nourished. The fire i'th' flint
Shews not, 'till it be struck: our gentle flame
Provokes it self, —— and like the current flies
Each Bound it chafes. What have you there? (1)
Pain. A picture, Sir:—when comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, Sir,
Let's see your piece.
Pain. 'Tis a good piece.
Poet. So 'tis,
This comes off well and excellent.
Pain. Indiff'rent.
Poet. Admirable! how this grace
Speaks his own standing? what a mental power
This eye shoots forth? how big imagination
Moves in this lip? to th' dumbness of the gesture
One might interpret.
Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life:
Here is a touch —— is't good?
Poet. I'll say of it,
It tutors Nature; artificial strife
Lives in those touches, livelier than life.

(1) *Each Bound it* chafes.---] How, *chafes?* The Flood, indeed, beating up upon the Shore, covers a Part of it, but cannot be said to drive the Shore away. The Poet's Allusion is to a Wave, which, foaming and chafing on the Shore, breaks; and then the Water seems to the Eye to retire.

Enter

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is followed!

Poet. The Senators of *Athens!* happy man! (2)

Pain. Look, more!

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of visiters. I have, in this rough Work, shap'd out a Man, Whom this beneath-world doth embrace and hug With amplest entertainment. My free drift Halts not particular, but moves itself In a wide sea of wax; no levell'd malice Infects one Comma in the course I hold, But flies an eagle-flight, bold, and forth on, Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you?

Poet. I'll unbolt to you. You see, how all conditions, how all minds, As well of glib and slipp'ry creatures, as Of grave and austere quality, tender down Their Service to lord *Timon:* his large fortune, Upon his good and gracious nature hanging, Subdues and properties to his love and tendance All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer To *Apemantus*, that few things loves better Than to abhor himself; ev'n he drops down The knee before him, and returns in peace Most rich in *Timon*'s nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together.

Poet. I have upon a high and pleasant hill Feign'd *Fortune* to be thron'd. The Base o'th' mount Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures, That labour on the bosom of this sphere To propagate their states; amongst them all, Whose eyes are on this sov'reign lady fixt,

(2) *Happy* Men!] Thus the printed Copies: but I cannot think the Poet meant, that the Senators were happy in being admitted to *Timon*; their Quality might command That: but that *Timon* was happy in being follow'd, and caress'd, by those of their Rank and Dignity.

One

One do I perſonate of *Timon*'s frame,
Whom *Fortune* with her iv'ry hand wafts to her,
Whoſe preſent grace to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
Tranſlates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to th' Scope. (3)
This throne, this Fortune, and this Hill, methinks,
With one man becken'd from the reſt below,
Bowing his head againſt the ſteepy mount
To climb his happineſs, would be well expreſt
In our condition.

Poet. Nay, but hear me on:
All thoſe which were his fellows but of late,
Some better than his value, on the moment
Follow his ſtrides; his lobbies fill with tendance;
Rain ſacrificial whiſp'rings in his ear;
Make ſacred even his ſtirrop; and through him
Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of theſe?

Poet. When *Fortune* in her ſhift and change of mood
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his Dependants
(Which labour'd after to the mountain's top,
Even on their knees and hands,) let him ſlip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:
A thouſand moral Paintings I can ſhew,
That ſhall demonſtrate theſe quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well
To ſhew lord *Timon*, that mean eyes have ſeen
The foot above the head.

(3) *'Tis conceiv'd, to ſcope*
This Throne, this Fortune, &c.] Thus all the Editors hitherto have nonſenſically writ, and pointed, this Paſſage. But, ſure, the Painter would tell the Poet, your Conception, Sir, hits the very Scope you aim at. This the *Greeks* would have render'd, τῦ σκοπῦ τυχεῖν, *rectà ad Scopum tendis*; and *Cicero* has thus expreſs'd on the like Occaſion, *Signum oculis deſtinatum ferit.*

Trumpets

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, *addressing himself courteously to every suitor.*

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [*To a Messenger.*
Mes. Ay, my good lord; five talents is his debt,
His means most short, his creditors most straight:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up, which failing to him
Periods his comfort.
Tim. Noble *Ventidius!* well ——
I am not of that feather to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have, I'll pay the debt, and free him.
Mes. Your lordship ever binds him.
Tim. Commend me to him, I will send his ransom;
And, being enfranchiz'd, bid him come to me;
'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after. Fare you well.
Mes. All happiness to your Honour! [*Exit.*

Enter an old Athenian.

Old Ath. Lord *Timon*, hear me speak.
Tim. Freely, good father.
Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd *Lucilius.*
Tim. I have so: what of him?
Old Ath. Most noble *Timon*, call the man before thee.
Tim. Attends he here or no? *Lucilius!* ——

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.
Old Ath. This fellow here, lord *Timon*, this thy creature
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,
Than one which holds a trencher.
Tim. Well? what further?
Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o'th' youngest for a bride,

And

And I have bred her at my dearest cost,
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I pray thee, noble lord,
Join with me to forbid him her resort;
My self have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old Ath. Therefore he will be, *Timon.* (4)
His honesty rewards him in it self,
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us,
What levity's in youth.

Tim. Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the Gods to witness, I will chuse
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endowed,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present, in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee, mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your Lordship: never may
That state, or fortune, fall into my keeping,
Which is not ow'd to you! [*Exeunt* Luc. *and old* Ath.

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

(4) *Therefore he will be*, Timon.] The Thought is closely expres'd, and obscure: but this seems the Meaning. "If the "Man be honest, my Lord, for that reason he will be so in "this; and not endeavour at the Injustice of gaining my "Daughter without my Consent." Mr. *Warburton.*

Tim.

Tim. I thank you, you shall hear from me anon: Go not away. What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of Painting, which I do beseech Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome.
The Painting is almost the natural man:
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but out-side: pencil'd figures are
Ev'n such as they give out. I like your Work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The Gods preserve ye!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman; Give me your hand,
We must needs dine together: Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A meer satiety of commendations:
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give: but you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are by their masters priz'd; Believe't, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd.

Mer. No, my good lord, he speaks the common tongue,
Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here.

Enter Apemantus.

Will you be chid?

Jew. We'll bear it with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle *Apemantus!*

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;
When thou art *Timon*'s dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves, thou know'st them not?

Apem. Are they not *Athenians?*

Tim. Yes.

Apem.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Few. You know me, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Thou know'ſt I do, I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Of nothing ſo much, as that I am not like *Timon.*

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honeſt *Athenian*'s brains.

Tim. That's a deed thoul't die for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'ſt thou this Picture, *Apemantus?*

Apem. The beſt, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

Apem. He wrought better, that made the Painter: and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Pain. Y'are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation: what's ſhe, if I be a dog?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, *Apemantus?*

Apem. No, I eat not lords.

Tim. If thou ſhould'ſt, thou'dſt anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords; ſo they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a laſcivious apprehenſion.

Apem. So, thou apprehend'ſt it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How doſt thou like this jewel, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Not ſo well as Plain-dealing, which will not coſt a man a doit.

Tim. What doſt thou think 'tis worth?

Apem. Not worth my thinking ——How now, Poet?

Poet. How now, Philoſopher?

Apem. Thou lieſt.

Poet. Art thou not one?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou lieſt: look in thy laſt work, where thou haſt feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is ſo.

Apem.

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour. He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o'th' flatterer. Heav'ns, that I were a lord!

Tim. What would'ſt do then, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Ev'n as *Apemantus* does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thy ſelf?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore?

Apem. That I had ſo hungry a wit, to be a lord.—(5) Art thou not a Merchant?

Mer. Ay, *Apemantus.*

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the Gods will not!

Mer. If Traffick do it, the Gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy God, and thy God confound thee!

Trumpets ſound. Enter a Meſſenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Meſ. 'Tis *Alcibiades,* and ſome twenty horſe
All of companionſhip.

Tim. Pray, entertain them, give them guide to us;
You muſt needs dine with me: go not you hence,
'Till I have thankt you: and when dinner's done,
Shew me this piece. I'm joyful of your ſights.

Enter Alcibiades *with the reſt.*

Moſt welcome, Sir! [*Bowing and embracing.*

Apem. So, ſo! Aches contract, and ſtarve your ſupple joints! that there ſhould be ſmall love amongſt theſe ſweet knaves, and all this courteſie! the ſtrain of man's bred out into baboon and monkey.

Alc. You have ſav'd my longing, and I feed

(5) *That I had* no angry *Wit to be a Lord.*] This Reading is abſurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have reſtor'd the Text, it is ſatirical enough of all Conſcience, and to the purpoſe: *viz.* I would hate myſelf, for having no more Wit than to covet ſo inſignificant a Title. In the ſame Senſe *Shakeſpeare* uſes *lean-witted,* in his *Richard* 2d.

And thou a lunatick, lean-witted, *Fool,* Mr. *Warburton.*

Moſt

Moſt hungerly on your ſight.

Tim. Right welcome, Sir.

Ere we do part, we'll ſhare a bounteous time (6)
In different pleaſures. Pray you, let us in. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Apemantus. *Enter* Lucius *and* Lucullus.

Luc. What time a day is't, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Time to be honeſt.

Luc. That time ſerves ſtill.

Apem. The moſt accurſed thou, that ſtill omitt'ſt it.

Lucul. Thou art going to lord *Timon*'s feaſt.

Apem. Ay, to ſee meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

Lucul. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewel twice.

Lucul. Why, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Thou ſhould'ſt have kept one to thy ſelf, for I mean to give thee none.

Luc. Hang thy ſelf.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requeſts to thy friend.

Lucul. Away, unpeaceable dog, or——I'll ſpurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels o'th' aſs.

Luc. He's oppoſite to humanity.
Come, ſhall we in, and taſte lord *Timon*'s bounty?
He, ſure, outgoes the very heart of kindneſs.

Lucul. He pours it out. *Plutus*, the God of gold,
Is but his Steward: no meed but he repays
Seven-fold above it ſelf; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a Return exceeding
All uſe of quittance.

Luc. The nobleſt mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man.

Lucul. Long may he live in fortunes! ſhall we in?

Luc. I'll keep you company. [*Exeunt.*

(6) *Ere we depart,*——] Tho' the Editions concur in this Reading, it is certainly faulty. Who *depart?* Tho' *Alcibiades* was to leave *Timon*, *Timon* was not to depart from his own Houſe. Common Senſe favours my Emendation.

SCENE

SCENE, *another Apartment in* Timon's *Houſe.*

Hautboys playing, loud muſick. A great banquet ſerv'd in; and then enter Timon, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, *and other* Athenian *ſenators, with* Ventidius. *Then comes, dropping after all,* Apemantus *diſcontentedly.*

Ven. MOST honour'd *Timon,* it hath pleas'd the Gods
To call my father's age unto long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich.
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return thoſe talents,
Doubled with thanks and ſervice, from whoſe help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means,
Honeſt *Ventidius:* you miſtake my love;
I gave it freely ever, and there's none
Can truly ſay he gives, if he receives:
If our Betters play at that game, we muſt not dare
To imitate them. Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble ſpirit.

Tim. Nay, ceremony was but devis'd at firſt,
To ſet a gloſs on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodneſs, ſorry ere 'tis ſhown:
But where there is true friendſhip, there needs none.
Pray, ſit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*They ſit down.*

Luc. We always have confeſt it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confeſt it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, *Apemantus!* you are welcome.

Apem. No; you ſhall not make me welcome. I come to have thee thruſt me out of doors.

Tim. Fie, th'art a churle; ye have got a humour there
Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:
They ſay, my lords, that *Ira furor brevis eſt,*
But yonder man is ever angry.
Go, let him have a table by himſelf:
For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for't, indeed.

Apem. Let me ſtay at thy peril, *Timon*; I come to obſerve, I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; th'art an *Athenian*, therefore welcome; I my ſelf would have no power—pr'ythee, let my meat make thee ſilent.

Apem. I ſcorn thy meat, 'twould choak me: for I ſhould ne'er flatter thee. O you gods! what a number of men eat *Timon*, and he ſees 'em not? It grieves me to ſee
So many dip their meat in one man's blood,
And, all the madneſs is, he cheers them up too.
I wonder, men dare truſt themſelves with men!
Methinks, they ſhould invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and ſafer for their lives.
There's much example for't; the fellow, that
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is th' readieſt man to kill him. 'T has been prov'd.
Were I a Great Man, I ſhould fear to drink,
Leſt they ſhould ſpy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men ſhould drink with harneſs on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

Lucul. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!—a brave fellow! he keeps his tides well; thoſe healths will make thee and thy ſtate look ill, *Timon*. Here's that which is too weak to be a ſinner, honeſt water, which ne'er left man i'th' mire: This and my food are equal, there's no odds; Feaſts are too proud to give thanks to the Gods.

Apemantus's *grace.*

Immortal Gods, I crave no pelf;
I pray for no man but my ſelf;
Grant, I may never prove ſo fond
To truſt man on his oath, or bond;
Or a harlot for her weeping;
Or a dog, that ſeems a ſleeping;

Or

Or a keeper with my freedom ;
Or my friends, if I ſhould need 'em.
Amen, Amen ; So fall to't :
Rich men ſin, and I eat root.

Much good dich thy heart, *Apemantus!*

Tim. Captain *Alcibiades*, your heart's in the field now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your ſervice, my lord.

Tim. You had rather been at a breakfaſt of enemies, than a dinner of friends.

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em. I could wiſh my friend at ſuch a feaſt.

Apem. Would all theſe flatterers were thine enemies then ; that thou might'ſt kill 'em, and bid me to 'em!

Luc. Might we but have the happineſs, my lord, that you would once uſe our hearts, whereby we might expreſs ſome part of our zeals, we ſhould think our ſelves for ever perfect.

Tim. Oh, no doubt, my good friends, but the Gods themſelves have provided that I ſhall have as much help from you : how had you been my friends elſe ? why have you that charitable title from thouſands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart ? I have told more of you to my ſelf, than you can with modeſty ſpeak in your own behalf. And thus far I confirm you. Oh you Gods, (think I,) what need we have any friends, if we ſhould never have need of 'em ? they would moſt reſemble ſweet Inſtruments hung up in caſes, that keep their ſounds to themſelves. Why, I have often wiſht my ſelf poorer, that I might come nearer to you : we are born to do benefits. And what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious comfort 'tis to have ſo many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en made away ere't can be born ; mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks : to forget their faults, I drink to you.

Apem. Thou weep'ſt to make them drink, *Timon.*

Lucul. Joy had the like conception in our eyes,
And at that inſtant like a babe ſprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a baſtard.

3 *Lord.* I promiſe you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much!

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump? how now?

Enter ſervant.

Ser. Pleaſe you, my lord, there are certain ladies moſt deſirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? what are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office to ſignifie their pleaſures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid *with a Maſque of Ladies, as* Amazons.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy *Timon*, and to all
That of his bounties taſte! the five beſt Senſes
Acknowledge thee their patron; and do come
Freely to gratulate thy plenteous boſom:
Th' Ear, Taſte, Touch, Smell, pleas'd from thy Table riſe, (7)
Theſe only now come but to feaſt thine eyes.

Tim. They're welcome all: let 'em have kind admittance.
Let muſick make their welcome.

(7) *There taſte, touch, all, pleas'd from thy Table riſe:*
They only now ———] The incomparable Emendation, with which the Text is here ſupply'd, I owe to my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*. The five Senſes, as he obſerves, are talk'd of by *Cupid*, but only Three of them made out; and thoſe in a very heavy, unintelligible Manner. But now you have them all, and the Poet's Senſe, compleat, *viz.* The five Senſes, *Timon*, acknowledge thee their Patron; Four of them, the Hearing, the Touch, the Taſte, and Smell, are all regaled at your Board; and theſe Ladies come with me to entertain your Sight, in preſenting a Maſque.

Luc.

Luc. You ſee, my lord, how amply you're belov'd.

Apem. Hoyday! what a ſweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance, they are mad women.
Like madneſs is the glory of this life;
As this pomp ſhews to a little oyl and root.
We make ourſelves fools, to diſport our ſelves;
And ſpend our flatteries, to drink thoſe men,
Upon whoſe age we void it up again,
With poiſonous ſpight and envy——
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one ſpurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?——
I ſhould fear, thoſe, that dance before me now,
Would one day ſtamp upon me: 'T has been done;
Men ſhut their doors againſt the ſetting ſun.

The Lords riſe from table, with much adoring of Timon; *each ſingling out an* Amazon, *and all dance, men with women; a lofty ſtrain or two to the hautboys, and ceaſe.*

Tim. You have done our pleaſures much grace, fair ladies,
Set a fair faſhion on our entertainment,
Which was not half ſo beautiful and kind:
You've added worth unto't, and lively luſtre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device.
I am to thank you for it.

Luc. My lord, you take us even at the beſt.

Apem. Faith, for the worſt is filthy, and would not hold taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you. Pleaſe you to diſpoſe your ſelves.

All La. Moſt thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Tim. Flavius,——

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord. More jewels yet? there is no croſſing him in's humour,
Elſe I ſhould tell him—well—i'faith, I ſhould,

When all's ſpent, he'd be croſs'd then if he could: (8)
'Tis pity, Bounty has not eyes behind;
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

Lucul. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readineſs.

Luc. Our Horſes.

Tim. O my good friends!
I have one word to ſay to you; look, my lord,
I muſt entreat you, honour me ſo much
As to advance this jewel, accept and wear it,
Kind my lord!

Luc. I am ſo far already in your gifts ———

All. So are we all. [*Ex.* Lucius, Lucullus, *&c.*

Enter a ſervant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain Nobles of the Senate newly alighted, and come to viſit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome.

Re-enter Flavius.

Fla. I beſeech your Honour, vouchſafe me a word; it does concern you near.

Tim. Near! Why then another time I'll hear thee. I pr'ythee, let's be provided to ſhew them entertainment.

Flav. I ſcarce know how.

(8) —— *he'd be* croſs'd *then if he could:*] The Poet does not mean here, that he would be *croſs'd*, or thwarted in his Humour; but that he would have his Hand *croſs'd*, as we ſay, with Money, if he could. He is playing on the Word, and alluding to our old Silver-penny, uſed before K. *Edward* the firſt his Time, which had a *Croſs* on the Reverſe with a Creaſe, that it might be more eaſily broke into Halves and Quarters, *Half-pence* and *Farthings*. From this Penny, and other ſubſequent Pieces that bore the like Impreſs, was our common Expreſſion deriv'd, *I have not a* Croſs *about me*; i. e. not a Piece of Money. I thought, this Note might not be unneceſſary, becauſe it ſerves to explain ſeveral other Paſſages, where the Poet has *punn'd* on this Term.

Enter

Enter another servant.

2 *Serv.* May it please your Honour, lord *Lucius*, out of his free love, hath presented to you four milk-white horses trapt in silver.

Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the Presents
Be worthily entertain'd.

Enter a third servant.

How now? what news?

3 *Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, Lord *Lucullus*, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him, and has sent your Honour two brace of grey-hounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be received, not without fair reward.

Flav. What will this come to? he commands us to provide, and give great gifts, and all out of an empty coffer: Nor will he know his purse, or yield me this,
To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good;
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes for ev'ry word:
He is so kind, that he pays interest for't:
His land's put to their books. Well, 'would I were
Gently put out of office, ere I were forc'd!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [*Exit.*

Tim. You do your selves much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits. Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

1 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

3 *Lord.* He has the very soul of bounty.

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave good words the other day of a bay courser I rode on.
'Tis yours, because you lik'd it.

2 *Lord.* Oh, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know no man can juſtly praiſe, but what he does affect. I weigh my friend's affection with my own; I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none ſo welcome.

Tim. I take all, and your ſeveral viſitations
So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
Methinks, I could deal Kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary. *Alcibiades*,
Thou art a ſoldier, therefore ſeldom rich,
It comes in charity to thee; thy living
Is 'mongſt the dead; and all the lands thou haſt
Lye in a pitcht field.

Alc. I defie land, my lord.

1 *Lord.* We are ſo virtuouſly bound ———

Tim. And ſo am I to you.

2 *Lord.* So infinitely endear'd ——

Tim. All to you. Lights! more lights, more lights.

3 *Lord.* The beſt of happineſs, honour and fortunes,
Keep with you, lord *Timon* ———

Tim. Ready for his friends. [*Exeunt Lords.*

Apem. What a coil's here,
Serving of becks and jutting out of bums!
I doubt, whether their legs be worth the ſums
That are given for 'em. Friendſhip's full of dregs;
Methinks, falſe hearts ſhould never have ſound legs.
Thus honeſt fools lay out their wealth on court'ſies.

Tim. Now, *Apemantus*, if thou wert not ſullen,
I would be good to thee.

Apem. No, I'll nothing; for if I ſhould be brib'd too, there would be none left to rail upon thee, and then thou wouldſt ſin the faſter. Thou giv'ſt ſo long, *Timon*, (9) I fear me, thou wilt give away thy ſelf in proper

(9) *I fear me, thou wilt give away thyſelf in* paper *ſhortly.*] i. e. be ruin'd by his Securities entred into. But this Senſe, as Mr. *Warburton* obſerves, is cold; and reliſhes very little of that Salt which is in *Apemantus*'s other Reflections. He propoſes, —— *give away thy ſelf in* proper *ſhortly.* i. e. in Perſon; thy proper Self. This latter is an Expreſſion of

proper ſhortly. What need theſe feaſts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay, if you begin to rail on ſociety once, I am ſworn not to give regard to you. Farewel, and come with better muſick.

Apem. So——thou wilt not hear me now, thou ſhalt not then.
I'll lock thy heaven from thee:
Oh, that men's ears ſhould be
To counſel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *A publick place in the City.*

Enter a Senator.

SENATOR.

AND late, five thouſand: to *Varro* and to *Iſidore*
He owes nine thouſand, beſides my former Sum;
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waſte? It cannot hold, it will not.
If I want gold, ſteal but a Beggar's dog,
And give it *Timon*, why, the dog coins gold.
If I would ſell my horſe, and buy ten more
Better than he; why, give my horſe to *Timon*;
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtraight
Ten able horſe. No porter at his gate, (10)

But

of our Author's in the *Tempeſt*;
And ev'n with ſuch like Valour Men hang and drown
Their proper ſelves.

(10) *Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me ſtreight*
An *able horſe*,] The Stupidity of this Corruption will be very obvious, if we take the whole Context together. "If I want "*Gold*, (ſays the Senator) let me ſteal a Beggar's Dog, and "give it to *Timon*, the Dog coins me *Gold*. If I would ſell

But rather one that ſmiles, and ſtill invites
All that paſs by it. It cannot hold; no reaſon
Can ſound his ſtate in ſafety. *Caphis*, hoa!
Caphis, I ſay.

Enter Caphis.

Cap. Here, Sir, what is your pleaſure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haſte you to lord *Timon*;
Importune him for monies, be not ceaſt
With ſlight denial; nor then ſilenc'd with
" *Commend me to your maſter* —— and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus: — but tell him, ſirrah,
My uſes cry to me, I muſt ſerve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are paſt,
And my reliance on his fracted dates
Has ſmit my credit. I love and honour him;
But muſt not break my back, to heal his finger.
Immediate are my needs, and my relief
Muſt not be toſt and turn'd to me in words,
But find Supply immediate. Get you gone.
Put on a moſt importunate aſpect,
A viſage of demand: for I do fear,
When every feather ſticks in his own wing,
Lord *Timon* will be left a naked Gull,
Who flaſhes now a Phœnix — Get you gone.

Cap. I go, Sir.

Sen. I go, Sir?—Take the bonds along with you, (11) And

" my *horſe*, and had a Mind to buy *ten* better inſtead of him;
" why, I need but give my Horſe to *Timon*, to gain this Point;
" and it preſently fetches me *an horſe*." But is that gaining the Point propos'd? Senſe and Reaſon warrant the Reading, that I have reſtor'd to the Text. The firſt *Folio* reads, leſs corruptly than the modern Impreſſions,

—— And *able* Horſes. ——

Which Reading, join'd to the Reaſoning of the Paſſage, gave me the Hint for this Emendation.

(11) —— *take the Bonds along with you,*
And have the Dates in. Come.] The Abſurdity of this Paſſage is ſo glaring, that one cannot help wondering, None of our Poet's

And have the dates in Compt.
Cap. I will, Sir.
Sen. Go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Timon's *Hall.*

Enter Flavius, *with many bills in his hand.*

Flav. NO care, no ſtop? ſo ſenſeleſs of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it,
Nor ceaſe his flow of riot? Takes no account
How things go from him, and reſumes no care
Of what is to continue: never Mind
Was to be ſo unwiſe, to be ſo kind.
What ſhall be done? —— he will not hear, 'till feel:
I muſt be round with him, now he comes from hunting.
Fie, fie, fie, fie.

Enter Caphis, Iſidore, *and* Varro.

Cap. Good evening, *Varro*,; what, you come for money?
Var. Is't not your buſineſs too?
Cap. It is; and your's too, *Iſidore?*
Iſid. It is ſo.
Cap. 'Would we were all diſcharg'd!
Var. I fear it.
Cap. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, *and his train.*

Tim. So ſoon as dinner's done, we'll forth again.
My *Alcibiades*,———Well, what's your Will?
[*They preſent their bills.*
Cap. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Poet's Editors ſhould have been ſagacious enough to ſtumble at it. Certainly, ever ſince Bonds were given, the Date was put in when the Bond was enter'd into: And theſe Bonds *Timon* had already given, and the Time limited for their Payment was laps'd. The *Senator*'s Charge to his Servant muſt be to the Tenour as I have amended the Text; *viz.* Take good Notice of the Dates, for the better Computation of the Intereſt due upon them.

Tim.

Tim. Dues? whence are you?

Cap. Of *Athens* here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my Steward.

Cap. Pleaſe it your lordſhip, he hath put me off
To the ſucceſſion of new days, this month:
My maſter is awak'd by great occaſion,
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,
That with your other noble parts you'll ſuit,
In giving him his Right.

Tim. Mine honeſt friend,
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Cap. Nay, good my lord ——

Tim. Contain thy ſelf, good friend.

Var. One *Varro*'s ſervant, my good lord ——

Iſid. From *Iſidore*, he prays your ſpeedy payment—

Cap. If you did know, my lord, my maſter's wants—

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, ſix weeks, and paſt. ——

Iſid. Your Steward puts me off, my lord, and I
Am ſent expreſly to your lordſhip.

Tim. Give me breath: ——
I do beſeech you, good my lords, keep on, [*Ex. lords.*
I'll wait upon you inſtantly. — Come hither:
How goes the world, that I am thus encountred
With clam'rous claims of debt, of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-ſince-due debts,
Againſt my honour?

Fla. Pleaſe you, gentlemen,
The time is unagreeable to this buſineſs:
Your importunity ceaſe, 'till after dinner;
That I may make his lordſhip underſtand
Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do ſo, my friends; ſee them well entertain'd.
[*Exit* Timon.

Flav. Pray, draw near. [*Exit* Flavius.

Enter Apemantus, *and Fool.*

Cap. Stay, ſtay, here comes the Fool with *Apemantus*, let's have ſome ſport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuſe us.

Iſid.

Iſid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How doſt, fool?

Apem. Doſt dialogue with thy ſhadow?

Var. I ſpeak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thy ſelf. Come away.

Iſid. There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apem. No, thou ſtand'ſt ſingle, thou art not on him yet.

Cap. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He laſt ask'd the queſtion. Poor rogues', and uſurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Aſſes.

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me what you are, and do not know your ſelves. Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, Gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good Fool: how does your miſtreſs?

Fool. She's e'en ſetting on water to ſcald ſuch chickens as you are. 'Would, we could ſee you at *Corinth.*

Apem. Good! gramercy!

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my miſtreſs' page.

Page. Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wiſe company? how doſt thou, *Apemantus?*

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might anſwer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, *Apemantus*, read me the Superſcription of theſe letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Can'ſt not read?

Page. No.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord *Timon*, this to *Alcibiades.* Go, thou waſt born a baſtard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou waſt whelpt a dog, and thou ſhalt famiſh, a dog's death. Anſwer not, I am gone. [*Exit.*

Apem. Ev'n ſo thou out-run'ſt grace.
Fool, I will go with you to lord *Timon*'s.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem.

Apem. If *Timon* ſtay at home ——
You three ſerve three Uſurers?

All. I would, they ſerv'd us.

Apem. So would I — as good a trick as ever hangman ſerv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three uſurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no uſurer but has a fool to his ſervant. My miſtreſs is one, and I am her fool; when men come to borrow of your maſters, they approach ſadly, and go away merrily; but they enter my miſtreſs's houſe merrily, and go away ſadly. The reaſon of this?

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaſter, and a knave; which notwithſtanding, thou ſhalt be no leſs eſteem'd.

Var. What is a whore-maſter, fool?

Fool. A fool in good Cloaths, and ſomething like thee. 'Tis a ſpirit; ſometimes it appears like a lord, ſometimes like a lawyer, ſometimes like a philoſopher, with two ſtones more than's artificial one. He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all ſhapes that man goes up and down in, from fourſcore to thirteen, this Spirit walks in.

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wiſe man; as much foolery as I have, ſo much wit thou lack'ſt.

Apem. That anſwer might have become *Apemantus*.

All. Aſide, aſide, here comes lord *Timon*.

Enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; ſometime, the philoſopher.

Fla. Pray you, walk near, I'll ſpeak with you anon.

[*Exeunt* Creditors, Apemantus *and* Fool.

Tim. You make me marvel; wherefore, ere this time,
Had you not fully laid my ſtate before me?
That I might ſo have rated my expence,

As

As I had leave of means.
Fla. You would not hear me;
At many leisures I propos'd.
Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back:
And that unaptness made you minister
Thus to excuse your self.
Fla. O my good lord!
At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When, for some trifling Present, you have bid me
Return so much, I've shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close. I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight, checks; when I have
Prompted you in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd Lord,
Though you hear now too late, yet now's a time;
The greatest of your Having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.
Tim. Let all my land be sold.
Fla. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone:
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues; the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim, and at length
How goes our reck'ning?
Tim. To *Lacedæmon* did my land extend.
Fla. O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone!
Tim. You tell me true.
Fla. If you suspect my husbandry, or falshood,
Call me before th' exactest Auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the Gods bless me,
When all our Offices have been oppress
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsie;

I have retir'd me to a waſteful cock,
And ſet mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Fla. Heav'ns! have I ſaid, the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have ſlaves and peaſants
This night englutted! who now is not *Timon*'s?
What heart, head, ſword, force, means, but is lord *Timon*'s?
Great *Timon*, noble, worthy, royal *Timon*'s?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praiſe,
The breath is gone whereof this praiſe is made:
Feaſt-won, faſt-loſt: one cloud of winter ſhowres,
Theſe flies are coucht.

Tim. Come, ſermon me no further.
No villainous bounty yet hath paſt my heart;
Unwiſely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why doſt thou weep? canſt thou the conſcience lack,
To think I ſhall lack friends? ſecure thy heart;
If I would broach the veſſels of my love,
And try the arguments of hearts by borrowing,
Men and men's fortunes could I frankly uſe,
As I can bid thee ſpeak.

Fla. Aſſurance bleſs your thoughts!

Tim. And in ſome ſort theſe wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them bleſſings; for by theſe
Shall I try friends. You ſhall perceive how you
Miſtake my fortunes: in my friends I'm wealthy.
Within there, Ho! *Flaminius, Servilius!*

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, *and other ſervants.*

Serv. My lord, my lord.

Tim. I will diſpatch you ſev'rally.
You to lord *Lucius*—to lord *Lucullus* you, I hunted with his Honour to day—you to *Sempronius*—commend me to their loves; and I am proud, ſay, that my occaſions have found time to uſe 'em toward a ſupply of mony; let the requeſt be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have ſaid, my lord.

Fla. Lord *Lucius* and *Lucullus?* hum—

Tim. Go, you, Sir, to the Senators; [*To* Flavius.

Of

Of whom, even to the State's beſt health, I have
Deſerv'd this hearing; bid 'em ſend o'th' inſtant
A thouſand talents to me.

Fla. I've been bold,
(For that I knew it the moſt gen'ral way)
To them to uſe your ſignet and your name;
But they do ſhake their heads, and I am here
No richer in Return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?

Fla. They anſwer in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at Fall, want Treaſure, cannot
Do what they would; are ſorry—You are honourable—
But yet they could have wiſht—they know not—
Something hath been amiſs—a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And ſo intending other ſerious matters,
After diſtaſteful looks, and theſe hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods, (12)
They froze me into ſilence.

Tim. You Gods reward them!
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly. Theſe old fellows
Have their Ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows,
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.
Go to *Ventidius*—— pr'ythee, be not ſad,
Thou'rt true, and juſt; ingenuouſly I ſpeak,
No Blame belongs to thee: *Ventidius* lately
Bury'd his father, by whoſe death he's ſtepp'd
Into a great eſtate; when he was poor,
Impriſon'd, and in ſcarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents. Greet him from me;

(12) Cold moving *Nods,*] All the Editions exhibit theſe as two diſtinct Adjectives, to the Prejudice of the Author's Meaning: but they muſt be join'd by an *Hyphen*, and make a Compound Adjective out of a Subſtantive and a Participle, and then we have the true Senſe of the Place; *Cold-moving*, *Cold-provoking*; Nods ſo diſcouraging, that they chill'd the very Ardour of our petition, and *froze us into ſilence.*

Bid

Bid him suppose, some good necessity
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents. That had, give't these fellows
To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That *Timon*'s fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Stew. 'Would, I could not: that thought is bounty's foe;
Being free it self, it thinks all others so. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Lucullus's *House in* Athens.

Flaminius *waiting*, *Enter a servant to him.*

SERVANT.

I Have told my lord of you; he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, Sir.

Enter Lucullus.

Ser. Here's my lord.

Lucul. One of lord *Timon*'s men; a gift, I warrant—Why, this hits right: I dreamt of a silver bason and ewre to night. *Flaminius*, honest *Flaminius*, you are very respectively welcome, Sir; fill me some wine. And how does that honourable, compleat, free-hearted Gentleman of *Athens*, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, Sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, Sir; and what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty *Flaminius?*

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, Sir, which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your Honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty

fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—Nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord, a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, on purpose to have him spend less. And yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my Coming; every man hath his fault, and honesty is his. I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't.

Enter a servant, with wine.

Ser. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit, give thee thy due: and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well. Good parts in thee — Get you gone, sirrah. [*To the servant, who goes out.*] — Draw nearer, honest *Flaminius*; thy lord's a bountiful gentleman, but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough (altho' thou comest to me) that this is no time to lend mony, especially upon bare friendship without security. Here's three *Solidares* for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. Is't possible the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the mony away.*

Lucul. Ha! now I see thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit* Lucullus.

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald thee:
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself!
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave
Unto this hour has my lord's meat in him:

Why

Why ſhould it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poiſon?
O! may diſeaſes only work upon't:
And when he's ſick to death, let not that part
Of nature, my lord paid for, be of power
To expel ſickneſs, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a publick Street.*

Enter Lucius, *with three ſtrangers.*

Luc. WHO, the lord *Timon?* he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 *Stran.* We know him for no leſs, tho' we are but ſtrangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours, now lord *Timon*'s happy hours are done and paſt, and his eſtate ſhrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it: he cannot want for mony.

2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that not long ago one of his men was with the lord *Lucullus*, to borrow fifty talents, nay, urg'd extremely for't, and ſhewed what neceſſity belong'd to't, and yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a ſtrange caſe was that? now, before the Gods, I am aſham'd on't. Deny'd that honourable man? there was very little honour ſhew'd in that. For my own part, I muſt needs confeſs, I have received ſome ſmall kindneſſes from him, as mony, plate, jewels, and ſuch like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet had he miſtook him, and ſent him to me, I ſhould ne'er have deny'd his occaſion ſo many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord, I have ſweat to ſee his Honour.—My honour'd lord——
[*To* Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, Sir. Fare thee well,

well, commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquiſite friend.

Ser. May it pleaſe your Honour, my lord hath ſent—

Luc. Ha! What hath he ſent? I am ſo much endear'd to that lord; he's ever ſending: how ſhall I thank him, think'ſt thou? and what has he ſent now?

Ser. H'as only ſent his preſent occaſion now, my lord; requeſting your lordſhip to ſupply his inſtant uſe, with fifty talents.

Luc. I know, his lordſhip is but merry with me;
He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants leſs, my Lord.
If his occaſion were not virtuous,
I ſhould not urge it half ſo faithfully.

Luc. Doſt thou ſpeak ſeriouſly, *Servilius?*

Ser. Upon my ſoul, 'tis true, Sir.

Luc. What a wicked beaſt was I, to diſfurniſh my ſelf againſt ſuch a good time, when I might ha' ſhewn my ſelf honourable? how unluckily it hap'ned, that I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little (12) dirt, and undo a great deal of honour? *Servilius*, now before the gods, I am not able to do — (the more beaſt, I ſay) — I was ſending to uſe lord *Timon* my ſelf, theſe gentlemen can witneſs; but I would not, for the wealth of *Athens*, I had done't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordſhip, and, I hope, his Honour will conceive the faireſt of me, becauſe I have no power to be kind. And tell him this from me, I count

(12) *That I ſhould purchaſe the day before for a little* part, *and undo a great deal of Honour?*] Tho' there is a ſeeming plauſible *Antitheſis*, in the Terms, I am very well aſſur'd, they are corrupt at the bottom. For a little *Part* of What? *Honour* is the only Subſtantive that follows in the Sentence; but Men don't purchaſe for Honour, tho' ſometimes they may turn Purchaſers out of Oſtentation. How much is the *Antitheſis* improv'd by the Senſe which my Emendation gives? "That I ſhould be ſo unlucky to make this Purchaſe, for the "Lucre of a little *Dirt*, and undo a great deal of *Honour!*" This Manner of expreſſing contemptuouſly of *Land*, is very frequent with the Poets.

it

it one of my greateſt afflictions, that I cannot pleaſure ſuch an honourable gentleman. Good *Servilius*, will you befriend me ſo far, as to uſe my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, Sir, I ſhall. [*Exit* Servilius.

Luc. I'll look ye out a good turn, *Servilius* ——— True, as you ſaid, *Timon* is ſhrunk, indeed; And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly ſpeed. [*Exit.*

1 *Stran.* Do you obſerve this, *Hoſtilius?*

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's ſoul; Of the ſame piece is every flatterer's ſpirit: (13) Who can call him his friend, That dips in the ſame diſh? for, in my knowing, *Timon* has been to this lord as a father, And kept his credit with his bounteous purſe: Supported his eſtate; nay, *Timon*'s mony Has paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks, But *Timon*'s Silver treads upon his lip; And yet, oh, ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man, When he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape! He does deny him (in reſpect of his) What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part, I never taſted *Timon* in my life; Nor any of his bounties came o'er me, To mark me for his friend. Yet, I proteſt, For his right noble mind, illuſtrious virtue, And honourable carriage, Had his neceſſity made uſe of me, I would have put my wealth into donation, And the beſt half ſhould have return'd to him, So much I love his heart; but, I perceive, Men muſt learn now with pity to diſpence, For policy ſits above conſcience. [*Exeunt.*

(13) *Is every Flatterer's* Sport.] This ſenſeleſs Corruption has run through all the Editions; and, as I ſuppoſe, without Suſpicion.

Enter

Enter a third Servant with Sempronius.

Sem. Muſt he needs trouble me in't? 'bove all others?—
He might have tried lord *Lucius*, or *Lucullus*,
And now *Ventidius* is wealthy too,
Whom he redeem'd from priſon: All theſe three
Owe their eſtates unto him.

Ser. Oh, my lord,
They've all been touch'd, and all are found baſe metal;
For they have all deny'd him.

Sem. How? deny'd him?
Ventidius and *Lucullus* both deny'd him?
And does he ſend to me? three! hum ———
It ſhews but little love or judgment in him.
Muſt I be his laſt refuge? his friends, like phyſicians, (14)
Thriv'd, give him over? muſt I take the cure
On me? h'as much diſgrac'd me in't; I'm angry.
He might have known my Place; I ſee no ſenſe for't,
But his occaſions might have wooed me firſt:
For, in my conſcience, I was the firſt man
That e'er received gift from him.
And does he think ſo backwardly of me,
That I'll requite it laſt? no:
So it may prove an argument of laughter
To th' reſt, and 'mongſt lords I be thought a fool:
I'd rather than the worth of thrice the ſum,
H'ad ſent to me firſt, but for my mind's ſake:
I'd ſuch a courage to have done him good.
But now return,
And with their faint Reply this Anſwer join;
Who bates mine honour, ſhall not know my coin. [*Exit.*

(14) ——— ——— *his Friends, like Phyſicians*
Thriv'd, *give him over?*] I have reſtor'd this old Reading, only amended the Pointing which was faulty. Mr. *Pope* ſuſpecting the Phraſe, has Subſtituted *Three* in the room of *thriv'd*, and ſo diſarm'd the Poet's Satire. Phyſicians *thriv'd* is no more than Phyſicians *grown rich:* Only the Adjective Paſſive of this *Verb*, indeed, is not ſo common in Uſe; and yet it is a familiar Expreſſion, to this day, to ſay, *Such a One is well* thriven *on his Trade.*

Ser.

Ser. Excellent! your lordſhip's a goodly villain. The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick; he croſs'd himſelf by't; and I cannot think, but in the end the villanies of man will ſet him clear. How fairly this lord ſtrives to appear foul? takes virtuous copies to be wicked: like thoſe that under hot, ardent, zeal would ſet whole Realms on fire. Of ſuch a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's beſt hope; now all are fled,
Save the Gods only. Now his friends are dead;
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards
Many a bounteous year, muſt be employ'd
Now to guard ſure their maſter.
And this is all a liberal courſe allows;
Who cannot keep his wealth, muſt keep his houſe.

[*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Timon's *Hall.*

Enter Varro, Titus, Hortenſius, Lucius, *and other ſervants of* Timon's *creditors, who wait for his coming out.*

Var. WELL met, good morrow, *Titus* and *Hortenſius.*

Tit. The like to you, kind *Varro.*

Hor. *Lucius*, why do we meet together?

Luc. I think, one buſineſs does command us all. For mine is mony.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter Philo.

Luc. And Sir *Philo*'s too.

Phi. Good day, at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What d'you think the hour?

Phi. Labouring for nine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord ſeen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi.

Phi. I wonder: he was wont to ſhine at ſeven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed ſhorter with him:
You muſt conſider that a Prodigal's Courſe
Is like the ſun's, but not like his recoverable, I fear:
'Tis deepeſt winter in lord *Timon*'s purſe;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll ſhew you how t' obſerve a ſtrange event:
Your lord ſends now for mony.

Hor. True, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of *Timon*'s gift,
For which I wait for mony.

Hor. Againſt my heart.

Luc. How ſtrange it ſhows,
Timon in this ſhould pay more than he owes!
And e'en as if your lord ſhould wear rich jewels,
And ſend for mony for 'em.

Hor. I'm weary of this charge, the Gods can witneſs:
I know, my lord hath ſpent of *Timon*'s wealth;
Ingratitude now makes it worſe than ſtealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thouſand crowns: what's yours?

Luc. Five thouſand.

Var. 'Tis too much deep, and it ſhould ſeem by th' ſum,
Your maſter's confidence was above mine;
Elſe, ſurely, his had equall'd.

Enter Flaminius.

Tit. One of lord *Timon*'s men.

Luc. Flaminius! Sir, a word: pray, is my lord
Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not.

Tit. We attend his lordſhip; pray, ſignifie ſo much.

Flam. I need not tell him that, he knows you are too diligent.

Enter Flavius *in a cloak, muffled.*

Luc. Ha! is not that his Steward muffled ſo?
He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, Sir ——

Var. By your leave, Sir.

Fla. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain mony here, Sir.

Fla. If mony were as certain as your waiting,
'Twere ſure enough.
Why then preferr'd you not your ſums and bills,
When your falſe maſters eat of my lord's meat?
Then they would ſmile and fawn upon his debts,
And take down th' intereſt in their glutt'nous maws;
You do your ſelves but wrong to ſtir me up,
Let me paſs quietly: ——
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to ſpend.

Luc. Ay, but this anſwer will not ſerve.

Fla. If 'twill not ſerve, 'tis not ſo baſe as you;
For you ſerve knaves. [*Exit.*

Var. How! what does his caſhier'd worſhip mutter?

Tit. No matter, what—he's poor, and that's revenge enough. Who can ſpeak broader than he that has no houſe to put his head in? Such may rail againſt great Buildings.

Enter Servilius.

Tit. Oh, here's *Servilius*; now we ſhall have ſome anſwer.

Ser. If I might beſeech you, gentlemen, to repair ſome other hour, I ſhould derive much from it. For take it of my ſoul,
My lord leans wondrouſly to diſcontent:
His comfortable temper has forſook him,
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not ſick:
And if he be ſo far beyond his health,
Methinks, he ſhould the ſooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the Gods.

Ser. Good Gods!

Tit. We cannot take this for an anſwer.

Flam. [*within.*] *Servilius,* help—my lord! my lord.

Enter

Enter Timon, *in a rage.*

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd againſt my paſſage? Have I been ever free, and muſt my houſe Be my retentive enemy, my goal? The place, which I have feaſted, does it now, Like all mankind, ſhew me an iron-heart?

Luc. Put in now, *Titus.*

Tit. My lord, here's my bill.

Luc. Here's mine.

Var. And mine, my lord.

Cap. And ours, my lord.

Phi. And our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em ——— cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Alas! my lord.

Tim. Cut out my heart in ſums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thouſand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thouſand drops pay that. What yours ——— and yours?

Var. My lord ———

Cap. My lord ———

Tim. Here tear me, take me, and the Gods fall on you. [*Exit.*

Hor. Faith, I perceive, our Maſters may throw their caps at their mony; theſe debts may be well call'd deſperate ones, for a mad man owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Timon *and* Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the ſlaves. Creditors! ——— devils.

Fla. My dear lord,

Tim. What if it ſhould be ſo? ———

Fla. My dear lord,

Tim. I'll have it ſo ——— My ſteward!

Fla. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly! ——— Go, bid all my friends again, *Lucius*, *Lucullus*, and *Sempronius*. All. ———

I'll once more feaſt the raſcals.
Fla. O my lord!
You only ſpeak from your diſtracted ſoul;
There's not ſo much left as to furniſh out
A moderate table.
Tim. Be it not thy care:
Go, and invite them all, let in the tide
Of knaves once more: my Cook and I'll provide.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Senate-houſe.

Senators, and Alcibiades.

1 *Sen.* MY lord, you have my voice to't, the fault's bloody;
'Tis neceſſary he ſhould die:
Nothing emboldens ſin ſo much as mercy.
2 *Sen.* Moſt true; the law ſhall bruiſe 'em.
Alc. Health, Honour, and Compaſſion to the ſenate!
1 *Sen.* Now, Captain.
Alc. I am an humble ſuitor to your Virtues:
For Pity is the virtue of the law,
And none but Tyrants uſe it cruelly.
It pleaſes time and fortune to lie heavy
Upon a friend of mine, who in hot blood
Hath ſtept into the law, which is paſt depth
To thoſe that without heed do plunge into't.
He is a man, ſetting his fault aſide,
Of virtuous honour, which buys out his fault;
Nor did he ſoil the fact with cowardiſe,
But with a noble fury, and fair ſpirit,
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
He did oppoſe his foe:
And with ſuch ſober and unnoted paſſion
He did behave his anger ere 'twas ſpent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.
1 *Sen.* You undergo too ſtrict a Paradox,
Striving to make an ugly Deed look fair:
Your words have took ſuch pains, as if they labour'd

To

To bring Man-slaughter into form, set quarrelling
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,
Is valour mis-begot, and came into the world
When sects and factions were but newly born.
He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His out-sides; wear them like his rayment, carelesly;
And ne'er prefer his Injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.
If wrongs be evils, and inforce us kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord, ———

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
It is not valour to revenge, but bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
If I speak like a Captain.
Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threatnings, sleep upon't,
And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
Without repugnancy? but if there be
Such valour in the bearing, what make we
Abroad? why then, sure, women are more valiant,
That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
The ass, more than the lion; and the fellow,
Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge;
If wisdom be in suff'ring. Oh, my lords,
As you are great, be pitifully good:
Who cannot condemn Rashness in cold blood?
To kill, I grant, is sin's extreamest gust,
But, in defence, ——— by mercy, 'tis most just.
To be in anger is impiety:
But who is man, that is not angry?
Weigh but the crime with this.

2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his Service done
At *Lacedæmon*, and *Byzantium*,
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc. I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,
And slain in battle many of your enemies;

How full of valour did he bear himſelf
In the laſt conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em,
He's a ſworn rioter; he has a ſin
That often drowns him, and takes valour priſoner.
Were there no foes, That were enough alone
To overcome him. In that beaſtly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cheriſh factions. 'Tis inferr'd to us,
His days are foul, and his Drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

Alc. Hard fate! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him,
(Though his right arm might purchaſe his own time,
And be in debt to none;) yet more to move you,
Take my Deſerts to his, and join 'em both.
And for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories,
My Honours to you, on his good returns.
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore;
For law is ſtrict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies, urge it no more,
On height of our diſpleaſure: friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that ſpills another.

Alc. Muſt it be ſo? it muſt not be:
My lords, I do beſeech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances.

3 *Sen.* What!———

Alc. I cannot think, but your age hath forgot me;
It could not elſe be, I ſhould prove ſo baſe,
To ſue, and be deny'd ſuch common grace.
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?
'Tis in few words, but ſpacious in effect;
We baniſh thee for ever.

Alc. Baniſh me!
Baniſh your Dotage, baniſh Uſury,
That make the Senate ugly.

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' ſhine, *Athens* contains thee,
Attend our weightier judgment.
And, (not to ſwell our ſpirit,)
He ſhall be executed preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Alc. Gods keep you old enough, that you may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you!
I'm worſe than mad: I have kept back their foes,
While they have told their mony, and let out
Their coin upon large intereſt; I my ſelf,
Rich only in large hurts.——All thoſe, for this?
Is this the balſam that the uſuring ſenate
Pours into Captains' wounds? ha! Baniſhment?
It comes not ill: I hate not to be baniſht,
It is a cauſe worthy my ſpleen and fury,
That I may ſtrike at *Athens*. I'll cheer up
My diſcontented troops, and lay for hearts.
'Tis honour with moſt lands to be at odds;
Soldiers as little ſhould brook wrongs, as Gods. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* TIMON's *Houſe.*

Enter divers Senators, at ſeveral doors.

1 *Sen.* THE good time of the day to you, Sir.

2 *Sen.* I alſo wiſh it to you: I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Sen.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountred. I hope, it is not ſo low with him, as he made it ſeem in the tryal of his ſeveral friends.

2 *Sen.* It ſhould not be, by the perſuaſion of his new feaſting.

1 *Sen.* I ſhould think ſo; he hath ſent me an earneſt inviting, which many my near occaſions did urge me to put off: but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I muſt needs appear.

2 *Sen.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate buſineſs; but he would not hear my excuſe. I am ſorry, when he ſent to borrow of me, that my proviſion was out.

1 *Sen.* I am ſick of that grief too, as I underſtand how all things go.

2 *Sen.* Every man here's ſo. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces.

2 *Sen.* A thouſand pieces!

1 *Sen.* What of you?

3 *Sen.* He ſent to me, Sir —— here he comes.

Enter Timon *and attendants.*

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both —— and how fare you?

1 *Sen.* Ever at the beſt, hearing well of your lordſhip.

2 *Sen.* The Swallow follows not ſummer more willingly, than we your lordſhip.

Tim. Nor more willingly leaves winter: ſuch ſummer-birds are men. —— Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompenſe this long ſtay: feaſt your ears with the muſick a while; if they will fare ſo harſhly as on the trumpet's ſound: we ſhall to't preſently.

1 *Sen.* I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordſhip, that I return'd you an empty meſſenger.

Tim. O Sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Sen.* My noble lord.

Tim. Ah, my good friend, what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*

2 *Sen.* Moſt honourable lord, I'm e'en ſick of ſhame, that when your lordſhip t'other day ſent to me, I was ſo unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, Sir.

2 *Sen.* If you had ſent but two hours before——

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance. Come, bring in all together.

2 *Sen.* All cover'd diſhes!

1 *Sen.* Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Sen.* Doubt not that, if mony and the ſeaſon can yield it.

1 *Sen.* How do you? what's the news?

3 *Sen.* *Alcibiades* is baniſh'd: hear you of it?

Both. *Alcibiades* baniſh'd!

3 *Sen.*

3 *Sen.* 'Tis ſo, be ſure of it.

1 *Sen.* How? how?

2 *Sen.* I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 *Sen.* I'll tell ye more anon. Here's a noble feaſt toward.

2 *Sen.* This is the old man ſtill.

3 *Sen.* Will't hold? will't hold?

2 *Sen.* It does, but time will, and ſo ———

3 *Sen.* I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his ſtool, with that ſpur as he would to the lip of his Miſtreſs: your diet ſhall be in all places alike. Make not a city-feaſt of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the firſt place. Sit, ſit.

The Gods require our thanks.

You great Benefactors, ſprinkle our ſociety with thankfulneſs. For your own gifts make your ſelves prais'd; but reſerve ſtill to give, leſt your Deities be deſpiſed. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another. For were your Godheads to borrow of men, men would forſake the Gods. Make the meat beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no aſſembly of twenty be without a ſcore of villains. If there ſit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are —— The reſt of your fees, O Gods, the ſenators of Athens, *together with the common lag of people, what is amiſs in them, you Gods, make ſuitable for deſtruction. For theſe my friends ——— as they are to me nothing, ſo in nothing bleſs them, and to nothing are they welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

Some ſpeak. What does his lordſhip mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feaſt never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends: ſmoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is *Timon*'s laſt;
Who ſtuck and ſpangled you with flatteries,
Waſhes it off, and ſprinkles in your faces
Your reaking villany. Live loath'd, and long,
Moſt ſmiling, ſmooth, deteſted Paraſites,
Courteous deſtroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,

You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time-flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapors, and minute-jacks; (15)
Of man and beast the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!——What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first——thou too——and thou——
[*Throwing the dishes at them, and drives 'em out.*
Stay, I will lend thee mony, borrow none.
What! all in motion? henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.
Burn House, sink *Athens*, henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity! [*Exit.*

Re-enter the Senators.

1 *Sen.* How now, my lords?

2 *Sen.* Know you the quality of lord *Timon*'s fury!

3 *Sen.* Psha! did you see my cap?

4 *Sen.* I've lost my gown.

1 *Sen.* He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel th' other day, and now he has beat it out of my cap. Did you see my jewel?

2 *Sen.* Did you see my cap?

3 *Sen.* Here 'tis.

4 *Sen.* Here lies my gown.

1 *Sen.* Let's make no stay.

2 *Sen.* Lord *Timon*'s mad.

3 *Sen.* I feel't upon my bones.

4 *Sen.* One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones.
[*Exeunt.*

(15)——*and minute Jacks*
Of Man and Beast, the infinite Malady
Crust you quite o'er?] In what Sense could the Senators be call'd *minute Jacks* of *Man* and *Beast?* The Poet just before calls them *Vapours*; and certainly means to enforce that Image, by saying, they were Jacks not of a Minute's Trust, or Dependence. Then what could the *infinite Malady* signify, without something subjoin'd to give us a clearer Idea of it? As I point the Passage, it plainly means, May the whole Catalogue, the infinite Number of Distempers, that have ever invaded either Man or Beast, all be join'd to plague you.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Without the Walls of* Athens.

Enter TIMON.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou Wall,
That girdleſt in thoſe wolves! dive in the earth,
And fence not *Athens!* Matrons, turn incontinent;
Obedience fail in children; ſlaves and fools
Pluck the grave wrinkled Senate from the bench,
And miniſter in their ſteads: To general filths
Convert o'th' inſtant, green Virginity!
Do't in your parents' eyes. Bankrupts, hold faſt;
Rather than render back, out with your knives, (16)
And cut your truſters' throats. Bound ſervants, ſteal;
Large-handed robbers your grave maſters are,
And pill by law. Maid, to thy maſter's bed;
Thy miſtreſs is o'th' brothel. Son of ſixteen,
Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping ſire,
And with it beat his brains out! Fear and Piety,
Religion to the Gods, peace, juſtice, truth,
Domeſtick awe, night-reſt, and neighbourhood,
Inſtruction, manners, myſteries and trades,
Degrees, obſervances, cuſtoms and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries!
And yet Confuſion live!——Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On *Athens*, ripe for ſtroke! Thou cold *Sciatica*,
Cripple our ſenators, that their limbs may halt

(16)——————*Bankrupts, hold faſt,*
Rather than render back; out with your Knives,
And cut your Truſters' throats.] Thus has this Paſſage hitherto been moſt abſurdly pointed; even by the poetical Editors, Mr. *Rowe*, and Mr. *Pope*. I had reformed the Pointing; but am, however, to make my Acknowledgements to ſome *anonymous Gentleman*, who by Letter adviſed me to point it as I have done in the Text.

As

As lamely as their manners. Luſt and Liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainſt the ſtream of virtue they may ſtrive,
And drown themſelves in riot! Itches, Blains,
Sow all the *Athenian* boſoms, and their Crop
Be general Leproſie: breath infect breath,
That their ſociety (as their friendſhip) may
Be meerly poiſon. Nothing I'll bear from thee,
But nakedneſs, thou deteſtable town!
Take thou that too, with multiplying banns:
Timon will to the Woods, where he ſhall find
Th' unkindeſt beaſt much kinder than mankind.
The Gods confound (hear me, ye good Gods all)
Th' *Athenians* both within and out that wall;
And grant, as *Timon* grows, his hate may grow,
To the whole Race of Mankind, high and low! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* TIMON's *Houſe.*

Enter Flavius, *with two or three ſervants.*

1 *Ser.* HEAR you, good maſter ſteward, where's our maſter?
Are we undone, caſt off, nothing remaining?
Flav. Alack, my fellows, what ſhould I ſay to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poor as you.
1 *Ser.* Such a Houſe broke!
So noble a maſter fall'n! all gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him?
2 *Ser.* As we do turn our backs
From our companion, thrown into his grave;
So his familiars to his buried fortunes
Slink all away; leave their falſe vows with him,
Like empty purſes pick'd: and his poor ſelf,
A dedicated beggar to the air,
With his diſeaſe of all-ſhunn'd poverty,
Walks, like Contempt, alone.——More of our fellows.

Enter

Enter other ſervants.

Fla. All broken implements of a ruin'd houſe!

3 *Ser.* Yet do our hearts wear *Timon*'s livery,
That ſee I by our faces; we are fellows ſtill,
Serving alike in ſorrow. Leak'd is our bark,
And we poor mates, ſtand on the dying deck,
Hearing the ſurges threat: we muſt all part
Into the ſea of air.

Fla. Good fellows all,
The lateſt of my wealth I'll ſhare amongſt you.
Where-ever we ſhall meet, for *Timon*'s ſake,
Let's yet be fellows: ſhake our heads, and ſay,
(As 'twere a knell unto our maſter's fortunes)
We have ſeen better days. Let each take ſome;
Nay put out all your hands; not one word more,
Thus part we rich in ſorrow, parting poor.

[*He gives them mony; they embrace, and part ſeveral ways.*

Oh, the firſt wretchedneſs that glory brings us!
Who would not wiſh to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to miſery and contempt?
Who'd be ſo mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendſhip?
To have his Pomp, and all what State compounds,
But only painted, like his varniſh'd friends!
Poor honeſt lord! brought low by his own heart,
Undone by goodneſs: ſtrange unuſual blood,
When man's worſt ſin is, he does too much good.
Who then dares to be half ſo kind again?
For bounty, that makes Gods, does ſtill mar men.
My deareſt lord, bleſt to be moſt accurs'd,
Rich only to be wretched; thy great fortunes
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful Seat
Of monſtrous friends: nor has he with him to
Supply his life, or that which can command it:
I'll follow and enquire him out.
I'll ever ſerve his mind with my beſt will;
Whilſt I have gold, I'll be his Steward ſtill. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE, the *WOODS*.

Enter Timon.

Tim. O Bleſſed, breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy ſiſter's orb
Infect the air. Twinn'd brothers of one womb,
Whoſe procreation, reſidence, and birth
Scarce is dividant, touch with ſeveral fortunes;
The greater ſcorns the leſſer. Not ev'n nature,
To whom all ſores lay ſiege, can bear great fortune
But by contempt of nature.
Raiſe me this beggar, and denude that lord, (17)
The ſenator ſhall bear contempt hereditary,
The beggar native honour:
It is the Paſture lards the Weather's ſides, (18)
The Want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
In purity of manhood ſtand upright,
And ſay, this man's a flatterer? if one be,

(17) *Raiſe me this Beggar, and* deny't *that Lord,*] Where is the Senſe and *Engliſh* of *deny't that Lord?* Deny him what? What preceding *Noun* is there, to which the Pronoun *It* is to be referr'd? And it would be abſurd to think the Poet meant, deny to *raiſe* that Lord. The *Antitheſis* muſt be, let Fortune *raiſe* this Beggar, and let her *ſtrip*, and *deſpoil* that Lord of all his Pomp and Ornaments, *&c.* which Senſe is compleated by this ſlight Alteration,

——————*and* denude *that Lord.* Mr. *Warburton.*

(18) *It is the Paſture lards the* Beggar's *Sides,*] This, as the Editors have order'd it, is an idle Repetition at the beſt; ſuppoſing it did, indeed, contain the ſame Sentiment as the foregoing Lines. But *Shakeſpeare* meant a quite different Thing: and having, like a ſenſible Writer, made a ſmart Obſervation, he illuſtrates it by a Similitude thus:

It is the Paſture lards the Weather's *Sides,*
The Want that makes him lean.

And the Similitude is extremely beautiful, as conveying this Satirical Reflexion; there is no more Difference between Man and Man in the Eſteem of ſuperficial or corrupt Judgments, than between a fat Sheep and a lean one. Mr. *Warburton.*

So

So are they all, for every greeze of fortune
Is ſmooth'd by that below. The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our curſed natures,
But direct villany. Then be abhorr'd,
All feaſts, ſocieties, and throngs of men!
His Semblable, yea, himſelf, *Timon* diſdains.——
Deſtruction phang mankind! Earth, yield me roots!
[*Digging the earth.*
Who ſeeks for better of thee, ſawce his palate
With thy moſt operant poiſon! —— What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, Gods, I am no idle votariſt.
Roots, you clear heav'ns! thus much of this will make
Black, white; fair, foul; wrong, right;
Baſe, noble: old, young; coward, valiant.
You Gods! why this? what this? you Gods! why, this
Will lug your prieſts and ſervants from your ſides:
Pluck ſtout mens' pillows from below their heads.
This yellow ſlave
Will knit and break religions; bleſs th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leproſie ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With ſenators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She whom the ſpittle-houſe, and ulcerous ſores
Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
To th' *April* day again. Come, damned earth,
Thou common whore of mankind, that putt'ſt odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Do thy right nature.——[*March afar off.*] Ha, a drum?
——thou'rt quick,
But yet I'll bury thee——thou'lt go, (ſtrong thief)
When gouty keepers of thee cannot ſtand.
Nay, ſtay thou out for earneſt. [*Keeping ſome gold.*

Enter Alcibiades *with drum and fife in warlike manner, and* Phrynia *and* Timandra.

Alc. What art thou there? ſpeak.
Tim. A beaſt, as thou art. Cankers gnaw thy heart,
For

For ſhewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? is man ſo hateful to thee,
That art thy ſelf a man?

Tim. I am *Miſanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wiſh thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee ſomething.

Alc. I know thee well:
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd, and ſtrange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more than that I know thee,
I not deſire to know. Follow thy drum,
With man's blood paint the ground; gules, gules; —
Religious Canons, civil Laws are cruel;
Then what ſhould war be? this fell whore of thine
Hath in her more deſtruction than thy ſword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phry. Thy lips rot off!

Tim. I will not kiſs thee, then the Rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble *Timon* to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no ſuns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble *Timon*, what friendſhip may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, *Timon?*

Tim. Promiſe me friendſhip, but perform none. If thou wilt not promiſe, the Gods plague thee, for thou art a man: if thou doſt perform, confound thee, for thou art a man!

Alc. I've heard in ſome ſort of thy miſeries.

Tim. Thou ſaw'ſt them when I had proſperity.

Alc. I ſee them now, then was a bleſſed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th' *Athenian* minion, whom the world
Voic'd ſo regardfully?

Tim. Art thou *Timandra?*

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore ſtill: they love thee not, that uſe thee:
Give them diſeaſes, leaving with thee their luſt:

Make

Make uſe of thy ſalt hours, ſeaſon the ſlaves
For tubs and baths, bring down the roſe-cheek'd youth
To th' Tub-faſt, and the diet. (19)

Timan. Hang thee, monſter!

Alc. Pardon him, ſweet *Timandra*, for his wits
Are drown'd and loſt in his calamities.
I have but little gold of late, brave *Timon*,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band. I heard and griev'd,
How curſed *Athens*, mindleſs of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour ſtates,
But for thy ſword and fortune, trod upon them——

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear *Timon*.

Tim. How doſt thou pity him, whom thou doſt trouble? I'ad rather be alone.

Alc. Why, fare thee well,
Here's gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud *Athens* on a heap——

Tim. Warr'ſt thou 'gainſt *Athens?*

Alc. Ay, *Timon*, and have cauſe.

(19) *To the* Fubfaſt, *and the Diet.*] One might make a very long and vain Search, yet not be able to meet with this prepoſterous Word *Fubfaſt*, which has notwithſtanding paſs'd current with all the Editors. The Author is alluding to the *Lues Venerea*, and its Effects. At that Time, the Cure of it was perform'd either by *Guaiacum*, or *Mercurial* Unctions: and in both Caſes the Patient was kept up very warm and cloſe; that in the firſt Application the Sweat might be promoted; and leſt, in the other, he ſhould take Cold, which was fatal. "The Regimen "for the Courſe of *Guaiacum* (ſays Dr. *Friend* in his *Hiſt.* of "*Phyſick*, Vol. 2. p. 380.) was at firſt ſtrangely circumſtantial; "and ſo rigorous, that the Patient was put into a Dungeon in "order to make him ſweat; and in that manner, as *Fallopius* "expreſſes it, the Bones and the very Man himſelf was mace-"rated." And as for the *Unction*, it was ſometimes continued for thirty ſeven days; (as he obſerves, p. 375.) and during this Time there was neceſſarily an extraordinary *Abſtinence* requir'd.
Mr. *Warburton.*

Tim.

Tim. The Gods confound them all then in thy Conqueſt,
And, after, Thee, when thou haſt conquered!
Al. Why me, *Timon?*
Tim. That by killing of villains
Thou waſt born to conquer my Country.
Put up thy gold. Go on, here's gold, go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when *Jove*
Will o'er ſome high-vic'd city hang his poiſon
In the ſick air: Let not thy ſword skip one,
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,
He is an uſurer. Strike me the matron,
It is her habit only that is honeſt,
Her ſelf's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek
Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword; for thoſe milk-paps,
That through the window-lawn bore at mens' eyes, (20)
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;
Set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe,
Whoſe dimpled ſmiles from fools exhauſt their mercy;
Think it a baſtard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat ſhall cut,
And mince it ſans remorſe. Swear againſt objects,
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whoſe proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor ſight of prieſt in holy veſtments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy ſoldiers.
Make large confuſion; and, thy fury ſpent,
Confounded be thy ſelf! ſpeak not, be gone.
Alc. Haſt thou gold yet?
I'll take the gold thou giv'ſt me, not thy counſel.
Tim. Doſt thou, or doſt thou not, heav'n's curſe upon thee!
Both. Give us ſome gold, good *Timon:* haſt thou more?

(20) *That thro' the* Window-barn *bore at men's Eyes.*] I cannot for my Heart imagine, what Idea our wiſe Editors had of a Virgin's Breaſt thro' a *Window-barn:* which I am ſatisfied, muſt be a corrupt Reading. In ſhort, the Poet is alluding to the decent Cuſtom in his Time of the Women covering their Necks and Boſom either with *Lawn*, or *Cyprus*; both which being tranſparent, the Poet beautifully calls it the *Window-Lawn*.

Tim.

Tim. Enough to make a whore forſwear her trade,
And to make whole a bawd. (21) Hold up, you ſluts,
Your aprons mountant; you're not othable,
Although, I know, you'll ſwear; terribly ſwear
Into ſtrong ſhudders, and to heav'nly agues,
Th' immortal Gods that hear you. Spare your oaths:
I'll truſt to your conditions, be whores ſtill.
And he whoſe pious breath ſeeks to convert you,
Be ſtrong in whore, allure him, burn him up.
Let your cloſe fire predominate his ſmoak,
And be no turn-coats: yet may your pains ſix months
Be quite contrary. Make falſe hair, and thatch
Your poor thin roofs with burthens of the dead,
(Some that were hang'd, no matter: ——)
Wear them, betray with them; and whore on ſtill:
Paint 'till a horſe may mire upon your face;
A pox of wrinkles!

Both. Well, more gold —— what then?
Believe, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Conſumptions ſow
In hollow bones of man, ſtrike their ſharp ſhins,
And mar mens' ſpurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more falſe Title plead,
Nor ſound his quillets ſhrilly. Hoar the *Flamen*,
That ſcolds againſt the quality of fleſh,
And not believes himſelf. Down with the noſe,
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foreſee

(21) *And to make* whore *a Bawd.*] The Power of Gold, indeed, may be ſuppos'd great, that can make a Whore forſake her Trade; but what mighty Difficulty was there in making a Whore turn Bawd? And yet, 'tis plain, here he is deſcribing the mighty Power of Gold. He had before ſhewn, how Gold can perſuade to any villany; he now ſhews that it has ſtill a greater Force, and can even turn from Vice to the Practice, or, at leaſt, the Semblance of Virtue. We muſt therefore read, to reſtore Senſe to our Author,

And to make whole *a Bawd* ——

i. e. not only make her quit her Calling, but thereby reſtore her to Reputation. Mr. *Warburton.*

Smells

Smells from the gen'ral weal. Make curl'd-pate ruffians bald,
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you. Plague all;
That your activity may defeat, and quell
The source of all erection. —— There's more gold.
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Both. More counsel with more mony, bounteous *Timon.*

Tim. More whore, more mischief, first; I've given you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum tow'rds *Athens*; farewel, *Timon:*
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee hence, away,
And take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him: strike.

[*Exeunt* Alcibiad. Phryn. *and* Timand.

Tim. That Nature, being sick of man's unkindness,
Should yet be hungry! Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast
Teems, and feeds all; oh thou! whose self-same mettle
(Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puft)
Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm;
With all th' abhorred births below crisp heav'n,
Whereon *Hyperion*'s quickning fire doth shine;
Yield him, who all thy human sons does hate,
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!
Ensear thy fertile and conceptious womb;
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man.
Go great with tygers, dragons, wolves and bears,
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
Hath to the marbled mansion all above
Never presented —— O, a root —— dear thanks!
Dry up thy marrows, veins, and plough-torn leas,
Whereof ingrateful man with liqu'rish draughts,

And

And morſels unctious, greaſes his pure mind,
That from it all conſideration ſlips. ———

Enter Apemantus.

More man? plague! plague! ———

Apem. I was directed hither. Men report,
Thou doſt affect my manners, and doſt uſe them.

Tim. 'Tis then, becauſe thou doſt not keep a dog
Whom I would imitate; conſumption catch thee!

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected,
A poor unmanly melancholy, ſprung
From change of fortune. Why this ſpade? this place?
This ſlave-like habit, and theſe looks of care?
Thy flatt'rers yet wear ſilk, drink wine, lie ſoft;
Hug their diſeas'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever *Timon* was. Shame not theſe weeds, (22)
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatt'rer now, and ſeek to thrive
By That which has undone thee; hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt obſerve,
Blow off thy cap; praiſe his moſt vicious ſtrain,
And call it excellent. Thou waſt told thus:
Thou gav'ſt thine ears, like tapſters, that bid welcome
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis moſt juſt
That thou turn raſcal: hadſt thou wealth again,
Raſcals ſhould have't. Do not aſſume my likeneſs.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away my ſelf.

Apem. Thou'ſt caſt away thy ſelf, being like thy ſelf,
So long a mad-man, now a fool. What think'ſt thou,
That the bleak air, thy boiſterous chamberlain,

(22) *Shame not theſe* Woods.] But how did *Timon* any more ſhame the Woods by aſſuming the Character of a Cynick, than *Apemantus* did? The Poet certainly meant to make *Apemantus* ſay, Don't diſgrace this *Garb*, which thou haſt only *affected* to aſſume; and to ſeem the Creature thou art not by Nature, but by the Force and Compulſion of Poverty. We muſt therefore reſtore,

——— *Shame not theſe* Weeds.

Apemantus, in ſeveral other Paſſages of the Scene, reproaches him with his Change of Garb.

Will

Will put thy ſhirt on warm? will theſe moiſt trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels,
And skip when thou point'ſt out? will the cold brook,
Candied with ice, cawdle thy morning taſte
To cure thy o'er-night's ſurfeit? Call the creatures,
Whoſe naked natures live in all the ſpight
Of wreakful heav'n, whoſe bare unhouſed trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Anſwer meer nature; bid them flatter thee;
Oh! thou ſhalt find ———

Tim. A fool of thee; depart.

Apem. I love thee better now, than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worſe.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatt'reſt miſery.

Apem. I flatter not; but ſay, thou art a caytiff.

Tim. Why doſt thou ſeek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Doſt pleaſe thy ſelf in't? (23)

Apem. Ay.

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didſt put this ſowre cold habit on
To caſtigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Doſt it enforcedly: thou'dſt Courtier be,

(23) Tim. *Always a Villain's Office or a Fool's.*
Doſt pleaſe thy ſelf in't?
Apem. *Ay.*
Tim. *What!* a knave *too?*] Mr. *Warburton* propoſes a Correction here, which, tho' it oppoſes the Reading of all the printed Copies, has great Juſtneſs and Propriety in it. He would read:
What! and know't *too?*
The Reaſoning of the Text, as it ſtands in the Books, is, in ſome ſort, concluding backward: or rather making a *Knave*'s and *Villain*'s Office different: which, ſurely, is abſurd. The Correction quite removes the Abſurdity, and gives this ſenſible Rebuke. "What! Doſt thou *pleaſe* thy ſelf in *vexing* me, "and at the ſame time *know* it to be the Office of a *Villain* "or *Fool?*"

Wert

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Out-lives incertain pomp; is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never compleat;
The other, at high wish: Best states, contentless,
Have a distracted and most wretched being;
Worse than the worst, content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp't; but bred a dog.
Had'st thou, like us, from our first swath proceeded
Through sweet degrees that this brief world affords,
To such, as may the passive drugs of it
Freely command; thou wouldst have plung'd thy self
In general riot, melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust, and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but followed
The sugar'd game before thee. But my self,
Who had the world as my confectionary,
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, the hearts of men
At duty, more than I could frame employments;
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
Do on the oak; have with one winter's brush
Fall'n from their boughs, and left me open, bare
For every storm that blows. I to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burthen.
Thy nature did commence in suff'rance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter'd thee. What hast thou given?
If thou wilt curse, thy father, that poor rag,
Must be thy subject; who in spight put stuff
To some she-beggar, and compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone ——
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
Thou hadst been knave and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet?

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now.
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,

I'd

I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone —— That the whole life of *Athens* were in this!
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*

Apem. Here, I will mend thy feaſt.

Tim. Firſt mend my company, take away thy ſelf.

Apem. So I ſhall mend my own, by th' lack of thine.

Tim. 'Tis not well mended ſo, it is but botcht; If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldſt thou have to *Athens?*

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind; if thou wilt, Tell them there, I have gold; look, ſo I have.

Apem. Here is no uſe for gold.

Tim. The beſt and trueſt: For here it ſleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'ſt o'nights, *Timon?*

Tim. Under that's above me. Where feed'ſt thou o'days, *Apemantus?*

Apem. Where my ſtomach finds meat; or rather, where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poiſon were obedient, and knew my mind!

Apem. Where would'ſt thou ſend it?

Tim. To ſauce thy diſhes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never kneweſt, but the extremity of both ends. When thou waſt in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mockt thee for too much curioſity; in thy rags thou knoweſt none, but art deſpis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

Tim. On what I hate I feed not.

Apem. Doſt hate a medlar?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An th' hadſt hated medlers ſooner, thou ſhouldſt have loved thy ſelf better now. What man didſt thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

Tim. Who, without thoſe means thou talk'ſt of, didſt thou ever know beloved?

Apem. My ſelf.

Tim. I underſtand thee, thou hadſt ſome means to keep a dog.

Apem.

Apem. What things in the world canſt thou neareſt compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women neareſt; but men, men, are the things themſelves. What wouldſt thou do with the world, *Apemantus*, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beaſts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldſt thou have thy ſelf fall in the confuſion of men, or remain a beaſt with the beaſts?

Apem. Ay, *Timon.*

Tim. A beaſtly ambition, which the Gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert a lion, the fox would beguile thee; if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee; if thou wert the fox, the lion would ſuſpect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the aſs; if thou wert the aſs, thy dulneſs would torment thee; and ſtill thou liv'dſt but as a breakfaſt to the wolf. If thou wert the wolf, thy greedineſs would afflict thee; and oft thou ſhouldſt hazard thy life for thy dinner. Wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own ſelf the conqueſt of thy fury. Wert thou a bear, thou wouldſt be kill'd by the horſe; wert thou a horſe, thou wouldſt be ſeiz'd by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the ſpots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life. All thy ſafety were remotion, and thy defence abſence. What beaſt couldſt thou be, that were not ſubject to a beaſt? and what a beaſt art thou already, and ſeeſt not thy loſs in transformation!

Apem. If thou couldſt pleaſe me with ſpeaking to me, thou might'ſt have hit upon it here. The Commonwealth of *Athens* is become a foreſt of beaſts.

Tim. How has the aſs broke the wall, that thou art out of the City?

Apem. Yonder comes a Poet, and a Painter. The Plague of Company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way. When I know not what elſe to do, I'll ſee thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou ſhalt be welcome.

I had rather be a Beggar's dog, than *Apemantus.*

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would, thou wert clean enough to ſpit upon. A plague on thee! (24)

Apem. Thou art too bad to curſe.

Tim. All villains, that do ſtand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leproſie but what thou ſpeak'ſt.

Tim. If I name thee.——I'll beat thee; but I ſhould infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off!

Tim. Away, thou iſſue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive:
I ſwoon to ſee thee.

Apem. 'Would, thou wouldſt burſt!

Tim. Away, thou tedious rogue, I am ſorry I ſhall loſe a ſtone by thee.

Apem. Beaſt!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue! rogue! rogue!

[Apem. *retreats backward, as going.*

I am ſick of this falſe world, and will love nought
But ev'n the meer neceſſities upon it.
Then, *Timon*, preſently prepare thy grave;
Lye where the light foam of the ſea may beat
Thy grave-ſtone daily; make thine epitaph;
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O thou ſweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[*Looking on the gold.*
'Twixt natural ſon and ſire! thou bright defiler
Of *Hymen*'s pureſt bed! thou valiant *Mars!*
Thou ever young, freſh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whoſe Bluſh doth thaw the conſecrated ſnow,
That lies on *Dian*'s lap! thou viſible God,

(24) *A Plague on thee!*

Apem. ——— *Thou art too bad to curſe.*] In the former Editions, this whole Verſe was placed to *Apemantus:* by which, abſurdly, he was made to curſe *Timon*, and immediately to ſubjoin that he was too bad to curſe. My Diviſion entirely cures the Abſurdity; and makes *Apemantus* reply in Character.

That

That ſouldreſt cloſe impoſſibilities,
And mak'ſt them kiſs! that ſpeak'ſt with every tongue,
To every purpoſe! Oh, thou Touch of hearts!
Think, thy ſlave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beaſts
May have the world in empire.

Apem. 'Would 'twere ſo,
But not 'till I am dead! I'll ſay, thou haſt gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to ſhortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee. ———

Apem. Live, and love thy miſery!

Tim. Long live ſo, and ſo die! I am quit.

Apem. Mo things like men ——— Eat, *Timon*, and abhor them. [*Exit* Apem.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where ſhould he have this gold? It is ſome poor fragment, ſome ſlender ort of his remainder: the meer want of gold, and the falling off of friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a maſs of treaſure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the aſſay upon him; if he care not for't, he will ſupply us eaſily: if he covetouſly reſerve it, how ſhall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him: 'tis hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his deſcription.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, *Timon*.

Tim. Now, thieves.

All. Soldiers; not thieves.

Tim. Both too, and womens' ſons.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greateſt want is, you want much of meet. (25) Why

(25) ——— *you want much of* meat.] Thus both the *Player* and *poetical* Editors have given us this Paſſage; quite

Why ſhould you want? behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth an hundred ſprings;
The oaks bear maſts, the briars ſcarlet hips:
The bounteous huſwife nature on each buſh
Lays her full meſs before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on graſs, on berries, water,
As beaſts, and birds, and fiſhes.

Tim. Nor on the beaſts themſelves, the birds and fiſhes;
You muſt eat men. Yet thanks I muſt you con,
That you are thieves profeſt: that you work not
In holier ſhapes; for there is boundleſs theft
In limited profeſſions. Raſcals, thieves,
Here's gold. Go, ſuck the ſubtle blood o'th' grape,
'Till the high fever ſeeth your blood to froth,
And ſo 'ſcape hanging. Truſt not the phyſician,
His antidotes are poiſon, and he ſlays
More than you rob. Take wealth, and live together.
Do villany, do, ſince you profeſs to do't,
Like workmen; I'll example you with thievery.
The Sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vaſt Sea. The Moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire ſhe ſnatches from the Sun.
The Sea's a thief, whoſe liquid ſurge reſolves (26)
The

Sand-blind, as honeſt *Launcelot* ſays, to our Author's Meaning. If theſe poor Thieves wanted *Meat*, what greater Want could they be curs'd with, as they could not live on graſs, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant, the Poet wrote;

——————— *you want much of* meat.

i. e. Much of what you *ought to be:* much of the Qualities *befitting* you as humane Creatures.

(26) *The Sea's a Thief, whoſe liquid Surge reſolves The* Moon *into ſalt Tears.*] The *Sea* melting the *Moon* into Tears, is, I believe, a Secret in Philoſophy, which no body but *Shakeſpeare*'s deep Editors ever dream'd of. There is another Opinion, which 'tis more reaſonable to believe that our Author may allude to; *viz.* that the Saltneſs of the Sea is cauſed by ſeveral Ranges, or *Mounds* of Roch-Salt under Water, with which *reſolving* Liquid the Sea was impregnated. This I think a ſufficient Authority for changing *Moon* into *Mounds*;

The Mounds into ſalt tears. The earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a compoſture ſtoln
From gen'ral excrements: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not your ſelves, away,
Rob one another, there's more gold; cut throats;
All that you meet are thieves: to *Athens* go,
Break open ſhops, for nothing can you ſteal
But thieves do loſe it: ſteal not leſs for what
I give, and gold confound you howſoever! *Amen.* [*Exit.*

3 *Thief.* H'as almoſt charm'd me from my profeſſion, by perſuading me to it.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus adviſes us; not to have us thrive in our myſtery.

2 *Thief.* I'll believe him as an enemy; and give over my trade.

1 *Thief.* Let us firſt ſee peace in *Athens*; (27)

2 *Thief.* There is no time ſo miſerable, but a man may be true. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *The Woods, and* Timon's *Cave.*

Enter FLAVIUS.

FLAVIUS.

O H, you Gods!
Is yon deſpis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? oh, monument
And wonder of good deeds, evilly beſtow'd!
What

Mounds: and I am ſtill the more confirm'd, becauſe Mr. *Warburton*, who did not know I had touch'd the Place, ſent me up the very ſame Correction.

(27) 1 Thief. *Let us firſt ſee Peace in* Athens; *&c.*] This and the concluding little Speech have in all the Editions been

What change of honour desp'rate want has made?
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends?
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
When man was wisht to love his enemies:
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
H'as caught me in his eye, I will present
My honest grief to him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life. My dearest master!

Timon *comes forward from his Cave.*

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Fla. Have you forgot me, Sir?

Tim. Why dost thou ask That? I have forgot all men.
Then, if thou grantest that thou art a man,
I have forgot thee.

Fla. An honest servant, ——

Tim. Then I know thee not:
I ne'er had honest man about me, all
I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Fla. The Gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep? come nearer, then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give
But or through lust, or laughter. Pity's sleeping;
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!

Fla. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
T' accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts,
To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward

placed to one Speaker: But, as Mr. *Warburton* very justly observ'd to me, 'tis evident, the latter Words ought to be put in the Mouth of the *first* Thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his Trade.

So

So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
It almost turns my dangerous nature wild. ——
Let me behold thy face: surely, this man
Was born of woman.
Forgive my gen'ral and exceptless rashness,
Perpetual, sober Gods! I do proclaim
One honest man: mistake me not, but one:
No more, I pray; and he's a steward.
How fain would I have hated all mankind,
And thou redeem'st thy self: but all, save thee,
I fell with curses.
Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
For, by oppressing and betraying me,
Thou might'st have sooner got another service:
For many so arrive at second masters,
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
A usuring kindness, as rich men deal gifts,
Expecting in return twenty for one?

Fla. No, my most worthy master, (in whose breast
Doubt and Suspect, alas, are plac'd too late,)
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast;
Suspect still comes, where an estate is least.
That which I shew, heav'n knows, is meerly love,
Duty, and Zeal, to your unmatched mind,
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,
For any benefit that points to me
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange
For this one wish, that you had power and wealth
To requite me by making rich your self.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so; thou singly honest man,
Here, take; the Gods out of my misery
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich and happy:
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men:
Hate all, curse all, shew charity to none;
But let the famisht flesh slide from the bone,
Ere thou relieve the beggar. Give to dogs
What thou deny'st to men. Let prisons swallow 'em,
Debts wither 'em; be men like blasted woods,

And may diſeaſes lick up their falſe bloods!
And ſo farewel, and thrive.

Fla. O, let me ſtay, and comfort you, my Maſter.

Tim. If thou hat'ſt curſes,
Stay not, but fly, whilſt thou art bleſt and free;
Ne'er ſee thou man, and let me ne'er ſee thee.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Poet and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it can't be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? does the rumour hold for true, that he's ſo full of gold?

Pain. Certain. *Alcibiades* reports it: *Phrynia* and *Timandra* had gold of him: he likewiſe enrich'd poor ſtragling ſoldiers with great quantity. 'Tis ſaid, he gave his ſteward a mighty ſum.

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a tryal of his friends?

Pain. Nothing elſe: you ſhall ſee him a palm in *Athens* again, and flouriſh with the higheſt. Therefore, 'tis not amiſs, we tender our loves to him, in this ſuppos'd diſtreſs of his: it will ſhew honeſtly in us, and is very likely to load our purpoſes with what they travel for, if it be a juſt and true report that goes of his Having.

Poet. What have you now to preſent unto him?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my viſitation: only I will promiſe him an excellent piece.

Poet. I muſt ſerve him ſo too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the beſt: Promiſing is the very air o'th' time; it opens the eyes of expectation. Performance is ever the duller for his act, and, but in the plainer and ſimpler kind of people, the deed is quite out of uſe. To promiſe, is moſt courtly, and faſhionable; performance is a kind of will or teſtament, which argues a great ſickneſs in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter

Re-enter Timon *from his Cave, unseen.*

Tim. Excellent workman! thou canst not paint a man so bad as thy self.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: it must be a personating of himself; a satyr against the softness of prosperity, with a discovery of the infinite flatteries that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him,
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may Profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True:

Poet. While the day serves, before black-corner'd night, (28)
Find what thou want'st, by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn———
What a God's gold, that he is worshipped
In baser temples, than where Swine do feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the Wave, (29)
Settlest admired rev'rence in a slave;
To thee be Worship, and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
'Tis fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy *Timon*.

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

(28) *While the day serves,* &c] This Couplet in all the Editions is placed to the *Painter*, but as it is in Rhyme, and a Sequel of the Sentiment begun by the *Poet*, I have made no Scruple to ascribe it to him.

(29) *'Tis thou that rigg'st the Bark, and plow'st the* Foam,
Settlest admired Rev'rence in a Slave;] As both the Couplet preceding, and following this, are in Rhyme, I am very apt to suspect, the Rhyme is dismounted here by an accidental Corruption; and therefore have ventur'd to replace *Wave* in the Room of *Foam*.

Poet. Sir, having often of your bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fal'n off,
Whose thankless natures, oh (abhorred spirits!)
Not all the whips of heav'n are large enough——
What! to you!
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot
Cover the monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better: (30)
You that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you're honest men.

Pain. We're hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. Y' are honest men; you've heard, that I have gold;
I'm sure, you have; speak truth, y' are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord, but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest man; thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all *Athens*; thou'rt, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

(30) *Let it go*, naked Men *may see't the better*;] Thus has this Passage been stupidly pointed thro' all the Editions, as if naked Men could see better than Men in their Cloaths. I think verily, if there were any Room to credit the Experiment, such Editors ought to go naked for the Improvement of their Eye-sights. But, perhaps, they have as little Faith as Judgment in their own Readings. The *Poet*, in the preceding Speech haranguing on the Ingratitude of *Timon*'s false Friends, says, he cannot cover the Monstrousness of it with any Size of Words; to which *Timon*, as I have rectified the Pointing, very aptly replies;

Let it go naked——Men may see't the better.

Pain.

Pain. So, ſo, my lord.

Tim. E'en ſo, Sir, as I ſay — And for thy fiction,
Why, thy verſe ſwells with ſtuff ſo fine and ſmooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.
But for all this, my honeſt-natur'd friends,
I muſt needs ſay, you have a little fault;
Marry, not monſtrous in you; neither wiſh I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beſeech your Honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Moſt thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but truſts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cogg, ſee him diſſemble,
Know his groſs Patchery, love him, and feed him;
Keep in your boſom, yet remain aſſur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none ſuch, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well, I'll give you gold,
Rid me theſe villains from your companies;
Hang them, or ſtab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by ſome courſe, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this; —— but two in company:
Each man apart, all ſingle and alone,
Yet an arch villain keeps him company.
If where *thou* art, two villains ſhall not be,
[*To the Painter.*
Come not near *him.* —— If *thou* wouldſt not reſide
[*To the Poet.*
But where one villain is, then *him* abandon.
Hence, pack, there's gold; ye came for gold, ye ſlaves;
You have work for me; there's your payment, hence!

You

You are an Alchymiſt, make gold of that:
Out, raſcal dogs! [*Beating, and driving 'em out.*

Enter Flavius *and two Senators.*

Fla. It is in vain that you would ſpeak with *Timon*:
For he is ſet ſo only to himſelf,
That nothing but himſelf, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his Cave.
It is our part and promiſe to th' *Athenians*
To ſpeak with *Timon*.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike
Men are not ſtill the ſame; 'twas time and griefs
That fram'd him thus. Time, with his fairer hand
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him; bring us to him,
And chance it as it may.

Fla. Here is his Cave:
Peace and Content be here, lord *Timon! Timon!*
Look out, and ſpeak to friends, th' *Athenians*
By two of their moſt rev'rend ſenate greet thee;
Speak to them, noble *Timon*.

Enter Timon *out of his Cave.*

Tim. Thou Sun, that comfort'ſt, burn ———
Speak, and be hang'd;
For each true word a bliſter, and each falſe
Be cauterizing to the root o'th' tongue,
Conſuming it with ſpeaking!

1 *Sen.* Worthy *Timon*, ———

Tim. — Of none but ſuch as you, and you of *Timon*.

2 *Sen.* The ſenators of *Athens* greet thee, *Timon*.

Tim. I thank them. And would ſend them back the plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget
What we are ſorry for ourſelves, in thee:
The Senators, with one conſent of love,
Intreat thee back to *Athens*; who have thought
On ſpecial dignities, which vacant lie

For

For thy beſt uſe and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confeſs
Tow'rd thee forgetfulneſs, too general, groſs;
Which now the publick body, (which doth ſeldom
Play the recanter) feeling in it ſelf
A lack of *Timon*'s aid, hath ſenſe withal
Of its own Fall, reſtraining aid to *Timon*;
And ſends forth us to make their ſorrowed Tender,
Together with a recompence more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, ev'n ſuch heaps and ſums of love and wealth,
As ſhall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs;
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it,
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep theſe comforts, worthy ſenators.

1 *Sen.* Therefore ſo pleaſe thee to return with us,
And of our *Athens*, thine and ours, to take
The Captainſhip: thou ſhalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with abſolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority: ſoon we ſhall drive back
Of *Alcibiades* th' approaches wild,
Who, like a boar too ſavage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And ſhakes his threatning ſword
Againſt the walls of *Athens*.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, *Timon* ———

Tim. Well, Sir, I will; therefore I will, Sir; thus —
If *Alcibiades* kill my countrymen,
Let *Alcibiades* know this of *Timon*,
That *Timon* cares not. If he ſack fair *Athens*,
And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the ſtain
Of contumelious, beaſtly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know, — and tell him, *Timon* ſpeaks it;
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot chuſe but tell him, that I care not.
And let him take't at worſt; for their knives care not,

While

While you have throats to answer. For my self,
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in *Athens*. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosp'rous Gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Fla. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to morrow. My long sickness
Of health and living now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be *Alcibiades* your plague; you his;
And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my Country, and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common Bruite doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke.

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen.

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips, as they pass thro' them.

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them,
And tell them, that to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident Throes,
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will do
Some kindness to them, teach them to prevent
Wild *Alcibiades*' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

Tim. I have a Tree, which grows here in my Close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it. Tell my friends,
Tell *Athens*, in the frequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his Haste;
Come hither, ere my Tree hath felt the ax,
And hang himself—I pray you, do my Greeting.

Fla.

Fla. Vex him no further, thus you ſtill ſhall find him.

Tim. Come not to me again, but ſay to *Athens*,
Timon hath made his everlaſting manſion
Upon the beached verge of the ſalt flood;
Which once a-day with his emboſſed froth
The turbulent ſurge ſhall cover: Thither come,
And let my grave-ſtone be your oracle.
Lips, let four words go by, and language end:
What is amiſs, plague and infection mend!
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain!
Sun, hide thy beams! *Timon* hath done his Reign.

[*Exit* Timon.

1 *Sen.* His diſcontents are unremoveably coupled to his nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead; let us return,
And ſtrain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires ſwift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Walls of* Athens.

Enter two other Senators, with a Meſſenger.

1 *Sen.* THOU haſt painfully diſcover'd; are his files
As full as thy report?

Meſ. I have ſpoke the leaſt.
Beſides, his expedition promiſes
Preſent Approach.

2 *Sen.* We ſtand much hazard, if they bring not *Timon*.

Meſ. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us ſpeak like friends. This man was riding
From *Alcibiades* to *Timon*'s Cave,
With letters of intreaty, which imported
His fellowſhip i'th' Cauſe againſt your City
In part for his ſake mov'd.

Enter

Enter the other Senators.

1 *Sen.* Here come our Brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of *Timon*, nothing of him expect. —
The enemies' Drum is heard, and fearful Scouring
Doth choak the air with duſt. In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the ſnare. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Soldier in the woods, ſeeking Timon.

Sol. By all Deſcription this ſhould be the place.
Who's here? ſpeak, ho. —— No anſwer? ——
What is this? ——
Timon is dead, who hath out-ſtretch'd his ſpan;
Some beaſt rear'd this; here does not live a man. (31)
Dead, ſure, and this his grave; what's on this tomb?
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax;
Our Captain hath in every figure skill,
An ag'd interpreter, tho' young in days:
Before proud *Athens* he's ſet down by this,
Whoſe Fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *before the Walls of* Athens.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Alcibiades *with his Powers.*

Alc. SOUND to this coward and laſcivious town
Our terrible Approach.
[*Sound a parley. The Senators appear upon the walls.*
'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious meaſure, making your wills
The ſcope of juſtice. 'Till now my ſelf, and ſuch

(31) *Some beaſt* read *this: here does not live a Man.*] Some Beaſt *read* what? The Soldier had yet only ſeen the rude Pile of Earth heap'd up for *Timon*'s Grave, and not the *Inſcription* upon it. My Friend Mr. *Warburton* ingeniouſly adviſ'd me to amend the Text, as I have done. The Soldier, ſeeking by Order for *Timon*, ſees ſuch an irregular Mole, as he concludes muſt have been the Workmanſhip of ſome Beaſt inhabiting the Woods; and ſuch a Cavity, as either muſt have been ſo over-arch'd, or happen'd by the caſual Falling in of the Ground.

As

As ſlept within the ſhadow of your Power,
Have wander'd with our traverſt arms, and breath'd
Our ſufferance vainly. Now the time is fluſh,
When crouching marrow in the bearer ſtrong
Cries, of itſelf, *no more:* now breathleſs wrong
Shall ſit and pant in your great Chairs of eaſe,
And purſy Inſolence ſhall break his wind
With fear and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble and young,
When thy firſt griefs were but a meer conceit,
Ere thou hadſt power, or we had cauſe to fear;
We ſent to thee, to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude, with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo (32)
Transformed *Timon* to our city's love
By humble meſſage, and by promis'd 'mends:
We were not all unkind, nor all deſerve
The common ſtroke of war.

1 *Sen.* Theſe walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they ſuch,
That theſe great tow'rs, trophies, and ſchools ſhould fall
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you firſt went out:
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in exceſs (33)
Hath

(32) ——————*So did we wooe*
Transformed Timon *to our City's Love*
By humble Meſſage, and by promis'd means:] *Promis'd Means* muſt import a Supply of Subſtance, the recruiting his ſunk Fortunes; but that is not all, in my Mind, that the Poet would aim at. The Senate had wooed him with humble Meſſage, and Promiſe of general Reparation for their Injuries and Ingratitude. This ſeems included in the ſlight Change which I have made—— *and by promis'd* 'mends: and this Word, *apoſtrophe'd*, or otherwiſe, is uſed in common with *Amends*.

(33) *Shame, that they wanted Cunning in Exceſs,*
Hath broke their Hearts.] i. e. in other Terms,——Shame, that they

Hath broke their hearts. March on, oh, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners ſpread;
By decimation and a tithed death,
If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths, take thou the deſtin'd tenth:
And by the hazard of the ſpotted die,
Let die the ſpotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended:
For thoſe that were, it is not ſquare to take
On thoſe that are, revenge: Crimes, like to lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage;
Spare thy *Athenian* cradle, and thoſe kin,
Which in the bluſter of thy wrath muſt fall
With thoſe that have offended; like a ſhepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth;
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,
Thou rather ſhalt enforce it with thy ſmile,
Than hew to't with thy ſword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot
Againſt our rampir'd gates, and they ſhall ope:
So thou wilt ſend thy gentle heart before,
To ſay, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine Honour elſe,
That thou wilt uſe the wars as thy redreſs,
And not as our confuſion: all thy Powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have ſeal'd thy full deſire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;

they were not the cunning'ſt Men alive, hath been the Cauſe of their Death. For *Cunning in Exceſs* muſt mean this or nothing. O brave Editors! They had heard it ſaid, that too much Wit in ſome Caſes might be dangerous, and why not an abſolute Want of it? But had they the Skill or Courage to remove one perplexing *Comma*, the eaſy and genuine Senſe would immediately ariſe. "Shame in Exceſs (i. e. Extremity of Shame) that "they wanted Cunning (i. e. that they were not wiſe enough "not to baniſh you;) hath broke their Hearts."

Deſcend,

Deſcend, and open your uncharged ports;
Thoſe enemies of *Timon*'s, and mine own,
Whom you your ſelves ſhall ſet out for reproof,
Fall, and no more; and to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning, not a man
Shall paſs his quarter, or offend the ſtream
Of regular juſtice in your city's bounds;
But ſhall be remedied by publick laws
At heavieſt anſwer.

Both. 'Tis moſt nobly ſpoken.

Alc. Deſcend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble General, *Timon* is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th' ſea;
And on the grave-ſtone this Inſculpture, which
With wax I brought away; whoſe ſoft impreſſion
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[Alcibiades *reads the epitaph.*]

Here lies a wretched coarſe, of wretched ſoul bereft:
Seek not my name: a plague conſume you caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon, *who all living men did hate,*
Paſs by, and curſe thy fill, but ſtay not here thy gaite.

Theſe well expreſs in thee thy latter ſpirits:
Tho' thou abhor'dſt in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dſt our brains' flow, and thoſe our droplets, which
From niggard nature fall; yet rich conceit (34)
Taught

(34)——————*yet rich Conceit*
Taught thee to make vaſt Neptune *weep for aye*
On thy low Grave, on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon, *of whoſe Memory*
Hereafter more.——] All the Editors, in their Learning and Sagacity, have ſuffer'd an unaccountable Abſurdity to paſs them in this Paſſage. Why was *Neptune* to weep on *Timon*'s Faults forgiven? Or, indeed, what Faults had *Timon* committed, except againſt his own Fortune and happy Situation in Life? But the Corruption of the Text lies only in the bad Pointing, which

Taught thee to make vaſt *Neptune* weep for aye
On thy low grave. —— On: faults forgiven. — Dead
Is noble *Timon*, of whoſe memory
Hereafter more ——— Bring me into your City,
And I will uſe the Olive with my Sword;
Make War breed Peace; make Peace ſtint War; make each
Preſcribe to other, as each other's Leach.
Let our drums ſtrike. ——— [*Exeunt.*

I have diſengag'd, and reſtor'd to the true Meaning. *Alcibiades*'s whole Speech, as the Editors might have obſerv'd, is in Breaks, betwixt his Reflexions on *Timon*'s Death, and his Addreſſes to the *Athenian* Senators: and as ſoon as he has commented on the Place of *Timon*'s Grave, he bids the Senate ſet forward; tells 'em, he has forgiven their Faults; and promiſes to uſe them with Mercy.

TITUS

H. Gravelot in Vol: 6. P: 189. G. V.rd Gucht Sculp

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TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Saturninus, *Son to the late Emperor of* Rome, *and afterwards declar'd Emperor himſelf.*
Baſſianus, *Brother to* Saturninus, *in Love with* Lavinia.
Titus Andronicus, *a Noble* Roman, *General againſt the* Goths.
Marcus Andronicus, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to* Titus.
Marcus,
Quintus,
Lucius,
Mutius,
} *Sons to* Titus Andronicus.
Young Lucius, *a Boy, Son to* Lucius.
Publius, *Son to* Marcus *the Tribune, and Nephew to* Titus Andronicus.
Sempronius.
Alarbus,
Chiron,
Demetrius,
} *Sons to* Tamora.
Aaron, *a* Moor, *belov'd by* Tamora.
Captain, from Titus's *Camp.*
Æmilius, *a Meſſenger.*
Goths, *and* Romans.
Clown.

Tamora, *Queen of the* Goths, *and afterwards married to* Saturninus.
Lavinia, *Daughter to* Titus Andronicus.
Nurſe, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Rome; *and the Country near it.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *before the* Capitol *in* ROME.

Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter Saturninus *and his followers, at one door; and* Baſſianus *and his followers, at the other, with Drum and Colours.*

SATURNINUS.

NOBLE Patricians, Patrons of my Right,
Defend the juſtice of my Cauſe with arms:
And Countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my ſucceſſive title with your ſwords.
I am the firſt-born Son of him, that laſt
Wore the imperial Diadem of *Rome:*
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Baſ. Romans, friends, foll'wers, favourers of my Right,
If ever *Baſſianus, Cæſar*'s ſon,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal *Rome,*
Keep then this paſſage to the Capitol;
And ſuffer not diſhonour to approach
Th' imperial Seat, to virtue conſecrate,
To juſtice, continence, and nobility:
But let Deſert in pure election ſhine;

And,

And, *Romans*, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus *aloft, with the Crown.*

Mar. Princes, that ſtrive by factions, and by friends,
Ambitiouſly for Rule and Empery!
Know, that the people of *Rome*, for whom we ſtand
A ſpecial party, have by common voice,
In election for the *Roman* Empery,
Choſen *Andronicus*, ſur-named *Pius*,
For many good and great deſerts to *Rome*.
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within our city-walls.
He by the Senate is accited home,
From weary wars againſt the barb'rous *Goths*;
That with his ſons (a terror to our foes)
Hath yoak'd a nation ſtrong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are ſpent, ſince firſt he undertook
This Cauſe of *Rome*, and chaſtiſed with arms
Our enemies' pride. Five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant ſons
In coffins from the field. ——
And now at laſt, laden with Honour's Spoils,
Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,
Renowned *Titus*, flouriſhing in arms.
Let us intreat, by honour of his Name,
Whom (worthily) you would have now ſucceed,
And in the Capitol and Senate's Right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your ſtrength;
Diſmiſs your followers, and, as ſuitors ſhould,
Plead your deſerts in peace and humbleneſs.

Sat. How fair the Tribune ſpeaks, to calm my thoughts!

Baſ. *Marcus Andronicus*, ſo I do affie
In thy uprightneſs and integrity,
And ſo I love and honour thee and thine;
Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his ſons,
And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome*'s rich Ornament;
That I will here diſmiſs my loving friends;

And

And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,
Commit my Cauſe in ballance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my Right,
I thank you all, and here diſmiſs you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit my ſelf, my perſon and the Cauſe:
Rome, be as juſt and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates, and let me in.

Baſ. Tribunes, and Me, a poor Competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-houſe.*

Enter a Captain.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of virtue, *Rome*'s beſt champion,
Succeſsful in the battels that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From whence he circumſcribed with his ſword,
And brought to yoke the enemies of *Rome*.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, and then enter Mutius *and* Marcus: *after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then* Quintus *and* Lucius. *After them,* Titus Andronicus; *and then* Tamora, *the Queen of* Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *with* Aaron *the* Moor, *priſoners; ſoldiers, and other attendants. They ſet down the coffin, and* Titus *ſpeaks.*

Tit. Hail, *Rome*, victorious in my mourning weeds! (1)
Lo, as the Bark, that hath diſcharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at firſt ſhe weigh'd her anchorage;

(1) *Hail,* Rome, *victorious in* thy *mourning Weeds!*] Mr. *Warburton* and I concurr'd to ſuſpect that the Poet wrote;

—— *in* my *mourning Weeds.*

i. e. *Titus* would ſay; "Thou, *Rome*, art victorious, tho' I am "a Mourner for thoſe Sons which I have loſt in obtaining that "Victory."

Cometh *Andronicus* with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his Country with his tears;
Tears of true joy for his Return to *Rome*.
Thou great Defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the Rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poor Remains, alive and dead!
These, that survive, let *Rome* reward with love;
These, that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their Ancestors.
Here *Goths* have given me leave to sheath my sword:
Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy Sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of *Styx*?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.
[*They open the Tomb.*
There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars:
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more?

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the *Goths*,
That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes Fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones:
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives:
The eldest son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay, *Roman* brethren, gracious Conqueror,
Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my sons to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*, (2)

To

(2) *Sufficeth not, that we are brought to* Rome,
To beautify thy Triumphs, and return

Captive

To beautify thy Triumphs and Return,
Captive to thee and to thy *Roman* yoak?
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O! if to fight for King and Common-weal
Were Piety in thine, it is in these:
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful;
Sweet Mercy is Nobility's true badge.
Thrice-noble *Titus*, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient your self, Madam, and pardon me.
These are their brethren, whom you *Goths* behold
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a Sacrifice;
To this your son is markt, and die he must,
T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight.
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* Mutius, Marcus, Quintus *and* Lucius *with* Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious, piety!
Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?
Dem. Oppose me, *Scythia*, to ambitious *Rome*.
Alarbus, go to rest! and we survive
To tremble under *Titus*' threatning looks.
Then, Madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal,

Captive to thee and to thy Roman *Yoak?*] It is evident, as this Passage has hitherto been pointed, none of the Editors understood the true Meaning. If *Tamora* and her Family *return* captive to *Rome*, they must have been before Prisoners of War to the *Romans*: and that is more than what is hinted, or supposed, any where in the Play. But the Truth is, *return* is not a *Verb* but a *Substantive*; and relates to *Titus* and not to *Tamora*: The Regulation I have given the Text, I dare warrant, restores the Author's Intention.

To beautify thy Triumphs and Return.

The self-same Gods, that arm'd the Queen of *Troy* (3)
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the *Thracian* tyrant in her Tent,
May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,
(When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen)
To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus *and* Lucius.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd
Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus*' limbs are lopt:
And intrails feed the sacrificing fire;
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.
Remaineth nought but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to *Rome*.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*
Make this his latest farewel to their souls.

[*Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons,
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells;
Here grow no damned grudges, here no storms,
No noise: but silence and eternal sleep:
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord *Titus* long,
My noble lord and father, live in fame!
Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears

(3) *The self-same Gods, that arm'd the Queen of* Troy
With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian *Tyrant in* his *Tent*, &c.] I read, against the Authority of all the Copies, ——— *in* her *Tent*; i. e. in the Tent where she and the other *Trojan* Captive Women were kept: for thither *Hecuba* by a Wile had decoy'd *Polymnestor*, in order to perpetrate her Revenge. This we may learn from EURIPIDES's *Hecuba*; the only Author, that I can at present remember, from whom our Writer must have glean'd this Circumstance.

I render,

I render, for my brethrens' obſequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy Return to *Rome*.
O, bleſs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whoſe fortune *Rome*'s beſt citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind *Rome*, that haſt thus lovingly reſerv'd
The Cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!
Lavinia, live; out-live thy father's days, (4)
In Fame's eternal Date for virtue's praiſe!

Mar. Long live lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome!*

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome, Nephews, from ſucceſsful wars,
You that ſurvive, and you that ſleep in fame:
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's ſervice drew your ſwords.
But ſafer triumph in this funeral pomp,
That hath aſpir'd to *Solon*'s happineſs;
And triumphs over chance, in Honour's bed.
Titus Andronicus, the people of *Rome*,
Whoſe friend in juſtice thou haſt ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, and their truſt,
This Palliament of white and ſpotleſs hue;
And name thee in election for the Empire,
With theſe our late-deceaſed Emperor's ſons:
Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on;
And help to ſet a head on headleſs *Rome*.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his, that ſhakes for age and feebleneſs:
What! ſhould I don this robe, and trouble you?
Be choſe with Proclamations to day,
To morrow yield up Rule, reſign my life,
And ſet abroach new buſineſs for you all?

(4) Lavinia, *live*; *out-live thy Father's days*:
And *Fame's eternal date for Virtue's praiſe!*] Were the Text to be admitted genuine, nothing could be ſo abſurd as for *Titus* to wiſh, his Daughter might *out-live* the *eternal* Date of Fame. I have, by the Change of a ſingle Monoſyllable, reſtor'd the Paſſage to a ſenſible and kind Wiſh.

Rome, I have been thy ſoldier forty years,
And led my country's ſtrength ſucceſsfully;
And buried one and twenty valiant ſons,
Knighted in field, ſlain manfully in arms,
In Right and Service of their noble Country.
Give me a ſtaff of honour for mine age,
But not a ſceptre to controul the world.
Upright he held it, lords, that held it laſt.
Mar. Titus, thou ſhalt obtain and ask the Empery.
Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canſt thou tell—
Tit. Patience, Prince *Saturninus*.——
Sat. Romans, do me Right.
Patricians, draw your ſwords, and ſheath them not
'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome*'s Emperor.
Andronicus, would thou wert ſhipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.
Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the Good
That noble-minded *Titus* means to thee.——
Tit. Content thee, Prince; I will reſtore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themſelves.
Baſ. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die:
My faction if thou ſtrengthen with thy friends,
I will moſt thankful be; and Thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.
Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your ſuffrages;
Will you beſtow them friendly on *Andronicus?*
Mar. To gratify the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his ſafe Return to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.
Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this ſuit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldeſt ſon,
Lord *Saturnine*; whoſe virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan*'s rays on earth,
And ripen juſtice in this Common-weal.
Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and ſay,——Long live our Emperor!
Mar. With voices and applauſe of every ſort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create

Lord

Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome*'s great Emperor;
And say, ——Long live our Emperor *Saturnine!*
[*A long flourish, till they come down.*
Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our Election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an onset, *Titus*, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my Empress,
Rome's royal Mistress, Mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred *Pantheon* her espouse:
Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee?
Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and, in this match,
I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:
And here in sight of *Rome*, to *Saturninus*,
King and Commander of our Common-weal,
The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy *Rome*'s imperial lord.
Receive them then, the Tribute that I owe,
Mine Honour's Ensigns humbled at thy feet.
Sat. Thanks, noble *Titus*, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.
Tit. Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperor;
To him, that for your honour and your state
Will use you nobly, and your followers.
Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
[*To* Tamora.
That I would chuse, were I to chuse anew:
Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome:*
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: Madam, who comforts you,
Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths.*

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?
Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesie.
Sat. Thanks, sweet *Lavinia*; *Romans*, let us go.
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free;
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.
Bas. Lord *Titus*, by your Leave, this Maid is mine.
[*Seizing* Lavinia.
Tit. How, Sir, are you in earnest then, my lord?
Bas. Ay, noble *Titus*; and resolv'd withal,
To do my self this Reason and this Right.
[*The Emperor courts* Tamora *in dumb shew.*
Mar. *Suum cuique* is our *Roman* justice:
This Prince in justice seizeth but his own.
Luc. And that he will, and shall, if *Lucius* live.
Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's Guard?
Treason, my lord; *Lavinia* is surpriz'd.
Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?
Bas. By him, that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.
[*Exit* Bassianus *with* Lavinia.
Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door secure.
Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.
Mut. My lord, you pass not here.——
Tit. What! villain-boy,
Barr'st me my way in *Rome?* [*He kills him.*
Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help!
Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.
Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.
Traitor, restore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.
Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.
Sat. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not;
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock;
I'll trust by leisure him, that mocks me once:
Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,
Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was

Was there none elſe in *Rome* to make a Stale of,
But *Saturnine?* full well, *Andronicus*,
Agree theſe deeds with that proud Brag of thine,
That ſaid'ſt, I begg'd the Empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monſtrous! what reproachful words are theſe!

Sat. But go thy ways: go give that changing piece,
To him that flouriſh'd for her with his ſword;
A valiant ſon-in-law thou ſhalt enjoy:
One fit to bandy with thy lawleſs ſons,
To ruffle in the Commonwealth of *Rome*.

Tit. Theſe words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora*, Queen of *Goths*,
That, like the ſtately *Phœbe* 'mong her nymphs,
Doſt over-ſhine the gallant'ſt Dames of *Rome*;
If thou be pleas'd with this my ſudden choice,
Behold, I chuſe thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,
And will create thee Empereſs of *Rome*.
Speak, Queen of *Goths*, doſt thou applaud my choice?
And here I ſwear by all the *Roman* Gods,
(Sith prieſt and holy water are ſo near,
And tapers burn ſo bright, and every thing
In readineſs for *Hymeneus* ſtands,)
I will not re-ſalute the ſtreets of *Rome*,
Or climb my Palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead eſpous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in ſight of heav'n to *Rome* I ſwear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
She will a handmaid be to his deſires,
A loving nurſe, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Aſcend, fair Queen, *Pantheon*; lords, accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*;
Whoſe wiſdom hath her fortune conquered:
There ſhall we conſummate our ſpouſal rites. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Diſhonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, *and* Marcus.

Mar. Oh, *Titus*, see, oh, see, what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.
Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no: no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed,
That hath dishonoured all our family;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons.
Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes;
Give *Mutius* burial with our brethren.
Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb;
This Monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:
Here none but soldiers, and *Rome*'s Servitors,
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.
Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you;
My nephew *Mutius*' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.
[Titus's *sons speak.*
Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.
Tit. And shall? what villain was it spake that word?
[Titus's *son speaks.*
Quin. He, that would vouch't in any place but here.
Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight?
Mar. No, noble *Titus*; but intreat of thee
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.
Tit. Marcus, ev'n thou hast struck upon my Crest,
And with these boys mine Honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.
Luc. He is not himself, let us withdraw.
Quin. Not I, 'till *Mutius*' bones be buried.
[*The brother and the sons kneel.*
Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.
Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.
Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.
Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my soul,—

Luc.

Luc. Dear father, ſoul and ſubſtance of us all, ——

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to inter
His noble Nephew here in virtue's neſt,
That died in honour, and *Lavinia*'s cauſe.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous.
The *Greeks*, upon advice, did bury *Ajax*,
That ſlew himſelf; and wiſe *Laertes*' ſon
Did graciouſly plead for his funerals.
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Riſe, *Marcus*, riſe ——
The diſmall'ſt day is this, that e'er I ſaw,
To be diſhonour'd by my ſons in *Rome:*
Well; bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the tomb.*

Luc. There lie thy bones, ſweet *Mutius*, with thy friends,
'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

[*They all kneel, and ſay;*

No man ſhed tears for noble *Mutius*;
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cauſe.

Mar. My lord, to ſtep out of theſe dreary dumps,
How comes it, that the ſubtle Queen of *Goths*
Is of a ſudden thus advanc'd in *Rome?*

Tit. I know not, *Marcus*; but, I know, it is:
If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell:
Is ſhe not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good Turn ſo far?
Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.

Flouriſh. Re-enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, *and* Demetrius, *with* Aaron *the* Moor, *at one door. At the other door*, Baſſianus *and* Lavinia *with others.*

Sat. So, *Baſſianus*, you have plaid your prize;
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride.

Baſ. And you of yours, my lord; I ſay no more,
Nor wiſh no leſs, and ſo I take my leave.

Sat. Traytor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,
Thou

Thou and thy faction ſhall repent this Rape.

Baſ. Rape call you it, my lord, to ſeize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of *Rome* determine all;
Mean while I am poſſeſt of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir; you are very ſhort with us,
But, if we live, we'll be as ſharp with you.

Baſ. My lord, what I have done, as beſt I may,
Anſwer I muſt, and ſhall do with my life;
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to *Rome*,
This noble gentleman, lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd;
That in the reſcue of *Lavinia*,
With his own hand did ſlay his youngeſt ſon,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath
To be controul'd in that he frankly gave;
Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*;
That hath expreſt himſelf in all his deeds,
A father and a friend to thee, and *Rome*.

Tit. Prince *Baſſianus*, leave to plead my deeds.
'Tis thou, and thoſe, that have diſhonour'd me:
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever *Tamora*
Were gracious in thoſe princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me ſpeak, indifferently, for all;
And at my ſuit (ſweet) pardon what is paſt.

Sat. What, Madam! be diſhonour'd openly,
And baſely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not ſo, my lord; the Gods of *Rome* forefend,
I ſhould be author to diſhonour you!
But, on mine honour dare I undertake
For good lord *Titus*' innocence in all;
Whoſe fury, not diſſembled, ſpeaks his griefs:
Then, at my ſuit, look graciouſly on him,
Loſe not ſo noble a friend on vain Suppoſe,
Nor with ſour looks afflict his gentle heart.——

My

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents:
You are but newly planted in your Throne;
Lest then the People and Patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take *Titus'* part;
And so supplant us for ingratitude,
Which *Rome* reputes to be a heinous sin,
Yield at intreats, and then let me alone; [*Aside.*
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life:
And make them know, what 'tis to let a Queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet Emperor, — come, *Andronicus* —
Take up this good old man, and chear the heart,
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, *Titus*, rise; my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty, and her; my lord,
These words, these looks infuse new life in me.

Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,
A *Roman* now adopted happily:
And must advise the Emperor for his good.
This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus*,
And let it be my honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you, Prince *Bassianus*, I have past
My word and promise to the Emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.
And fear not, lords; and you, *Lavinia*,
By my advice all-humbled on your knees,
You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

Luc. We do, and vow to heaven and to his Highness,
That what we did was mildly, as we might,
Tendring our sister's honour and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.——

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be friends.
The Tribune and his Nephews kneel for grace,

I will

I will not be denied; ſweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy ſake, and thy brother's here,
And at my lovely *Tamora*'s intreats,
I do remit theſe young men's heinous faults.
Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and ſure, as death, I ſwore,
I would not part a batchelor from the prieſt.
Come, if the Emperor's Court can feaſt two brides;
You are my gueſt, *Lavinia*, and your friends;
This day ſhall be a love-day, *Tamora*.

Tit. To morrow an it pleaſe your Majeſty,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horn and hound, we'll give your Grace *Bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it ſo, *Titus*, and gramercy too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *before the Palace.*

Enter Aaron *alone.*

AARON.

NOW climbeth *Tamora Olympus*' top,
Safe out of fortune's ſhot; and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flaſh;
Advanc'd above pale envy's threatning reach.
As when the golden ſun ſalutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the Zodiack in his gliſtring coach,
And over-looks the higheſt-peering hills:
So *Tamora* ———
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue ſtoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, *Aaron*, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial miſtreſs,
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;

And

And faſter bound to *Aaron*'s charming eyes,
Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucaſus*.
Away with ſlaviſh weeds, and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and ſhine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made Empereſs.
To wait, ſaid I? to wanton with this Queen,
This Goddeſs, this *Semiramis*; —— this Queen,
This *Siren*, that will charm *Rome*'s *Saturnine*,
And ſee his ſhipwreck, and his common-weal's.
Holla! what ſtorm is this?

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius, *braving*.

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'ſt, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou doſt over-ween in all,
And ſo in this, to bear me down with Braves:
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me leſs gracious, or thee more fortunate;
I am as able, and as fit as thou,
To ſerve, and to deſerve my miſtreſs' grace;
And that my ſword upon thee ſhall approve,
And plead my paſſion for *Lavinia*'s love.
Aar. Clubs, clubs! —— theſe lovers will not keep the peace.
Dem. Why, boy, although our mother (unadvis'd)
Gave you a dancing rapier by your ſide,
Are you ſo deſp'rate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have you lath glued within your ſheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.
Chi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well ſhalt thou perceive how much I dare.
Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye ſo brave? [*They draw.*
Aar. Why, how now, lords?
So near the Emperor's Palace dare you draw?
And maintain ſuch a Quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge:
I would not for a million of gold,
The Cauſe were known to them it moſt concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,

Be

Be ſo diſhonour'd in the Court of *Rome*.
For ſhame, put up.———
Chi. Not I, 'till I have ſheath'd (5)
My rapier in his boſom, and withal
Thruſt theſe reproachful ſpeeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my diſhonour here.
Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full reſolv'd,——
Foul-ſpoken coward! thou thundreſt with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'ſt perform.
Aar. Away, I ſay.———
Now by the Gods, that warlike *Goths* adore,
This petty Brabble will undo us all;
Why, lords——and think you not, how dangerous
It is to jet upon a Prince's right?
What is *Lavinia* then become ſo looſe,
Or *Baſſianus* ſo degenerate,
That for her love ſuch quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, juſtice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware——and ſhould the Empreſs know
This diſcord's ground, the muſick would not pleaſe.
Chi. I care not, I, knew ſhe and all the world;
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.
Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make ſome meaner choice;
Lavinia is thy elder brother's hope.
Aar. Why, are ye mad! or know ye not, in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this Device.
Chi. *Aaron*, a thouſand deaths would I propoſe,
To atchieve her whom I do love.

(5) ——*Not I, 'till I have ſheath'd*
My Rapier in his boſom,——] This Speech, which has been all along given to *Demetrius*, as the next has been to *Chiron*, I have, by the Advice of Mr. *Warburton*, *vice verſâ*, given to *Chiron* and *Demetrius*: for it is *Demetrius*, as it appears from the Tenour of the Scene, who had thrown out reproachful Speeches on *Chiron*.

Aar.

Aar. To atchieve her —— how?
Dem. Why mak'ſt thou it ſo ſtrange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is *Lavinia*, therefore muſt be lov'd.
What, man! more Water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and eaſie it is
Of a cut loaf to ſteal a ſhive, we know:
Tho' *Baſſianus* be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan*'s badge.
Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may. [*Aſide.*
Dem. Then why ſhould he deſpair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, haſt thou not full often ſtruck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's noſe?
Aar. Why then, it ſeems, ſome certain ſnatch or ſo
Would ſerve your turns.
Chi. Ay, ſo the turn were ſerved.
Dem. *Aaron*, thou haſt hit it.
Aar. 'Would you had hit it too,
Then ſhould not we be tired with this ado:
Why, hark ye, hark ye — and are you ſuch fools, (6)
To ſquare for this? would it offend you then
That both ſhould ſpeed!
Chi. Faith, not me.
Dem. Nor me, ſo I were one.
Aar. For ſhame, be friends; and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and ſtratagem muſt do

(6) —— *and are you ſuch Fools*
To ſquare for this? —— *Would it offend you then* ——
Chi. Faith, not me.
Dem. *Nor me, ſo I were one.*] This is, *Verbum ſat ſapienti*, with a Vengeance. The two Brothers ſhew more Sagacity in this Paſſage, than they do throughout the Play beſides; for they make their Anſwer to *Aaron*, without ever ſtaying to hear him propound his Queſtion. But there is no Occaſion for this Spirit of Divination. The Supplement, which I have made, is reſtor'd from the *Old Quarto*, which Mr. *Pope* pretends to have collated.

That

That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,
You may perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus*' love;
A speedier course than lingring languishment
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop:
The forest-walks are wide and spacious,
And many unfrequented Plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villany:
Single you thither then this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
Come, come, our Empress with her sacred wit
To Villany and vengeance consecrate,
We will acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square your selves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The Emperor's Court is like the House of Fame,
The Palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull:
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns.
There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye;
And revel in *Lavinia*'s Treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardise.

Dem. Sit fas aut nefas, 'till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per Manes vehor. —— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Forest.*

Enter Titus Andronicus *and his three Sons, with hounds and horns, and* Marcus.

Tit. THE Hunt is up, the morn is bright and gray;
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:

Uncouple

Uncouple here, and let us make a Bay:
And wake the Emperor and his lovely Bride,
And rouze the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the Court may echo with the noiſe.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To tend the Emperor's perſon carefully:
I have been troubled in my ſleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inſpir'd.

Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Baſſianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius *and their Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your Majeſty;
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promiſed your Grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it luſtily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Baſ. Lavinia, how ſay you?
Lav. I ſay, no:
I have been broad awake two hours and more.
Sat. Come on then, horſe and chariots let us have,
And to our ſport: Madam, now ye ſhall ſee
Our *Roman* Hunting.
Mar. I have dogs, my lord,
Will rouze the proudeſt Panther in the chaſe,
And climb the higheſt promontory-top.
Tit. And I have horſe will follow, where the game
Makes way, and run like ſwallows o'er the plain.
Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horſe nor hound;
But hope to pluck a dainty Doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a deſart part of the Foreſt.*

Enter Aaron *alone.*

Aar. HE, that had wit, would think, that I had none,
To bury ſo much gold under a tree;
And never after to inherit it.
Let him, that thinks of me ſo abjectly,
Know, that this gold muſt coin a ſtratagem;

Which,

Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villany;
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely *Aaron*, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in the chearful sun,
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground:
Under their sweet shade, *Aaron*, let us sit,
And whilst the babling Echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double Hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise:
And after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave;
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
(Our pastimes done) possess a golden slumber;
Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds
Be unto us, as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though *Venus* govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unrowl
To do some fatal execution?
No, Madam, these are no venereal signs?
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand;
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, *Tamora*, (the Empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee)
This is the day of doom for *Bassianus*;
His *Philomel* must lose her tongue to day;

Thy

Thy ſons make pillage of her chaſtity,
And waſh their hands in *Baſſianus'* blood.
Seeſt thou this letter, take it up, I pray thee,
And give the King this fatal-plotted ſcrowl;
Now queſtion me no more, we are eſpied;
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dread not yet their lives' deſtruction.

Tam. Ah, my ſweet *Moor*, ſweeter to me than life.

Aar. No more, great Empreſs, *Baſſianus* comes;
Be croſs with him, and I'll go fetch thy ſons
To back thy quarrels, whatſoe'er they be. [*Exit.*

Enter Baſſianus *and* Lavinia.

Baſ. Whom have we here? *Rome*'s royal Empereſs?
Unfurniſh'd of her well-beſeeming troops?
Or is it *Dian*, habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To ſee the general Hunting in this foreſt?

Tam. Saucy controuller of our private ſteps:
Had I the power, that ſome ſay, *Dian* had,
Thy Temples ſhould be planted preſently
With horns, as was *Actæon*'s; and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly Intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle Empereſs,
'Tis thought, you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are ſingled forth to try experiments:
Jove ſhield your husband from his hounds to day!
'Tis pity, they ſhould take him for a ſtag.

Baſ. Believe me, Queen, your ſwarth *Cimmerian*
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, deteſted, and abominable.
Why are you ſequeſtred from all your train?
Diſmounted from your ſnow-white goodly ſteed,
And wandred hither to an obſcure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul deſire had not conducted you?

Lav. And being intercepted in your ſport,
Great reaſon, that my noble lord be rated

For

For saucineſs. —— I pray you, let us hence.
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpoſe paſſing well.
Baſ. The King my brother ſhall have note of this.
Lav. Ay, for theſe ſlips have made him noted long.
Good King, to be ſo mightily abuſed.
Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron *and* Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear Sovereign and our gracious Mother,
Why does your Highneſs look ſo pale and wan?
Tam. Have I not reaſon, think you, to look pale?
Theſe two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren and deteſted vale, you ſee, it is.
The trees, tho' ſummer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moſs, and baleful miſſelto.
Here never ſhines the ſun; here nothing breeds,
Unleſs the nightly owl, or fatal raven,
And when they ſhew'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here at dead time of the night,
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.
No ſooner had they told this helliſh tale,
But ſtraight they told me, they would bind me here,
Unto the body of a diſmal yew;
And leave me to this miſerable death:
And then they call'd me foul adultereſs,
Laſcivious *Goth*, and all the bittereſt terms
That ever ear did hear to ſuch effect.
And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed:
Revenge it, as you love your Mother's life;
Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.
Dem. This is a witneſs that I am thy ſon.
[*Stabs* Baſſianus.
Chi. And this for me, ſtruck home to ſhew my ſtrength.
[*Stabbing him likewiſe.*
Lav.

Lav. I, come, *Semiramis*; ——— nay, barbarous *Tamora*; (7)
For no name fits thy nature but thy own.
Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.
Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her;
First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted Hope she braves your mightiness;
And shall she carry this unto her grave?
Chi. An if she do, I would I were an Eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.
Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.
Chi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that sure;
Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.
Lav. O *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman's face ——
Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her.
Lav. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but a word —
Dem. Listen, fair Madam; let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.
Lav. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?
O, do not teach her wrath; she taught it thee;
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do Thou intreat her, shew a woman pity. [*To* Chiron.
Chi. What! would'st thou have me prove my self a bastard?

(7) *I come,* Semiramis, *nay barbarous* Tamora,]
By an Inaccuracy of the Pointing, the Editors have all along made Nonsense of this Passage. But the Poet's Meaning is this; *Lavinia,* seeing her Husband stabb'd by the Queen's two Sons, expects and invites the Queen to serve her in the same kind, and put an end to her Miseries. *Ay,* is very frequently writ, *I,* in Editions of our Author's Time.

Lav.

Lav. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch the lark:
Yet have I heard, (Oh, could I find it now!)
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
Oh, be to me, tho' thy hard heart say, no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means: away with her.

Lav. Oh, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,
(That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee)
Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,
Even for his sake am I now pitiless:
Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place;
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain, when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:
O, keep me from their worse-than-killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No; let them satisfie their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! For thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no woman-hood? ah beastly creature!
The blot and enemy of our general name!
Confusion fall ———

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth — bring thou her husband: [*Dragging off* Lavinia.
This is the hole, where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my sons; see, that you make her sure.
Ne'er

Ne'er let my heart know merry chear indeed,
'Till all th' *Andronici* be made away.
Now will I hence to seek my lovely *Moor*,
And let my spleenful sons this Trull deflour. [*Exit.*

Enter Aaron, *with* Quintus *and* Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before;
Strait will I bring you to the loathsom pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.
[Marcus *falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fallen? what subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning-dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the dismalest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. Now will I fetch the King to find them here;
That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they, that made away his Brother.
[*Exit* Aaron.

Mar. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects, more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart
Aaron and thou, look down into the den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. *Aaron* is gone; and my compassionate heart
Will not permit my eyes once to behold
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord *Bassianus* lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,

In this deteſted, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how doſt thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which, like a taper in ſome monument,
Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks;
And ſhews the ragged entrails of this pit.
So pale did ſhine the moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus'* miſty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out,
Or, wanting ſtrength to do thee ſo much good,
I may be pluck'd into the ſwallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor *Baſſianus'* grave.
I have no ſtrength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no ſtrength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more; I will not looſe again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.
Thou canſt not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*

Enter the Emperor, and Aaron.

Sat. Along, with me;—I'll ſee what hole is here,
And what he is, that now is leap'd into't.
Say, who art thou, that lately didſt deſcend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. Th' unhappy ſon of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a moſt unlucky hour,
To find thy brother *Baſſianus* dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know, thou doſt but jeſt:
He and his lady both are at the Lodge,
Upon the north-ſide of this pleaſant chaſe;
'Tis not an hour ſince I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter

Enter Tamora *with Attendants*; Andronicus, *and* Lucius.

Tam. Where is my lord, the King?

Sat. Here, *Tamora*; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother *Baſſianus?*

Sat. Now to the bottom doſt thou ſearch my wound; Poor *Baſſianus* here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal Writ,
The complot of this timeleſs tragedy;
And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous tyranny.
[*She giveth* Saturninus *a letter.*

Saturninus *reads the letter.*

And if we miſs to meet him handſomly,
Sweet huntſman, Baſſianus *'tis we mean;*
Do thou ſo much as dig the grave for him,
Thou know'ſt our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which over-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus.
Do this, and purchaſe us thy laſting friends.

Oh, *Tamora!* was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntſman out,
That ſhould have murder'd *Baſſianus* here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [*To* Titus.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the priſon,
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcovered?

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed ſons,

(Accurſed, if the fault be prov'd in them—)
Sat. If it be prov'd! you ſee, it is apparent.
Who found this letter? *Tamora*, was it you?
Tam. Andronicus himſelf did take it up.
Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail.
For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,
They ſhall be ready at your Highneſs' will,
To anſwer their ſuſpicion with their lives.
Sat. Thou ſhalt not bail them: ſee, thou follow me:
Some bring the murder'd body, ſome the murderer
Let them not ſpeak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my ſoul, were there worſe end than death,
That end upon them ſhould be executed.
Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the King;
Fear not thy ſons, they ſhall do well enough.
Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come, ſtay not to talk with them.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Demetrius *and* Chiron, *with* Lavinia, *raviſh'd*; *her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell (an if thy tongue can ſpeak)
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and raviſh'd thee.
Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning ſo;
And (if thy ſtumps will let thee) play the ſcribe.
Dem. See, how with ſigns and tokens ſhe can ſcrowle.
Chi. Go home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.
Dem. She has no tongue to call, or hands to waſh;
And ſo let's leave her to her ſilent walks.
Chi. If 'twere my caſe, I ſhould go hang my ſelf.
Dem. If thou hadſt hands to help thee knit the cord.
[*Exeunt* Dem. *and* Chiron.

Enter Marcus *to* Lavinia.

Mar. Who's this, my Neice, that flies away ſo faſt?
Couſin, a word; where is your husband?
If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me!
If I do wake, ſome planet ſtrike me down,
That I may ſlumber in eternal ſleep!
Speak, gentle Neice, what ſtern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of

Of her two branches, thoſe ſweet ornaments, (8)
Whoſe circling ſhadows Kings have ſought to ſleep in?
And might not gain ſo great a happineſs,
As have thy love! why doſt not ſpeak to me?
Alas, a crimſon river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain ſtirr'd with wind,
Doth riſe and fall between thy roſie lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, ſure, ſome *Tereus* hath defloured thee;
And, leſt thou ſhould'ſt detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah, now thou turn'ſt away thy face for ſhame!
And, notwithſtanding all this loſs of blood,
(As from a conduit with their iſſuing ſpouts,)
Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan*'s face,
Bluſhing to be encountred with a cloud. ——
Shall I ſpeak for thee? ſhall I ſay, 'tis ſo?
O, that I knew thy heart, and knew the beaſt,
That I might rail at him to eaſe my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven ſtopt,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair *Philomela*, ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſew'd her mind.
But, lovely Neice, that Mean is cut from thee;
A craftier *Tereus* haſt thou met withal,
And he hath cut thoſe pretty fingers off,
That could have better ſew'd than *Philomel*.
Oh, had the monſter ſeen thoſe lilly hands
Tremble, like aſpen leaves, upon a lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſs them;
He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,

(8) —— —— *thoſe ſweet Ornaments,*
Whoſe circling Shadows Kings have ſought to ſleep in,
And might not gain ſo great an Happineſs,
As half *thy Love!*] As *half* her Love? But might they gain any part of her Love? Or would ſhe not conſent to embrace 'em ſo much as with *one* Arm? The Poet had no ſuch Stuff in his Thoughts. My Correction reſtores the true Meaning; that, tho' Princes languiſh'd to ſleep in her Arms, they could not obtain their Suit, or *have* her Love.

Which that ſweet tongue hath made;
He would have dropt his knife, and fell aſleep,
As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* Poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
For ſuch a ſight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's ſtorm will drown the fragrant meads,
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
Oh, could our mourning eaſe thy miſery! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *a Street in* Rome.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus *and* Quintus *bound, paſſing on the ſtage to the place of execution, and* Titus *going before, pleading.*

TITUS.

HEAR me, grave fathers; noble Tribunes, ſtay,
For pity of mine age, whoſe youth was ſpent
In dangerous wars, whilſt you ſecurely ſlept:
For all my blood in *Rome*'s great quarrel ſhed,
For all the froſty nights that I have watcht,
And for theſe bitter tears, which you now ſee
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
Be pitiful to my condemned ſons,
Whoſe ſouls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty ſons I never wept,
Becauſe they died in Honour's lofty bed.
[Andronicus *lieth down, and the judges paſs by him.*
For theſe, theſe, Tribunes, in the duſt I write
My heart's deep languor, and my ſoul's ſad tears:
Let my tears ſtanch the earth's dry appetite,
My ſons' ſweet blood will make it ſhame and bluſh:
O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [*Exe.*
That ſhall diſtil from theſe two antient ruins,

Than

Than youthful *April* shall with all his showers;
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow;
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius *with his sword drawn.*

Oh, reverend Tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death:
And let me say, (that never wept before)
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;
The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by;
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead; ——
Grave Tribunes, once more I intreat of you ——

Luc. My gracious lord, no Tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man; if they did hear,
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me. ——
Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, tho' they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they're better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale;
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.
A stone is soft as wax, Tribunes more hard than stones:
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death;
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man, they have befriended thee:
Why, foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a wilderness of Tygers;
Tygers must prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
But me and mine; how happy art thou then,

From these devourers to be banished?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here?

Enter Marcus, *and* Lavinia.

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.
Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it then.
Mar. This was thy daughter.
Tit. Why, *Marcus*, so she is.
Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.
Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her:
Speak, my *Lavinia*, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless, in thy father's spight? (9)
What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like *Nilus*, it disdaineth bounds:
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life:
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
Now all the service I require of them,
Is that the one will help to cut the other:
'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do *Rome* service are but vain.
Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?
Mar. O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,

(9) ——————— *what accurſed Hand*
Hath made thee handleſs in thy Father's Sight?] But tho' *Lavinia* appear'd handleſs in her Father's Preſence, ſhe was not *made ſo* in his Sight. And if that be the true Reading, it can at beſt bear but this poor Meaning, What curs'd Hand hath robb'd thee of thy Hands, for thy Father to ſee thee in that Condition? The ſlight Alteration, I have given, adds a much more reaſonable Complaint, and aggravates the Sentiment. What curſed Hand hath robb'd thee of thy Hands, only in Deſpight to thy Father, only to increaſe his Torments?

That

That blab'd them with ſuch pleaſing eloquence,
Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a ſweet melodious bird, it ſung
Sweet various notes, inchanting every ear!

Luc. Oh, ſay thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O, thus I found her ſtraying in the park,
Seeking to hide her ſelf; as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd ſome unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my Deer; and he, that wounded her,
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I ſtand, as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderneſs of ſea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave;
Expecting ever when ſome envious ſurge
Will in his briniſh bowels ſwallow him.
This way to death my wretched ſons are gone:
Here ſtands my other ſon, a baniſh'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes.
But that, which gives my ſoul the greateſt ſpurn,
Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my ſoul. ——
Had I but ſeen thy picture in this plight,
It would have madded me. What ſhall I do,
Now I behold thy lively body ſo?
Thou haſt no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee;
Thy husband he is dead; and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
Look, *Marcus!* ah, ſon *Lucius*, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then freſh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lilly almoſt wither'd.

Mar. Perchance, ſhe weeps becauſe they kill'd her husband.
Perchance, becauſe ſhe knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Becauſe the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
No, no, they would not do ſo foul a deed;
Witneſs the ſorrow, that their ſiſter makes
Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiſs thy lips,
Or make ſome ſigns how I may do thee eaſe:

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
And thou, and I, ſit round about ſome fountain,
Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
How they are ſtain'd like meadows yet not dry
With mirey ſlime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain ſhall we gaze ſo long,
'Till the freſh taſte be taken from that clearneſs,
And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?
Or ſhall we cut away our hands like thine?
Or ſhall we bite our tongues, and in dumb ſhows
Paſs the remainder of our hateful days?
What ſhall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot ſome device of further miſery,
To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, ceaſe your tears; for, at your grief,
See, how my wretched ſiſter ſobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear neice; good *Titus*, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, *Marcus*, *Marcus!* brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, haſt drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark; I underſtand her ſigns;
Had ſhe a tongue to ſpeak, now would ſhe ſay
That to her brother which I ſaid to thee.
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no ſervice on her ſorrowful cheeks.
Oh, what a ſympathy of woe is this!
As far from help as Limbo is from bliſs.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. *Titus Andronicus*, my lord the Emperor
Sends thee this word; that if thou love thy ſons,
Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy ſelf, old *Titus*,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And ſend it to the King; he for the ſame
Will ſend thee hither both thy ſons alive,
And that ſhall be the ranſom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious Emperor! oh, gentle *Aaron!*
Did ever raven ſing ſo like a lark,
That gives ſweet tidings of the Sun's upriſe?

With

With all my heart, *I'll* send the Emperor my hand;
Good *Aaron*, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-ax,
Writing Destruction on the enemies' Casque? (10)
Oh, none of Both but are of high desert:
My hand hath been but idle, let it serve
To ransom my two Nephews from their death;
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their Pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heav'n, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
Let me redeem my brothers Both from death.

Mar. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,

(10) *Which of your Hands hath not defended* Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody Battle-axe,
Writing Destruction on the Enemies' Castle?] This is a Passage, which shews a most wonderful Sagacity in our Editors. They could not, sure, intend an Improvement of the *Art Military*, by teaching us that it was ever a Custom to hew down *Castles* with the Battle-Axe. Or could they have a Design to tell us, that they were *Castles* formerly on their heads for *defensive* Armour? I ventur'd, some time ago, to correct the Passage thus;

Writing Destruction on the Enemies' Cask.

i. e. an Helmet; from the *French* Word, *une Casque*. A broken *k* in the Manuscript might easily be mistaken for *tl*, and thus a Castle was built at once. But as I think it is much more feasible to split an *Helmet* with a *Battle-axe*, than to cut down a *Castle* with it, I shall continue to stand by my Emendation.

Now

Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will use the ax.

[*Exeunt* Lucius *and* Marcus.

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both,
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so.
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that, you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*

[*He cuts off* Titus's *Hand.*

Enter Lucius *and* Marcus *again.*

Tit. Now stay your strife; what shall be, is dispatch'd:
Good *Aaron*, give his Majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it:
More hath it merited; that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, *Andronicus*; and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee:
Their heads, I mean.—Oh, how this villany [*Aside.*
Doth fat me with the very thought of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

Tit. O hear! — I lift this one hand up to heav'n,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth;
If any Power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart, for heav'n shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. Oh! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar.

Mar. But yet let reaſon govern thy Lament.
Tit. If there were reaſon for theſe miſeries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow?
If the winds rage, doth not the ſea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-ſwol'n face?
And wilt thou have a reaſon for this coil?
I am the ſea; hark, how her ſighs do blow;
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then muſt my ſea be moved with her ſighs,
Then muſt my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But, like a drunkard, muſt I vomit them;
Then give me leave, for loſers will have leave
To eaſe their ſtomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Meſſenger, bringing in two heads and a hand.

Meſ. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou ſent'ſt the Emperor;
Here are the heads of thy two noble ſons,
And here's thy hand in ſcorn to thee ſent back;
Thy grief's their ſport, thy reſolution mockt:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [*Exit.*
Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell;
Theſe miſeries are more than may be borne!
To weep with them that weep doth eaſe ſome deal,
But ſorrow flouted at is double death.
Luc. Ah, that this ſight ſhould make ſo deep a wound,
And yet deteſted life not ſhrink thereat;
That ever death ſhould let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more intereſt but to breathe.
Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiſs is comfortleſs.
As frozen water to a ſtarved ſnake.
Tit. When will this fearful ſlumber have an end?
Mar. Now, farewel, flattery! die, *Andronicus*;
Thou doſt not ſlumber; ſee, thy two ſons' heads,

Thy

Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other baniſh'd ſon with this dear ſight
Struck pale and bloodleſs; and thy brother I,
Even like a ſtony image, cold and numb.
Ah! now no more will I controul thy griefs; (11)
Rend off thy ſilver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this diſmal ſight
The cloſing up of your moſt wretched eyes!
Now is a time to ſtorm, why art thou ſtill?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha! ———

Mar. Why doſt thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to ſhed;
Beſides, this ſorrow is an enemy,
And would uſurp upon my watry eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then which way ſhall I find Revenge's Cave?
For theſe two heads do ſeem to ſpeak to me,
And threat me, I ſhall never come to bliſs,
'Till all theſe miſchiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me ſee, what task I have to do ——
You heavy people, circle me about;
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And ſwear unto my ſoul to right your wrongs.
The vow is made; — come, Brother, take a head,
And in this hand the other will I bear;
Lavinia, thou ſhalt be employ'd in theſe things;
Bear thou my hand, ſweet wench, between thy teeth;
As for thee, boy, go get thee from my ſight,
Thou art an Exile, and thou muſt not ſtay.
Hie to the *Goths*, and raiſe an army there;
And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiſs and part, for we have much to do. [*Exeunt.*

(11) *Ah, now no more will I controul* my *Griefs*;] I read,—*thy* Griefs. *Marcus* had before perſuaded *Titus* to be temperate and reſtrain the Exceſs of his Sorrows: but now, *ſays he*, that ſo miſerable an Object is preſented to your Sight, as a dear Daughter ſo heinouſly abus'd, e'en indulge your Sorrows till they put an end to your miſerable Life.

Manet

Manet Lucius.

Luc. Farewel, *Andronicus*, my noble father,
The woful'ſt man that ever liv'd in *Rome*;
Farewel, proud *Rome*; 'till *Lucius* come again,
He leaves his pledges dearer than his life;
Farewel, *Lavinia*, my noble ſiſter,
O, 'would thou wert as thou tofore haſt been!
But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,
But in oblivion and hateful griefs;
If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empreſs
Beg at the gates, like *Tarquin* and his Queen.
Now will I to the *Goths*, and raiſe a Power,
To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*. [*Exit* Lucius.

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Titus's *Houſe*.

A BANQUET.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, *and young* Lucius, *a Boy*.

Tit. SO, ſo, now ſit; and look, you eat no more
Than will preſerve juſt ſo much ſtrength in us,
As will revenge theſe bitter woes of ours.
Marcus, unknit that ſorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy neice and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot paſſionate our ten-fold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breaſt;
And when my heart, all mad with miſery,
Beats in this hollow priſon of my fleſh,
Then thus I thump it down. ——
Thou map of woe, that thus doſt talk in ſigns!
When thy poor heart beats with outragious beating,
Thou canſt not ſtrike it thus to make it ſtill;
Wound it with ſighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get ſome little knife between thy teeth,
And juſt againſt thy heart make thou a hole,

That

That all the tears, that thy poor eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already?
Why, *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I;
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands,——
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miserable?
O, handle not the theam; no talk of hands,——
Lest we remember still, that we have none.
Fie, fie, how frantickly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands?
Come, let's fall to, and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink: hark, *Marcus*, what she says,
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:
Speechless complaint! — O, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heav'n,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter, deep, laments;
Make my Aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.
[Marcus *strikes the dish with a knife.*
What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife?

Mar. At That that I have kill'd, my lord, a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer; thou kill'st my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:

A deed

A deed of death done on the innocent
Becomes not *Titus*' brother; get thee gone,
I see, thou art not for my company.
Mar. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.
Tit. But? ——— how if that fly had a father and mother?
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting Dolings in the air? (12)
Poor harmless fly,
That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry;
And thou hast kill'd him.
Mar. Pardon me, Sir, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the Empress' *Moor*; therefore I kill'd him.
Tit. O, O, O,
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
For thou hast done a charitable deed;
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
Flattering my self, as if it were the *Moor*
Come hither purposely to poison me.
There's for thy self; and that's for *Tamora*:
Yet still, I think, we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a cole-black *Moor*.
Mar. Alas, poor man, grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.
Come, take away; *Lavinia*, go with me;
I'll to thy closet, and go read with thee
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.
[*Exeunt.*

(12) *And buz lamenting* Doings *in the Air.*] *Lamenting Doings* is a very idle Expression, and conveys no Idea. The Alteration, which I have made, tho' it is but the Addition of a single Letter, is a great Increase to the Sense: and tho', indeed, there is somewhat of a Tautology in the *Epithet* and *Substantive* annext to it, yet that's no new Thing with our Author.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, Titus's *House.*

Enter young Lucius, *and* Lavinia *running after him; and the boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter* Titus, *and* Marcus.

BOY.

HELP, grandsire, help; my Aunt *Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.
Good uncle *Marcus*, see, how swift she comes:
Alas, sweet Aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy Aunt.
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my father was in *Rome*, she did.
Mar. What means my neice *Lavinia* by these signs?
Tit. Fear thou not, *Lucius*, somewhat doth she mean:
See, *Lucius*, see, how much she makes of thee:
Some whither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, *Cornelia* never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and *Tully*'s oratory:
Can'st thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit or frenzie do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of grief would make men mad.
And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*
Ran mad through sorrow; that made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble Aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my Mother did:
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth;
Which made me down to throw my books, and flie,
Causeless, perhaps; but pardon me, sweet Aunt;

And,

And, Madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,
I will moſt willingly attend your ladyſhip.
Mar. Lucius, I will.
Tit. How now, *Lavinia? Marcus*, what means this?
Some book there is that ſhe deſires to ſee.
Which is it, girl, of theſe? open them, boy,
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:
Come and make choice of all my library,
And ſo beguile thy ſorrow, 'till the heav'ns
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:
Why lifts ſhe up her arms in ſequence thus?
Mar. I think, ſhe means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was:
Or elſe to heav'n ſhe heaves them for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is that ſhe toſſes ſo?
Boy. Grandfire, 'tis *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes*;
My mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, ſhe cull'd it from among the reſt.
Tit. Soft! ſee, how buſily ſhe turns the leaves!
Help her: what would ſhe find? *Lavinia*, ſhall I read?
This is the tragick Tale of *Philomel*,
And treats of *Tereus*' treaſon and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, brother, ſee; note, how ſhe quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus ſurpriz'd, ſweet girl,
Raviſh'd and wrong'd as *Philomela* was,
Forc'd in the ruthleſs, vaſt, and gloomy woods?
See, ſee; ———
Ay, ſuch a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O had we never, never, hunted there!)
Pattern'd by That the Poet here deſcribes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
Mar. O, why ſhould Nature build ſo foul a den,
Unleſs the Gods delight in tragedies!
Tit. Give ſigns, ſweet Girl, for here are none but friends,
What *Roman* lord it was durſt do the deed;

Or

Or ſlunk not *Saturnine*, as *Tarquin* erſt,
That left the camp to ſin in *Lucrece*' bed?

Mar. Sit down, ſweet neice; brother, ſit down by me.
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or *Mercury*,
Inſpire me, that I may this treaſon find.
My lord, look here; look here, *Lavinia*.

[*He writes his name with his ſtaff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*

This ſandy Plot is plain; guide, if thou can'ſt,
This after me, when I have writ my name,
Without the help of any hand at all.
Curſt be that heart, that forc'd us to this ſhift!
Write thou, good neice; and here diſplay, at leaſt,
What God will have diſcover'd for revenge;
Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy ſorrows plain,
That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the ſtaff in her mouth, and guides it with her ſtumps, and writes.*

Tit. Oh, do you read, my lord, what ſhe hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what! — the luſtful ſons of *Tamora*
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. Magne Dominator Poli,
Tam lentus audis ſcelera! tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh, calm thee, gentle lord; although, I know,
There is enough written upon this earth,
To ſtir a mutiny in the mildeſt thoughts,
And arm the minds of Infants to exclaims.
My lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia* kneel,
And kneel, ſweet boy, the *Roman Hector*'s Hope,
And ſwear with me, (as, with the woeful peer,
And father, of that chaſte diſhonoured Dame,
Lord *Junius Brutus* ſware for *Lucrece*' rape,)
That we will proſecute (by good advice) (13)
Mortal

(13) *That we will proſecute (by good Advice)*
Mortal Revenge upon theſe traiterous Goths;
And ſee their Blood, or *die with this Reproach.*] But if they endeavour'd to throw off the Reproach, tho' they fell in the Attempt,

Mortal revenge upon these traiterous *Goths*;
And see their blood, ere die with this reproach.
Tit. 'Tis sure enough, if you knew how.
But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware,
The dam will wake; and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league;
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.
You're a young Huntsman, *Marcus*, let it alone;
And come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by; the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands, like *Sibyl*'s leaves, abroad,
And where's your lesson then? boy, what say you!
Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoak of *Rome*.
Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
For this ungrateful Country done the like.
Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into my armoury.
Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
Presents, that I intend to send them both.
Come, come, thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?
Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandsire.
Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.
Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my House:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court,

Attempt, they could not be properly said to die with that Reproach. *Marcus* must certainly mean, that they would have Revenge on their Enemies, and spill their Blood, rather than they would tamely sit down, and die, under such Injuries. For this Reason I have corrected the Text,

——————— *ere die with this Reproach:*

I am not to learn, that *or* formerly was equivalent to *ere.* —— Or, *before, ere:* Gloss. *to* Urrey's Chaucer. —— Or, *for* ere: *quod etiamnùm in agro* Lincolniensi *frequentissimè usurpatur.* Skinner *in his* Glossary *of* Uncommon Words. —— But this Usage was too obsolete for our *Shakespeare*'s Time.

Ay,

Ay, marry, will we, Sir; and we'll be waited on.
[*Exeunt.*

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compaſſion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecſtaſie,
That hath more ſcars of ſorrow in his heart,
Than foe-mens' marks upon his batter'd ſhield;
But yet ſo juſt, that he will not revenge;
Revenge the Heav'ns for old *Andronicus!* [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Aaron, Chiron, *and* Demetrius *at one door: and at another door young* Lucius *and another, with a bundle of weapons and verſes writ upon them.*

Chi. *Demetrius*, here's the Son of *Lucius*;
He hath ſome meſſage to deliver us.
Aar. Ay, ſome mad meſſage from his mad grandfather.
Boy. My lords, with all the humbleneſs I may,
I greet your Honours from *Andronicus*;
And pray the *Roman* Gods, confound you Both.
Dem. Gramercy, lovely *Lucius*, what's the news?
Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)
For villains mark'd with rape. May it pleaſe you,
My grandſire, well advis'd, hath ſent by me
The goodlieſt weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of *Rome*; for ſo he bad me ſay:
And ſo I do, and with his gifts preſent
Your lordſhips, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And ſo I leave you both, like bloody villains. [*Exit.*
Dem. What's here, a ſcrowle, and written round about?
Let's ſee.
Integer vitæ, ſceleriſque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.
Chi. O, 'tis a verſe in *Horace*, I know it well:

I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.

Aar. Ay, juſt; —— a verſe in *Horace*——right, you have it. ———

Now, what a thing it is to be an Aſs?
Here's no fond jeſt; th' old man hath found their guilt, (14)
And ſends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty Empreſs well a-foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus'* conceit:
But let her reſt in her unreſt awhile.
And now, young lords, was't not a happy ſtar
Led us to *Rome* ſtrangers, and more than ſo,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the Palace-gate
To brave the Tribune in his Brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to ſee ſo great a lord
Baſely inſinuate, and ſend us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reaſon, lord *Demetrius?*
Did you not uſe his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thouſand *Roman* dames
At ſuch a bay, by turn to ſerve our luſt.

Chi. A charitable wiſh, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to ſay Amen.

Chi. And that would ſhe for twenty thouſand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the Gods have given us over. [*Flouriſh.*

Dem. Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flouriſh thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the Emp'ror hath a ſon.

Dem. Soft, who comes here?

Enter Nurſe, with a Black-a-moor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords:

(14) *Here's no* found *jeſt*;] But, I think, I may venture to ſay, here's no *ſound* Senſe. Doubtleſs, the Poet wrote, *here's no* fond *jeſt*, i. e. no *idle*, *fooliſh* one; but a Sarcaſm deliberately thrown, and grounded on Reaſon.

O,

O, tell me, did you see *Aaron* the *Moor?*

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone:
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O That which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our Empress' shame, and stately *Rome*'s disgrace.
She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean, she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest!
What hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam: a joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal:
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore! is black so base a Hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I've done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. *Aaron*, it must, the mother wills it so.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murtherous villains, will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That

That ſhone ſo brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my Scymitar's ſharp point,
That touches this my firſt-born ſon and heir.
I tell you, Younglings, not *Enceladus*
With all his threatning band of *Typhon*'s brood,
Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of war,
Shall ſeize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye ſanguine ſhallow-hearted boys,
Ye white-lim'd walls, ye ale-houſe painted ſigns,
Coal-black is better than another hue:
In that it ſcorns to bear another hue:
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the ſwan's black legs to white,
Although ſhe lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the Empreſs from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuſe it, how ſhe can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble miſtreſs thus?

Aar. My miſtreſs is my miſtreſs; this, my ſelf;
The vigour and the picture of my youth.
This, before all the world do I preſer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep ſafe;
Or ſome of you ſhall ſmoke for it in *Rome*.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever ſham'd.

Chi. Rome will deſpiſe her for this foul eſcape.

Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Chi. I bluſh to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:
Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with bluſhing
The cloſe enacts and counſels of the heart!
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer,
Look, how the black ſlave ſmiles upon the father;
As who ſhould ſay, "Old lad, I am thine own.
He is your brother, lords; ſenſibly fed
Of that ſelf-blood, that firſt gave life to you;
And from that womb, where you impriſon'd were,
He is infranchiſed and come to light:
Nay, he's your brother by the ſurer ſide;
Although my ſeal is ſtamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what ſhall I ſay unto the Empreſs?

Dem. Adviſe thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,

And we will all ſubſcribe to thy advice:
Save you the child, ſo we may be all ſafe.

Aar. Then ſit we down, and let us all conſult.
My ſon and I will have the wind of you:
Keep there: now talk at pleaſure of your ſafety.
[*They ſit on the ground.*

Dem. How many women ſaw this child of his?

Aar. Why, ſo, brave lords; when we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioneſs,
The ocean ſwells not ſo as *Aaron* ſtorms:
But ſay again, how many ſaw the child?

Nur. *Cornelia* the midwife, and my ſelf ——
And no one elſe but the deliver'd Empreſs.

Aar. The Empreſs, the midwife, and your ſelf ——
Two may keep counſel, when the third's away:
Go to the Empreſs, tell her, this I ſaid— [*He kills her.*
Week, — week! — ſo cries a pig, prepar'd to th' ſpit.

Dem. What mean'ſt thou, *Aaron?* wherefore didſt thou this?

Aar. O lord, Sir. 'tis a deed of policy:
Shall ſhe live to betray this guilt of ours?
A long-tongu'd babling goſſip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent:
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my country-man,
His wife but yeſternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumſtance of all;
And how by this their child ſhall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emp'ror's heir,
And ſubſtituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempeſt whirling in the Court;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, my lords, ye ſee, I have given her phyſick;
And you muſt needs beſtow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
This done, ſee, that you take no longer days,
But ſend the midwife preſently to me.
The midwife and the nurſe well made away,

Then

Then let the ladies tattle what they pleaſe.
Chi. Aaron, I ſee, thou wilt not truſt the air
With ſecrets.
Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
Her ſelf and hers are highly bound to thee. [*Exeunt.*
Aar. Now to the *Goths*, as ſwift as Swallow flies,
There to diſpoſe this treaſure in my arms,
And ſecretly to greet the Empreſs' friends.
Come on, you thick-lip'd ſlave, I bear you hence,
For it is you that put us to our ſhifts:
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and ſuck the goat,
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a Street near the Palace.*

Enter Titus, *old* Marcus, *young* Lucius, *and other Gentlemen with bows; and* Titus *bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.*

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, come; kinſmen, this is the way.
Sir boy, now let me ſee your archery.
Look, ye draw home enough, and 'tis there ſtraight;
Terras Aſtræa reliquit—be you remember'd, *Marcus*—
She's gone, ſhe's fled—Sirs, take you to your tools;
You, couſins, ſhall go ſound the ocean,
And caſt your nets; haply, you may find her in the ſea;
Yet there's as little juſtice as at land ——
No, *Publius* and *Sempronius*; you muſt do it,
'Tis you muſt dig with mattock and with ſpade,
And pierce the inmoſt centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to *Pluto*'s region,
I pray you, deliver this petition,
Tell him it is for juſtice, and for aid;
And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
Shaken with ſorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.
Ah, *Rome!* —— Well, well, I made thee miſerable,
What time I threw the people's ſuffrages
On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.

Go, get you gone, and, pray, be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;
This wicked Emperor may have ship'd her hence,
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. Oh *Publius*, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night t' attend him carefully:
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on *Rome* for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters,
What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall:
Marry, for justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with *Jove* in heav'n, or somewhere else;
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops'* size;
But metal, *Marcus*, steel to th' very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear.
And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will sollicit heav'n, and move the Gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs:
Come, to this gear; you're a good archer, *Marcus*.

[*He gives them the arrows.*

Ad Jovem, that's for you —— here, *ad Apollinem* ——
Ad Martem, that's for my self;
Here, boy, to *Pallas* —— here, to *Mercury* ——
To *Saturn* and to *Cælus* —— not to *Saturnine* ——
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy; *Marcus* —— loose when I bid:
O' my word, I have written to effect,

There's

There's not a God left unsollicited.

Mar. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the Court, We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. [*They shoot.*

Tit. Now, masters, draw; oh, well said, *Lucius*: Good boy, in *Virgo*'s lap, give it *Pallas*.

Mar. My lord, I am a mile beyond the moon; Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done? See, see, thou'st shot off one of *Taurus*' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord; when *Publius* shot, The bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock, That down fell both the ram's horns in the Court, And who should find them but the Empress' villain: She laugh'd, and told the *Moor*, he should not chuse But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes. God give your lordship joy!

Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; *Marcus*, the post is come. Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters? Shall I have justice, what says *Jupiter?*

Clown. Who? the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd 'till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*, I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heav'n?

Clown. From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there. God forbid, I should be so bold to press into heav'n in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the Emperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration, and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, Sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the Emperor.
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold — mean while, here's mony for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.
Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then, here is a supplication for you: and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir; see you do it bravely.

Clown. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.
Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant;
And when thou hast given it the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me, what he says.

Clown. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go. *Publius*, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Palace.*

Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand, that Titus *shot.*

Sat. WHY, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen
An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-borne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do the mightful Gods,
(However the disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the wilful sons

Of

Of old *Andronicus*. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreaks,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitterness?
And now he writes to heav'n for his redress.
See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of war:
Sweet scrouls, to fly about the streets of *Rome!*
What's this but libelling against the Senate,
And blazoning our injustice ev'ry where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in *Rome* no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
But he and his shall know, that justice lives
In *Saturninus'* health; whom, if she sleep,
He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus'* age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts —— Why, thus it shall become
High-witted *Tamora* to gloze with all:
But, *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if *Aaron* now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aside.*

Enter Clown.

How, now, good fellow, would'st thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your Mistership be Emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clown. 'Tis he: God and St. *Stephen* give you good-Even:
I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.
[*He reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money muſt I have?
Tam. Come, ſirrah, thou muſt be hang'd.
Clown. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit.*
Sat. Deſpightful and intolerable wrongs!
Shall I endure this monſtrous villany?
I know, from whence this ſame device proceeds:
May this be borne? as if his traiterous ſons,
That dy'd by law for murther of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,
Nor age nor honour ſhall ſhape privilege.
For this proud mock I'll be thy ſlaughter-man;
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'ſt to make me great,
In hope thy ſelf ſhould govern *Rome* and me.

Enter Æmilius. (15)

Sat. What news with thee, *Æmilius?* [cauſe;
Æmil. Arm, arm, my lords; *Rome* never had more
The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a Power
Of high-reſolved men, bent to the ſpoil,
They hither march amain, under the Conduct
Of *Lucius*, ſon to old *Andronicus:*
Who threats in courſe of his revenge to do
As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.
Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths?*

(15) *Enter* Nuntius *Æmilius.*] Thus the old Books have deſcrib'd this Character: and, I believe, I can account for the Formality, from the Ignorance of the Editors. In the Author's Manuſcript, I preſume, 'twas writ, *Enter* Nuntius; and they obſerving, that he is immediately call'd *Æmilius*, thought proper to give him his whole Title, and ſo clapp'd in *Enter* Nuntius Æmilius. —— Mr. *Pope* has very critically follow'd them; and ought, methinks, to have given his new-adopted Citizen *Nuntius* a place in the *Dramatis Perſonæ*. If this Gentleman has diſcover'd any *Roman* Family, that had the *Prænomen* of *Nuntius*; it is a Secret, I dare ſay, more than *Cariſius*, *Diomedes Grammaticus*, or the *Faſti Capitolini*, were ever acquainted withal. *Shakeſpeare* meant no more than, Enter *Æmilius* as a *Meſſenger.*

Theſe

These Tidings nip me, and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach;
'Tis he, the common people love so much:
My self hath often over-heard them say,
(When I have walked like a private man)
That *Lucius*' banishment was wrongfully,
And they have wish'd, that *Lucius* were their Emperor.
Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?
Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour *Lucius*,
And will revolt from me, to succour him.
Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
Is the sun dim'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing, that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody;
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of *Rome*.
Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou Emperor,
I will enchant the old *Andronicus*
With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep:
When as the one is wounded with the bait,
The other rotted with delicious food.
Sat. But he will not intreat his son for us.
Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will:
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises; that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
Go thou before as our embassador; [*To Æmilius.*
Say, that the Emperor requests a parley
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.
Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [*Exit.*
Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him, with all the art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.

And now, sweet Emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully, and plead to him. [*Exe.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *A Camp, at a small distance from* Rome.

Enter Lucius *with* Goths, *with drum and soldiers.*

LUCIUS.

APPROVED warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great *Rome*,
Which signifie, what hate they bear their Emp'ror,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
(Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort,)
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow, where thou lead'st:
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora*.

Goth. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty *Goth?*

Enter a Goth *leading* Aaron, *with his child in his Arms.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I stray'd

To

To gaze upon a ruinous monaſtery:
And as I earneſtly did fix mine eye
Upon the waſted building, ſuddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noiſe, when ſoon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this diſcourſe:
" Peace, tawny ſlave, half me and half thy dam,
" Did not thy Hue bewray whoſe brat thou art,
" Had Nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
" Villain, thou might'ſt have been an Emperor:
" But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
" They never do beget a cole-black calf;
" Peace, villain, peace! (even thus he rates the babe)
" For I muſt bear thee to a truſty *Goth*;
" Who, when he knows thou art the Empreſs' babe,
" Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's ſake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I ruſh'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him ſuddenly, and brought him hither,
To uſe as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy *Goth*, this is th' incarnate Devil,
That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good hand;
This is the Pearl that pleas'd your Empreſs' eye,
And here's the baſe fruit of his burning luſt.
Say, wall-ey'd ſlave, whither would'ſt thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why doſt not ſpeak? what! deaf? no! not a word?
A halter, ſoldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his ſide his fruit of baſtardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the ſire for ever being good.
Firſt, hang the child, that he may ſee it ſprawl,
A ſight to vex the father's ſoul withal.
Get me a ladder. (16) *Aar.*

(16) Aar. *Get me a Ladder.* Lucius, *ſave the Child.*] All the printed Editions have given this whole Verſe to *Aaron*. But why ſhould the *Moor* here ask for a Ladder, who earneſtly wanted to have his Child ſav'd? Unleſs the Poet is ſuppos'd to mean for *Aaron*, that, if they would get him a Ladder, he would reſolutely hang himſelf out of the way, ſo they would ſpare

Aar. *Lucius*, save the child,
And bear it from me to the Empereſs;
If thou do this, I'll ſhew thee wond'rous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll ſpeak no more; but Vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on, and if it pleaſe me which thou ſpeak'ſt,
Thy child ſhall live, and I will ſee it nouriſh'd.

Aar. An if it pleaſe thee? why, aſſure thee, *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy ſoul to hear what I ſhall ſpeak:
For I muſt talk of murthers, rapes and maſſacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of miſchief, treaſon, villanies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteouſly perform'd:
And this ſhall all be buried by my death,
Unleſs thou ſwear to me, my child ſhall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I ſay, thy child ſhall live.

Aar. Swear, that he ſhall; and then I will begin.

Luc. Who ſhould I ſwear by? thou believ'ſt no God:
That granted, how can'ſt thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not! as, indeed, I do not;
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And haſt a thing within thee called Conſcience,
With twenty popiſh tricks and ceremonies
Which I have ſeen thee careful to obſerve:
Therefore I urge thy oath; (for that, I know,
An idiot holds his bauble for a God,
And keeps the oath, which by that God he ſwears,
To that I'll urge him;) —— therefore thou ſhalt vow
By that ſame God, what God ſoe'er it be,
That thou ador'ſt and haſt in reverence,
To ſave my boy, nouriſh and bring him up;
Or elſe I will diſcover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I ſwear to thee, I will

ſpare the Child. But, I much rather ſuſpect, there is an old Error in prefixing the Names of the Perſons; and that *Lucius* ought to call for the Ladder, and then *Aaron* very properly intreats of *Lucius* to ſave the Child.

Aar.

Aar. Firſt, know thou, I begot him on the Empreſs.
Luc. O moſt inſatiate, luxurious, woman!
Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,
To That which thou ſhalt hear of me anon.
'Twas her two ſons, that murder'd *Baſſianus*;
They cut thy ſiſter's tongue, and raviſh'd her,
And cut her hands, and trim'd her as thou ſaw'ſt.
Luc. Oh, deteſtable villain! call'ſt thou That trimming?
Aar. Why, ſhe was waſhed, and cut, and trim'd;
And 'twas trim ſport for them that had the doing of't.
Luc. Oh, barb'rous beaſtly villains like thy ſelf!
Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to inſtruct them:
That codding ſpirit had they from their mother,
As ſure a card as ever won the ſet;
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head; ——
Well, let my deeds be witneſs of my worth,
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corps of *Baſſianus* lay:
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd;
Confed'rate with the Queen, and her two ſons.
And what not done, that thou haſt cauſe to rue,
Wherein I had no ſtroke of miſchief in't!
I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand,
And when I had it, drew my ſelf apart,
And almoſt broke my heart with extream laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand he had his two ſons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd ſo heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the Empreſs of this ſport,
She ſwooned almoſt at my pleaſing Tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kiſſes.
Goth. What! can'ſt thou ſay all this, and never bluſh!
Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the Saying is.
Luc. Art thou not ſorry for theſe heinous deeds?
Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thouſand more.
Ev'n now I curſe the day (and yet, I think,

Few

Few come within the compaſs of my curſe)
Wherein I did not ſome notorious Ill,
As kill a man, or elſe deviſe his death;
Raviſh a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuſe ſome innocent, and forſwear my ſelf;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor Men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-ſtacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their tears:
Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And ſet them upright at their dear friends' doors,
Ev'n when their ſorrow almoſt was forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,
" Let not your ſorrow die, though I am dead.
Tut, I have done a thouſand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly:
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thouſand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he muſt not die
So ſweet a death, as hanging preſently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,
To live and burn in ever-laſting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, ſtop his mouth, and let him ſpeak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Goth. My lord, there is a meſſenger from *Rome*
Deſires to be admitted to your preſence.

Luc. Let him come near. ——
Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the news from *Rome?*

Æmil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Goths*,
The *Roman* Emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he underſtands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's houſe,
Willing you to demand your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What ſays our General?

Luc. *Æmilius*, let the Emperor give his pledges

Unto

Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus*,
And we will come: march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Titus's *Palace in* Rome.

Enter Tamora, Chiron *and* Demetrius, *disguis'd.*

Tam. THUS, in these strange and sad habiliments,
I will encounter with *Andronicus:*
And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs,
Knock at the Study, where, they say, he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge;
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.
[*They knock, and* Titus *appears above.*

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd; for what I mean to do,
See, here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written, shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my Talk,
Wanting a hand to give it that accord?
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou did'st know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough;
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines,
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night;
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud Empress, mighty *Tamora:*
Is not thy Coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not *Tamora;*
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend;
I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal Kingdom,
To ease the gnawing Vulture of thy mind,

By

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;
Confer with me of murder and of death;
There's not a hollow cave, nor lurking place,
No vaſt obſcurity, or miſty vale,
Where bloody Murder or deteſted Rape
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou ſent to me,
To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me.

Tit. Do me ſome ſervice, ere I come to thee:
Lo, by thy ſide where Rape, and Murder, ſtands;
Now give ſome ſurance that thou art revenge,
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes:
Provide two proper Palfries black as jet,
To hale thy vengeful waggon ſwift away,
And find out murders in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will diſmount, and by thy waggon-wheel
Trot like a ſervile foot-man all day long;
Even from *Hyperion*'s riſing in the eaſt,
Until his very downfal in the ſea.
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
So thou deſtroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. Theſe are my miniſters, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy miniſters? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called ſo,
'Cauſe they take vengeance on ſuch kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the Empreſs' ſons they are,
And you the Empreſs! but we worldly men
Have miſerable and miſtaking eyes:
O ſweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit* Titus *from above.*

Tam.

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speech,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for *Lucius*, his son:
And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
To scatter and disperse the giddy *Goths*,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies:
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too:
How like the Empress and her sons you are!
Well are you fitted, had you but a *Moor*;
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For, well I wot, the Empress never wags,
But in her company there is a *Moor*;
And would you represent our Queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome, as you are: what shall we do?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus?*

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Chi. Shew me a villain, that has done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand, that have done thee wrong;
And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of *Rome*,
And when thou find'st a man that's like thy self,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.
Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
To find another that is like to thee,
Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.
Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's Court
There is a Queen attended by a *Moor*;
Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
For up and down she doth resemble thee;

I pray

I pray thee, do on them some violent death;
They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us, this shall we do.
But would it please thee, good *Andronicus*,
To send for *Lucius* thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads tow'rds *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,
And bid him come and banquet at thy house.
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
The Emperor himself. and all thy foes;
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart:
What says *Andronicus* to this device?

Tit. *Marcus*, my brother! — 'tis sad *Titus* calls:

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy nephew *Lucius*;
Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Goths*:
Bid him repair to me: and bring with him
Some of the chiefest Princes of the *Goths*;
Bid him encamp his Soldiers where they are;
Tell him, the Emperor and the Empress too
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them;
This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about my business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me;
Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you, boys, will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord, the Emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, tho' they suppose me mad;
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices:
A pair of curs'd hell-hounds and their dam. [*Aside.*

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam.

Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus*; Revenge now goes
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit* Tamora.
Tit. I know, thou doſt; and, ſweet Revenge, farewel.
Chi. Tell us, old man, how ſhall we be employ'd?
Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, *Caius*, and *Valentine!*

Enter Publius *and Servants.*

Pub. What is your will?
Tit. Know ye theſe two?
Pub. The Empreſs' ſons,
I take them, *Chiron*, and *Demetrius*.
Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd,
The one is Murder, Rape is th' other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*;
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them;
Oft have you heard me wiſh for ſuch an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them ſure.
[*Exit* Titus.
Chi. Villains, forbear; we are the Empreſs' ſons.
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop cloſe their mouths; let them not ſpeak a word.
Is he ſure bound? look, that ye bind them faſt.

Enter Titus Andronicus *with a Knife, and* Lavinia *with a Baſon.*

Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*; look, thy foes are bound;
Sirs, ſtop their mouths, let them not ſpeak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh, villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius!*
Here ſtands the ſpring whom you have ſtain'd with mud,
This goodly ſummer with your winter mixt:
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;
My hand cut off, and made a merry jeſt;
Both her ſweet hands, her tongue, and That more dear
Than hands or tongue, her ſpotleſs Chaſtity,
Inhuman traitors, you conſtrain'd and forc'd.
What would ye ſay, if I ſhould let you ſpeak?
Villains!—for ſhame, you could not beg for grace.
Hark,

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that *Lavinia* 'twixt her stumps doth hold
The bason, that receives your guilty blood:
You know, your mother means to feast with me,
And calls her self Revenge, and thinks me mad ——
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to dust,
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;
And of the paste a coffin will I rear,
And make two pasties of your shameful heads;
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;
For worse than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,
And worse than *Procne* I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia*, come,
Receive the blood; and, when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wish might prove
More stern and bloody than the *Centaurs'* feast.
[*He cuts their throats.*
So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready 'gainst the mother comes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucius, Marcus, *and* Goths *with* Aaron *Prisoner.*

Luc. Uncle *Marcus*, since it is my father's mind
That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.
Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.
Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
'Till he be brought unto the Emp'ror's face,
For testimony of these foul proceedings;
And see, the ambush of our friends be strong;
I fear, the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar.

Aar. Some devil whiſper curſes in my ear,
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my ſwelling heart!
Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd ſlave.
[*Exeunt* Goths *with* Aaron.
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flouriſh.*
The trumpets ſhew, the Emperor is at hand.

Sound trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empreſs, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more ſuns than one?
Luc. What boots it thee to call thy ſelf a Sun?
Mar. *Rome*'s Emperor, and Nephew, break the parley;
Theſe quarrels muſt be quietly debated:
The feaſt is ready, which the careful *Titus*
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,
For peace, for love, for league, and good to *Rome:*
Pleaſe you therefore draw nigh and take your places.
Sat. *Marcus*, we will. [*Hautboys.*

A Table brought in. Enter Titus *like a Cook, placing the meat on the Table, and* Lavinia *with a veil over her face.*

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread Queen,
Welcome, ye warlike *Goths*, welcome, *Lucius*,
And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your ſtomachs, pleaſe you eat of it.
Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, *Andronicus?*
Tit. Becauſe I would be ſure to have all well,
To entertain your Highneſs, and your Empreſs.
Tam. We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus.*
Tit. And if your Highneſs knew my heart, you were.
My lord the Emperor, reſolve me this;
Was it well done of raſh *Virginius*,
To ſlay his daughter with his own right hand,
Becauſe ſhe was enforc'd, ſtain'd, and deflour'd?
Sat. It was, *Andronicus.*

Tit.

Tit. Your reaſon, mighty lord?

Sat. Becauſe the girl ſhould not ſurvive her ſhame,
And by her preſence ſtill renew his ſorrows.

Tit. A reaſon mighty, ſtrong, and effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, moſt wretched, to perform the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy ſhame with thee,
And with thy ſhame thy father's ſorrow die!

[*He kills her.*

Sat. What haſt thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as *Virginius* was,
And have a thouſand times more cauſe than he
To do this outrage. And it is now done.

Sat. What, was ſhe raviſh'd? tell, who did the deed?

Tit. Will't pleaſe you eat, will't pleaſe your Highneſs feed?

Tam. Why haſt thou ſlain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.
They raviſh'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us preſently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed;
Eating the fleſh, that ſhe her ſelf hath bred.
'Tis true, 'tis true; witneſs, my knife's ſharp point.

[*He ſtabs the Empreſs.*

Sat. Die, frantick wretch, for this accurſed deed.

[*He ſtabs* Titus.

Luc. Can the ſon's eye behold his father bleed?
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[Lucius *ſtabs the Emperor.*

Mar. You ſad-fac'd men, people and ſons of *Rome*,
By uprore ſever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempeſtuous guſts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This ſcatter'd corn into one mutual ſheaf,
Theſe broken limbs again into one body.

Goth.

Goth. Let *Rome* her self be Bane unto her self;
And she whom mighty Kingdoms curtsie to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on her self.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true experience,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, *Rome*'s dear friend; as erst our Ancestor,
[*To* Lucius.
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick *Dido*'s sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning Night,
When subtile *Greeks* surpriz'd King *Priam*'s *Troy:*
Tell us, what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utt'rance; even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a Captain, let him tell the Tale,
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble Auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed *Chiron* and *Demetrius*
Were they, that murdered our Emperor's brother;
And they it were, that ravished our sister:
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought *Rome*'s quarrel out,
And sent her enemies into the grave.
Lastly, my self unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among *Rome*'s enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing

Sheathing the ſteel in my advent'rous body.
Alas! —— you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My ſcars can witneſs, dumb although they are,
That my report is juſt, and full of truth.
But, ſoft, methinks, I do digreſs too much,
Citing my worthleſs praiſe: oh, pardon me,
For when no friends are by, men praiſe themſelves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to ſpeak: behold this child,
Of this was *Tamora* delivered;
The iſſue of an irreligious *Moor*,
Chief architect and plotter of theſe woes;
The villain is alive in *Titus'* houſe, (17)
Damn'd as he is, to witneſs this is true.
Now judge, what cauſe had *Titus* to revenge
Theſe wrongs, unſpeakable, paſt patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what ſay you, *Romans?*
Have we done aught amiſs? ſhew us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
We'll hand in hand all head-long caſt us down,
And on the ragged ſtones beat out our brains,
And make a mutual Cloſure of our Houſe:
Speak, *Romans*, ſpeak; and, if you ſay, we ſhall,
Lo, hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of *Rome*,
And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our Emperor: for, well I know,
The common voice do cry, it ſhall be ſo.

(17) *The villain is alive in* Titus' *houſe,*
And *as he is, to witneſs this is true.*] The Villain *alive, and as he is*, ſurely, can never be right. The Manuſcript muſt have been obſcure and blindly writ, ſo that the firſt Editors could not make out the Word, which I have ventur'd to reſtore. The Epithet, I have replac'd, admirably ſorts with the *Moor*'s Character: and *Lucius* uſes it again, ſpeaking of him at the Concluſion of the Play.

See juſtice done on Aaron *that* damned *Moor.*
Beſides, *damn'd as he is* —— is a Mode of Expreſſion familiar with our Author.

Mar.

Mar. Lucius, all hail, *Rome*'s royal Emperor!
Go, go, into old *Titus*' ſorrowful houſe,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd ſome direful ſlaughtering death;
As puniſhment for his moſt wicked life.
Lucius, all hail, *Rome*'s gracious governour!

Luc. Thanks, gentle *Romans:* may I govern ſo,
To heal *Rome*'s harm, and drive away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy task:
Stand all aloof; but, Uncle, draw you near,
To ſhed obſequious tears upon this Trunk:
Oh, take this warm kiſs on thy pale cold lips,
Theſe ſorrowful drops upon thy blood-ſtain'd face;
The laſt true duties of thy noble Son.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kiſs for kiſs,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips:
O, were the ſum of theſe that I ſhould pay
Countleſs and infinite, yet would I pay them!

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in ſhowers; thy grandſire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee;
Sung thee aſleep, his loving breaſt thy pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that reſpect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet ſome ſmall drops from thy tender ſpring,
Becauſe kind nature doth require it ſo;
Friends ſhould aſſociate friends, in grief and woe:
Bid him farewel, commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindneſs, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandſire, grandſire! ev'n with all my heart.
'Would I were dead, ſo you did live again ——
O lord, I cannot ſpeak to him for weeping ——
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

Enter Romans *with* Aaron.

Rom. You ſad *Andronici*, have done with woes:
Give ſentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of theſe dire events.

Luc. Set him breaſt deep in earth, and famiſh him:
There let him ſtand, and rave and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies: this is our doom.
Some ſtay to ſee him faſtned in the earth.

Aar. O, why ſhould wrath be mute, and fury dumb!—
I am no baby, I, that with baſe prayers
I ſhould repent the evil I have done:
Ten thouſand worſe, than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very ſoul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'rer hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and *Lavinia* ſhall forthwith
Be cloſed in our Houſhold's Monument:
As for that heinous tygreſs *Tamora*,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell ſhall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beaſts and birds of prey:
Her life was beaſt-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being ſo, ſhall have like want of pity.
See juſtice done on *Aaron* that damn'd *Moor*,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning;
Then, afterwards, we'll order well the State;
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

H. Gravelot in Vol: 6. P: 267. G. Vander Gucht Scul.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

MACBETH.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUNCAN, *King of* Scotland.
Malcolm, Donalbain, } *Sons to the King.*
Macbeth, Banquo, } *Generals of the King's Army.*
Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Menteth, Angus, Cathneſs, } *Noblemen of* Scotland.
Fleance, *Son to* Banquo.
Siward, *General of the* Engliſh *Forces.*
Young Siward, *his Son.*
Seyton, *an Officer attending on* Macbeth.
Son to Macduff.
Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.
Lady Macduff.
Gentlewomen, attending on Lady Macbeth.
Hecate, *and three other Witches.*

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

The Ghoſt of Banquo, *and ſeveral other Apparitions.*

SCENE, *in the End of the fourth Act, lyes in* England; *through the reſt of the Play, in* Scotland; *and, chiefly, at* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

MACBETH.

ACT I.

SCENE, *an open Place.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 WITCH.

WHEN ſhall we three meet again ?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain ?
2 *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done,
When the Battle's loſt and won.
3 *Witch.* That will be ere Set of Sun.
1 *Witch.* Where the place ?
2 *Witch.* Upon the heath.
3 *Witch.* There I go to meet *Macbeth.*
1 *Witch.* I come, I come, *Grimalkin.* ———
2 *Witch. Padocke* calls — anon !
All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through the fog and filthy air.
[*They riſe from the ſtage, and fly away.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace at* Foris.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *with attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

King. WHAT bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.
Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.
Cap. Doubtful long it stood:
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,
And choak their Art: the mercileſs *Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a Rebel; for to That
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-glasses* was supply'd;
And fortune, on his damned quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandisht steel
Which smoak'd with bloody execution,
Like Valour's Minion carved out his passage,
'Till he had fac'd the slave;
Who ne'er shook hands nor bid farewel to him,
'Till he unseam'd him from the nave to th' chops,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.
King. Oh, valiant Cousin! worthy Gentleman!
Cap. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection,
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
So from that Spring, whence Comfort seem'd to come, (1)
Dis-

(1) *So from that Spring, whence Comfort seem'd to come,*
Discomfort swell'd.] I have not disturb'd the Text here, as the Sense does not absolutely require it; tho' Dr. *Thirlby* prescribes a very ingenious and easy Correction,

So

Diſcomfort ſwell'd. Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark;
No ſooner Juſtice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd theſe skipping *Kernes* to truſt their heels;
But the *Norweyan* lord, ſurveying vantage,
With furbiſht arms and new ſupplies of men
Began a freſh aſſault.

King. Diſmay'd not this
Our Captains, *Macbeth* and *Banquo?*

Cap. Yes,
As ſparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.
If I ſay ſooth, I muſt report, they were
As cannons overcharg'd; with double cracks, (2)
So they redoubled ſtroaks upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
I cannot tell ———
But I am faint, my gaſhes cry for help. ———

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
They ſmack of honour both. Go, get him ſurgeons.

Enter Roſſe *and* Angus.

But who comes here?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Roſſe*.

Len. What haſte looks through his eyes?
So ſhould he look, that ſeems to ſpeak things ſtrange.

Roſſe. God ſave the King!

King. Whence cam'ſt thou, worthy *Thane?*

Roſſe. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norweyan* Banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.

Norway,

So from that Spring, whence Comfort ſeem'd to come,
Diſcomforts well'd.

i. e. ſtream'd, flow'd forth: a Word that peculiarly agrees with the Metaphor of a *Spring*. The Original is *Anglo-Saxon* ꝑeallian, *ſcaturire*; which very well expreſſes the Diffuſion and Scattering of Water from its Head.

(2) ——— *I muſt report they were*
As Cannons overcharg'd *with double* cracks.] Cannons overcharg'd with Cracks I have no Idea of: My Pointing, I think, gives the eaſy and natural Senſe. *Macbeth* and *Banquo* were like

Norway, himſelf with numbers terrible, (3)
Aſſiſted by that moſt diſloyal traitor
The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, 'gan a diſmal conflict;
'Till that *Bellona*'s bridegroom, lapt in proof, (4)
Confronted him with ſelf-compariſons,
Point againſt point rebellious, arm 'gainſt arm,
Curbing his laviſh ſpirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happineſs!

Roſſe. Now *Sweno*, *Norway*'s King, craves compoſition:
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he diſburſed, at Saint *Colmes-kill*-iſle,
Ten thouſand dollars, to our gen'ral uſe.

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* ſhall deceive
Our boſom int'reſt. Go, pronounce his death;
And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Roſſe. I'll ſee it done.

King. What he hath loſt, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt*.

Cannons overcharg'd; why? becauſe they redoubled Strokes on the Foe with twice the Fury, and Impetuoſity, as before.

(3) *Norway* himſelf, *with Numbers terrible*,
Aſſiſted by that, &c.] *Norway* himſelf aſſiſted, *&c.* is a Reading we owe to the Editors, not to the Poet. That Energy and Contraſt of Expreſſion are loſt, which my Pointing reſtores. The Senſe is, *Norway*, who was in himſelf terrible by his own Numbers, when aſſiſted by *Cawdor*, became yet more terrible.

(4) *Till that* Bellona's *Bridegroom, lapt in Proof*,
Confronted him with ſelf-Compariſons,
Point againſt point, rebellious *arm 'gainſt arm*,
Curbing his laviſh Spirit.] Here again We are to quarrel with the Tranſpoſition of an innocent Comma; which however becomes dangerous to Senſe, when in the Hands either of a careleſs or ignorant Editor. Let us ſee who is it, that brings this rebellious Arm? Why, it is *Bellona*'s Bridegroom: and who is He, but *Macbeth*. We can never believe, our Author meant any thing like This. My Regulation of the Pointing reſtores the true Meaning; that the loyal *Macbeth* confronted the diſloyal *Cawdor*, arm to arm.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* WHERE haſt thou been, ſiſter?
2 *Witch.* Killing ſwine.
3 *Witch.* Siſter, where thou?
1 *Witch.* A ſailor's wife had cheſnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me, quoth I.
Aroint thee, witch! — the rump-fed ronyon cries.
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, maſter o'th' *Tyger:*
But in a ſieve I'll thither ſail,
And like a rat without a tail,
I'll do—I'll do — and I'll do.
2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.
1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.
3 *Witch.* And I another.
1 *Witch.* I my ſelf have all the other,
And the very points they blow;
All the quarters that they know,
I'th' ſhip-man's card. ———
I will drain him dry as hay;
Sleep ſhall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-houſe lid;
He ſhall live a man forbid;
Weary ſev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine:
Though his bark cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be tempeſt-toſt.
Look, what I have.
2 *Witch.* Shew me, ſhew me.
1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreckt as homeward he did come. [*Drum within.*
3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!
Macbeth doth come!
All. The Weïrd ſiſters, hand in hand, (5)
Poſters

(5) *The* weyward *Siſters, hand in hand,*] The *Witches* are here ſpeaking of themſelves, and it is worth an Enquiry why they

Poſters of the ſea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine!
Peace! ——— the Charm's wound up,

Enter Macbeth *and* Banquo, *with Soldiers and other attendants.*

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not ſeen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Forris?* — What are theſe,
So wither'd, and ſo wild in their attire,
That look not like th' inhabitants o'th' earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may queſtion? You ſeem to underſtand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips; —— You ſhould be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret,
That you are ſo.

Mach. Speak, if you can; what are you?

1 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Glamis!*

2 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth:* hail to thee, *Thane* of *Cawdor!*

3 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* that ſhalt be *King* hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you ſtart, and ſeem to fear
Things that do ſound ſo fair? I'th' name of truth,
Are ye fantaſtical, or That indeed [*To the Witches.*
Which outwardly ye ſhew? my noble Partner

ſhould ſtile themſelves the *weyward*, or *wayward* Siſters. This Word in its general Acceptation ſignifies, *perverſe, froward, moody, obſtinate, untractable*, &c. and is every where ſo uſed by our *Shakeſpeare*. It is improbable, the *Witches* would adopt this Epithet to themſelves, in any of theſe Senſes; and therefore we are to look a little farther for the Poet's Word and Meaning. *Wierd*, in the *Scotch* Language, ſignifies a *Witch*, or *Wizard*: and therefore, in every Paſſage, where there is any Relation to theſe Witches or Wizards, my Emendation muſt be embraced, and we muſt read *Wierd*, or *Weird*.

You

You greet with preſent grace, and great prediction
Of noble Having, and of royal Hope,
That he ſeems rapt withal; to me you ſpeak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of time,
And ſay, which Grain will grow and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Leſſer than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not ſo happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou ſhalt get Kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo!*

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect Speakers, tell me more;
By *Sinel*'s death, I know, I'm *Thane* of *Glamis*;
But how, of *Cawdor?* the *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A proſp'rous gentleman; and, to be *King*,
Stands not within the proſpect of belief,
No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say, from whence
You owe this ſtrange intelligence? or why
Upon this blaſted heath you ſtop our way,
With ſuch prophetick Greeting? —— ſpeak, I charge you. [*Witches vaniſh.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;
And theſe are of them: whither are they vaniſh'd?

Macb. Into the air: and what ſeem'd corporal
Melted, as breath, into the wind. ——
'Would they had ſtaid!

Ban. Were ſuch things here, as we do ſpeak about? (6)
Or

(6) *Were ſuch Things here, as we do ſpeak about?*
Or have we eaten of the inſane Root,
That takes the Reaſon priſoner?]

Hector Boethius, who gives us an Account of *Sueno*'s Army being intoxicated by a Preparation put upon them by their ſubtle Enemy, informs us; that there is a Plant, which grows in great Quantity in *Scotland*, call'd *Solatrum Amentiale*; that its Berries are purple, or rather black, when full ripe; and have a Quality,

Or have we eaten of the insane root,
That takes the Reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not so?

Ban. To th' self same tune, and words; who's here?

Enter Rosse *and* Angus.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with That,
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout *Norweyan* ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thy self didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came Post on Post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his Kingdom's great defence:
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal Master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which Addition, hail, most worthy *Thane!*
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the Devil speak true?

Macb. The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was

Quality of laying to Sleep; or of *driving into Madness*, if a more than ordinary Quantity of them be taken. This Passage of *Boethius*, I dare say, our Poet had an Eye to: and, I think, it fairly accounts for his Mention of the *insane* Root.

Combin'd

Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the Rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.
Macb. Glamis and *Thane* of *Cawdor!* [*Aside.*
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains.
[*To* Angus.
Do you not hope, your children shall be Kings?
[*To* Banquo.
When those that gave the *Thane* of *Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no less to them?
Ban. That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown,
Besides the *Thane* of *Cawdor*. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of Darkness tell us truths;
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you. [*To* Rosse *and* Angus.
Macb. Two truths are told, [*Aside.*
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen——
This supernatural Solliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good.—— If ill,
Why hath it giv'n me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm *Thane* of *Cawdor*.
If good; why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? present feats (7)

Are

(7) ——————*present* Fears
Are less than horrible Imaginings.] *Macbeth*, while he is projecting the Murder, which he afterwards puts in Execution, is thrown into the most agonizing Affright at the Prospect of it: which soon recovering from, thus he reasons on the Nature of his Disorder. But *Imaginings* are so far from being more or less than *present Fears*, that they are the same Things under different Words. *Shakespeare* certainly wrote;

——*present*

Are leſs than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whoſe murther yet is but fantaſtical,
Shakes ſo my ſingle ſtate of man, that Function
Is ſmother'd in ſurmiſe; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our Partner's rapt!

Macb. If Chance will have me King, why, Chance may crown me, [*Aſide.*
Without my ſtir.

Ban. New Honours, come upon him,
Like our ſtrange garments cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of uſe.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs thro' the rougheſt day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we ſtay upon your leiſure.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are regiſtred where every day I turn
The leaf to read them —— Let us tow'rd the King;
Think, upon what hath chanc'd; and at more time, [*To* Banquo.
(The *Interim* having weigh'd it,) let us ſpeak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then, enough: come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, *and attendants.*

King. IS execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
Or not thoſe in commiſſion yet return'd?

——————*preſent* Feats

Are leſs than horrible Imaginings.

i. e. When I come to execute this Murder, I ſhall find it much leſs dreadful than my frighted Imagination now preſents it to me. A conſideration drawn from the Nature of the *Imagination.*

Mr. *Warburton.*

Mal.

Mal. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have ſpoke
With one that ſaw him die; who did report,
That very frankly he confeſs'd his treaſons;
Implor'd your Highneſs' pardon, and ſet forth
A deep repentance; nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
As one, that had been ſtudied in his death,
To throw away the deareſt thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careleſs trifle.

King. There's no art,
To find the mind's conſtruction in the face:
He was a gentleman, on whom I built
An abſolute truſt.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Roſſe, *and* Angus.

O worthieſt Couſin!
The ſin of my ingratitude e'en now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt ſo far before,
That ſwifteſt wing of recompence is ſlow,
To overtake thee. 'Would, thou'dſt leſs deſerv'd,
That the proportion both of thanks and payment
Might have been mine! only I've left to ſay,
More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Macb. The ſervice and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it ſelf. Your Highneſs' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your Throne, and State, children and ſervants;
Which do but what they ſhould, by doing every thing
Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou haſt no leſs deſerv'd, and muſt be known
No leſs to have done ſo: let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harveſt is your own.

King. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulneſs, ſeek to hide themſelves

In

In drops of ſorrow. Sons, kinſmen, *Thanes*,
And you whoſe Places are the neareſt, know,
We will eſtabliſh our eſtate upon
Our eldeſt *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland*: which honour muſt,
Not unaccompanied, inveſt him only;
But ſigns of Nobleneſs, like ſtars, ſhall ſhine
On all deſervers.——— Hence to *Inverneſs*,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The Reſt is Labour, which is not us'd for you;
I'll be my ſelf the harbinger, and make joyful
The Hearing of my wife with your approach;
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor!*

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland!* ——— that is a ſtep,
On which I muſt fall down, or elſe o'er-leap, [*Aſide.*
For in my way it lyes. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light ſee my black and deep deſires;
The Eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to ſee. [*Exit.*

King. True, worthy *Banquo*; he is full ſo valiant;
And in his commendations I am fed;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,
Whoſe care is gone before to bid us welcome:
It is a peerleſs Kinſman. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Macbeth's *Caſtle, at* Inverneſs.

Enter Lady Macbeth *alone, with a letter.*

Lady. *THEY met me in the day of ſucceſs; and I have learn'd by the perfecteſt report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in deſire to queſtion them further, they made themſelves air, into which they vaniſh'd. While I ſtood rapt in the wonder of it, came Miſſives from the King, who all-hail'd me* Thane *of* Cawdor; *by which title, before, theſe weird ſiſters ſaluted me,*

me, and r ferr'd me to the coming on of time, with hail,
King that ſhalt be! *This have I thought good to deliver thee (my deareſt Partner of Greatneſs) that thou might'ſt not loſe the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what Greatneſs is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewel.*

Glamis thou art, and *Cawdor* —— and ſhalt be
What thou art promis'd. Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'th' milk of human kindneſs,
To catch the neareſt way. Thou wouldſt be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illneſs ſhould attend it. What thou wouldſt highly,
That wouldſt thou holily; wouldſt not play falſe,
And yet wouldſt wrongly win. Thou'dſt have, great *Glamis*,
That which cries, "thus thou muſt do, if thou have it;
"And that which rather thou doſt fear to do,
"Than wiſheſt ſhould be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my ſpirits in thine ear,
And chaſtiſe with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden Round,
Which fate, and metaphyſical aid, doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Meſſenger.

What is your tidings?
Meſ. The King comes here to night.
Lady. Thou'rt mad to ſay it.
Is not thy maſter with him? who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for preparation.
Meſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: our *Thane* is coming.
One of my fellows had the ſpeed of him;
Who, almoſt dead for breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his meſſage.
Lady. Give him tending;
He brings great news. The raven himſelf is hoarſe,
[*Exit Meſ.*
That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under

Under my battlements. Come, all you Spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th'access and passage to Remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect, and it. Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers!
Where-ever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. —— Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunnest smoak of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes;
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, hold, hold! ——

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!* [*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ign'rant present time, and I feel now.
The future in the instant.
Macb. Dearest love,
Duncan comes here to night.
Lady. And when goes hence?
Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.
Lady. Oh, never
Shall Sun that morrow see! ——
Your face, my *Thane*, is as a book, where men (8)

(8) *Your Face, my Thane, is as a Book, where Men*
May read strange Matters to beguile the Time.
Look like the Time,] I have ventur'd against the Authority of all the Copies, to alter the Pointing of this Passage: and, I hope, with some Certainty. The *Lady* undoubtedly means, that *Macbeth* looks so full of thought and solemn Reflection upon the purpos'd act, that, she fears, People may comment upon the Reason of his Gloom: and therefore desires him, in order to take off and prevent such Comments, to wear a Face of Pleasure and Entertainment; and look like the Time, the better to deceive the Time.

May

May read ſtrange matters. To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the ſerpent under't. He, that's coming,
Muſt be provided for; and you ſhall put
This night's great buſineſs into my diſpatch,
Which ſhall to all our nights and days to come
Give ſolely ſovereign ſway and maſterdom.

Macb. We will ſpeak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:
To alter favour, ever, is to fear;
Leave all the reſt to me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *before* Macbeth's *Caſtle-Gate.*

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Roſſe, Angus, *and Attendants.*

King. THIS Caſtle hath a pleaſant ſeat; the air
Nimbly and ſweetly recommends it ſelf
Unto our gentle ſenſes.

Ban. This gueſt of ſummer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd Manſionry that heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they moſt breed and haunt, I have obſerv'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady.

King. See, ſee! our honour'd Hoſteſs!
The love that follows us, ſometimes is our trouble,
Which ſtill we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you ſhould bid god-eyld us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our ſervice
(In every point twice done, and then done double,)
Were poor and ſingle buſineſs to contend
Againſt

Againſt thoſe honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majeſty loads our Houſe. For thoſe of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We reſt your Hermits.

King. Where's the *Thane* of *Cawdor?*
We courſt him at the heels, and had a purpoſe
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, (ſharp as his ſpur,) hath holp him
To's home before us; fair and noble Hoſteſs,
We are your gueſt to night.

Lady. Your ſervants ever
Have theirs, themſelves, and what is theirs in compt,
To make their audit at your Highneſs' pleaſure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine Hoſt, we love him highly;
And ſhall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, Hoſteſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers ſervants with diſhes and ſervice over the ſtage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. IF it were *done*, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' aſſaſſination
Could trammel up the conſequence, and catch
With its ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow
Might be the Be-all and the End-all —— *Here*, (9)
But *here*, upon this Bank and Shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come — But, in theſe caſes,
We ſtill have judgment *here*, that we but teach

(9) *But here, upon this Bank and* School *of Time.*] *Bank and School* —— What a monſtrous Couplement, as Don *Armado* ſays, is here of heterogeneous Ideas! I have ventur'd to amend, which reſtores a Conſonance of Images,

—— *on this Bank and* Shoal *of Time.*

i. e. this *Shallow*, this *narrow Ford* of human Life, oppoſed to the *great Abyſs* of Eternity.

Bloody

Bloody inſtructions: which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. Even-handed Juſtice
Returns th' Ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double truſt:
Firſt, as I am his kinſman and his ſubject,
Strong both againſt the deed: Then, as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his murth'rer ſhut the door,
Not bear the knife my ſelf. Beſides, this *Duncan*
Hath borne his faculties ſo meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deep damnation of his taking off:
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blaſt, or heav'ns cherubin hors'd (10)
Upon the ſilent courſers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye;
That tears ſhall drown the wind. — I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps it ſelf,
And falls on th' other ———

Enter Lady Macbeth.

How now? what news?

Lady. He's almoſt ſupp'd: why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this buſineſs.
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all ſort of people,
Which would be worn now in their neweſt gloſs,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelf? hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now, to look ſo green and pale

(10) ——— *or Heav'n's Cherubin hors'd upon the ſightleſs* Couriers *of the Air.*] But the Cherubin is the *Courier*; ſo that he can't be ſaid to be *hors'd* upon another *Courier*. We muſt read, therefore, *Courſers*. Mr. *Warburton*.

At

At what it did so freely? from this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? wouldst thou have That,
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem?
Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor cat i' th' Adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace;
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And (to be more than what you were) you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place
Did then co-here, and yet you would make both:
They've made themselves; and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me ——
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dasht the brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail, ——

Lady. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory (the warder of the brain)
Shall be a fume; and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only; when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan?* what not put upon
His spungy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!

For

For thy undaunted metal ſhould compoſe
Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with blood thoſe ſleepy two
Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
That they have done't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we ſhall make our griefs and clamour roar,
Upon his death?

Macb. I'm ſettled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the time with faireſt ſhow:
Falſe face muſt hide what the falſe heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *A Hall in* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Banquo, *and* Fleance *with a torch before him.*

BANQUO.

HOW goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And ſhe goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my ſword. There's husbandry in heav'n,
Their candles are all out. — Take thee that too.
A heavy ſummons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not ſleep: Merciful Pow'rs!
Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts, that nature
Gives way to in repoſe.

Enter Macbeth, *and a ſervant with a torch.*

Give me my ſword: who's there?

Macb. A friend.

Ban.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a-bed.
He hath to night been in unuſual pleaſure,
And ſent great largeſs to your officers;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of moſt kind Hoſteſs, and ſhut up
In meaſureleſs content.
Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the ſervant to defect;
Which elſe ſhould free have wrought.
Ban. All's well.
I dreamt laſt night of the three weïrd ſiſters:
To you they've ſhew'd ſome truth.
Macb. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to ſerve,
Would ſpend it in ſome words upon that buſineſs;
If you would grant the time.
Ban. At your kind leiſure.
Macb. If you ſhall cleave to my conſent, when 'tis,
It ſhall make honour for you.
Ban. So I loſe none
In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keep
My boſom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I ſhall be counſell'd.
Macb. Good repoſe the while!
Ban. Thanks, Sir; the like to you.
[*Exeunt* Banquo *and* Fleance.
Macb. Go, bid thy miſtreſs, when my drink is ready,
She ſtrike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Serv.*
Is this a dagger which I ſee before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.
Art thou not, fatal Viſion, ſenſible
To feeling as to ſight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a falſe creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed brain?
I ſee thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw. ——
Thou marſhal'ſt me the way that I was going;
And ſuch an inſtrument I was to uſe.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other ſenſes,

Or

Or elſe worth all the reſt —— I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not ſo before.—— There's no ſuch thing.—
It is the bloody buſineſs, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. — Now o'er one half the world
Nature ſeems dead, and wicked dreams abuſe
The curtain'd ſleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale *Hecate*'s offerings: and wither'd Murther,
(Alarum'd by his ſentinel, the wolf,
Whoſe howl's his watch) thus with his ſtealthy pace,
With *Tarquin*'s raviſhing ſtrides, tow'rds his deſign
Moves like a ghoſt. —— Thou ſound and firm-ſet earth,
Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about;
And take the preſent horrour from the time,
Which now ſuits with it.—Whilſt I threat, he lives—
[*A Bell rings.*
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven, or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Lady. That, which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark! peace!
It was the owl that ſhriek'd, the fatal bell-man,
Which gives the ſtern'ſt good-night — he is about it —
The doors are open; and the ſurfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with ſnores. I've drugg'd their Poſſets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? —— what ho!
Lady. Alack! I am afraid, they have awak'd;
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us — hark! —— I laid their daggers ready,

He could not miſs 'em. — Had he not reſembled
My father as he ſlept, I had done't — My husband!

Macb. I've done the deed ——— didſt thou not hear a noiſe?

Lady. I heard the owl ſcream, and the crickets cry. Did not you ſpeak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I deſcended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark! — who lies i' th' ſecond chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a ſorry ſight. [*Looks on his hands.*

Lady. A fooliſh thought, to ſay, a ſorry ſight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's ſleep, and one cry'd, Murther!
They wak'd each other; and I ſtood and heard them;
But they did ſay their prayers, and addreſs them
Again to ſleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, "God bleſs us! and, "Amen! the other;
As they had ſeen me with theſe hangman's hands.
Liſtening their fear, I could not ſay, Amen,
When they did ſay, God bleſs us.

Lady. Conſider it not ſo deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen?
I had moſt need of bleſſing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady. Theſe deeds muſt not be thought,
After theſe ways; ſo, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, "Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murther Sleep; the innocent ſleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd ſleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, ſore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's ſecond Courſe,
Chief nouriſher in life's feaſt.———

Lady. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, ſleep no more, to all the houſe;
Glamis hath murther'd ſleep, and therefore *Cawdor*

Shall

Shall ſleep no more; *Macbeth* ſhall ſleep no more!
Lady. Who was it, that thus cry'd? why, worthy *Thane*,
You do unbend your noble ſtrength, to think
So brain-ſickly of things; go, get ſome water,
And waſh this filthy witneſs from your hand.
Why did you bring theſe daggers from the place?
They muſt lye there. Go, carry them, and ſmear
The ſleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more;
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady. Infirm of purpoſe!
Give me the daggers; the ſleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it muſt ſeem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking! [*Starting.*
How is it with me, when every noiſe appals me?
What hands are here? hah! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great *Neptune*'s ocean waſh this blood
Clean from my hand? no, this my hand will rather
Thy multitudinous ſea incarnardine,
Making the green one red ——

Enter Lady.

Lady. My hands are of your colour; but I ſhame
To wear a heart ſo white; I hear a knocking [*Knock.*
At the ſouth entry. Retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How eaſie is it then? your conſtancy
Hath left you unattended — hark, more knocking!
[*Knock.*
Get on your night-gown, leſt occaſion call us,
And ſhew us to be Watchers; be not loſt,
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macb. To know my deed, 'twere beſt not know my ſelf.

Wake, *Duncan*, with this knocking: 'would, thou couldſt! [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Porter.

[*Knocking within*] *Port.* Here's a knocking, indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he ſhould have old turning the key. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i' th' name of *Belzebub?* here's a farmer, that hang'd himſelf on the expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll ſweat for't. [*Knock*] Knock, knock. Who's there i' th' other devil's name? faith, here's an equivocator, that could ſwear in both the ſcales againſt either ſcale, who committed treaſon enough for God's ſake, yet could not equivocate to heav'n: oh, come in, equivocator. [*Knock*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? faith, here's an *Engliſh* taylor come hither for ſtealing out of a *French* hoſe: come in, taylor, here you may roaſt your gooſe. [*Knock*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in ſome of all profeſſions, that go the primroſe way to th' everlaſting bonfire. [*Knock*] Anon, anon, I pray you, remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, *and* Lenox.

Macd. Was it ſo late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie ſo late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were carouſing 'till the ſecond cock:
And Drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth Drink eſpecially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, noſe-painting, ſleep, and urine. Lechery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the deſire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much Drink may be ſaid to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him, and it mars him; it ſets him on, and it takes him off; it perſuades him, and diſheartens him; makes him ſtand to, and not ſtand to; in concluſion,

ſion, equivocates him into a ſleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, Drink gave thee the lie laſt night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' th' very throat o' me; but I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too ſtrong for him, though he took up my legs ſome time, yet I made a ſhift to caſt him.

Macd. Is thy maſter ſtirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good morrow, Both.

Macd. Is the King ſtirring, worthy *Thane?*

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I've almoſt ſlipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you:
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour, we delight in, phyſicks pain;
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make ſo bold to call, for 'tis my limited ſervice. [*Exit* Macduff.

Len. Goes the King hence to day?

Macb. He did appoint ſo.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: And, as they ſay,
Lamentings heard i' th' air, ſtrange ſcreams of death,
And propheſying with accents terrible
Of dire combuſtion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woeful time:
The obſcure bird clamour'd the live-long night.
Some ſay, the earth was fev'rous, and did ſhake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror!

Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee ——

Macb. and *Len.* What's the matter?

Macd. Confuſion now hath made his maſter-piece;
Moſt ſacrilegious murther hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and ſtole thence
The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is't you ſay? the life? ——

Len. Mean you his Majeſty? ——

Macd. Approach the chamber, and deſtroy your ſight
With a new *Gorgon.*——Do not bid me ſpeak;
See, and then ſpeak your ſelves: awake! awake!
[*Exeunt* Macbeth *and* Len.
Ring the alarum-bell —— murther! and treaſon!
Banquo, and *Donalbain! Malcolm!* awake!
Shake off this downy ſleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death it ſelf — up, up, and ſee
The great Doom's image — *Malcolm! Banquo!*
As from your graves riſe up, and walk like ſprights,
(11) To countenance this horror. ——

Bell rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the buſineſs.
That ſuch an hideous trumpet calls to parley
The ſleepers of the houſe? ſpeak.

Macd. Gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can ſpeak.
The repetition in a woman's ear
Would murther as it fell — O *Banquo*, *Banquo!*

Enter

(11) *To countenance this horror.* Ring the Bell.] I have ventur'd to throw out theſe laſt Words, as no part of the Text. *Macduff* had ſaid at the Beginning of his Speech, *Ring out th' Alarum Bell*; But if the Bell had rung out immediately, not a Word of what he ſays could have been diſtinguiſh'd. *Ring the Bell*, I ſay, was a Marginal Direction in the *Prompter*'s Book for him to order the Bell to be rung, the Minute that *Macduff* ceaſes ſpeaking.

In proof of this, we may obſerve, that the Hemiſtich ending

Enter Banquo.

Our royal maſter's murther'd.
Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our houſe? ———
Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Macduff, I pr'ythee, contradict thy ſelf,
And ſay, it is not ſo.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox, *and* Roſſe.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a bleſſed time: for, from this inſtant,
There's nothing ſerious in mortality;
All is but toys; Renown, and Grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter Malcolm, *and* Donalbain.

Don. What is amiſs?
Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The ſpring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is ſtopt; the very ſource of it is ſtopt.
Macd. Your royal father's murther'd.
Mal. Oh, by whom?
Len. Thoſe of his chamber, as it ſeem'd, had done't;
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows; they ſtar'd and were diſtracted;
No man's life was to be truſted with them.
Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them. ———
Macd. Wherefore did you ſo?
Macb. Who can be wiſe, amaz'd, temp'rate and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.

ing *Macduff*'s ſpeech, and That beginning Lady *Macbeth*'s, make up a compleat Verſe. Now if *Ring the Bell* had been a part of the Text, can we imagine the Poet would have begun the Lady's ſpeech with a broken Line?

The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauſer, Reaſon. Here, lay *Duncan*;
His ſilver ſkin laced with his golden blood,
And his gaſh'd Stabs look'd like a breach in Nature,
For Ruin's waſteful entrance; there, the murtherers;
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! —— [*Seeming to faint.*

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That moſt may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,
Where our Fate, hid within an augre-hole,
May ruſh, and ſeize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our ſtrong ſorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady; [*Lady* Macbeth *is carried out.*
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That ſuffer in expoſure, let us meet,
And queſtion this moſt bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and ſcruples ſhake us.
In the great hand of God I ſtand, and thence,
Againſt the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So, all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readineſs,
And meet i' th' hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt.*

Mal. What will you do? let's not conſort with them:
To ſhew an unfelt ſorrow, is an office
Which the falſe man does eaſie. I'll to *England.*

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our ſeparated fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer; where we are,
There's daggers in men's ſmiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal.

Mal. This murtherous ſhaft, that's ſhot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our ſafeſt way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horſe;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But ſhift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which ſteals it ſelf when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *the Outſide of* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter Roſſe, *with an old Man.*

Old Man. THreeſcore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time, I've ſeen
Hours dreadful, and things ſtrange; but this ſore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Roſſe. Ah, good father,
Thou ſeeſt, the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten this bloody ſtage: by th' clock, 'tis day;
And yet dark night ſtrangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's ſhame,
That darkneſs does the face of earth intomb,
When living light ſhould kiſs it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the Deed that's done. On *Tueſday* laſt,
A faulcon, towring in her pride of place,
Was by a mouſing owl hawkt at, and kill'd.

Roſſe. And *Duncan*'s horſes, (a thing moſt ſtrange and certain!) (12)
Beauteous and ſwift, the minions of the Race,

(12) *And* Duncan's *Horſes, (a Thing moſt ſtrange and certain!) Beauteous and ſwift, the Minions of* their *Race.*]
I am pretty certain, all the Copies have err'd, one after another, in this Reading: and that I have reſtor'd the true One. The Poet does not mean, that they were the beſt of their Breed; but that they were *excellent Racers*: in which Senſe he very poetically calls them, the *Minions* of the *Race*. This is a Mode of Expreſſion, which he ſeems very fond of.

Turn'd wild in nature, broke their ſtalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainſt obedience, as they would
Make war with man.

Old M. 'Tis ſaid, they eat each other.

Roſſe. They did ſo; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff.*
How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, ſee you not?

Roſſe. Is't known, who did this more than bloody
Deed?

Macd. Thoſe, that *Macbeth* hath ſlain.

Roſſe. Alas, the day!
What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were ſuborn'd;
Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two Sons,
Are ſtol'n away and fled; which puts upon them
Suſpicion of the Deed.

Roſſe. 'Gainſt nature ſtill; ———
Thriftleſs ambition! that wilt ravin up
Thine own life's means — Then 'tis moſt like,
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth?*

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*
To be inveſted.

Roſſe. Where is *Duncan*'s body?

Macd. Carried to *Colmes-hill*,
The ſacred ſtorehouſe of his Predeceſſors,
And guardian of their bones.

Roſſe. Will you to *Scone?*

Macd. No, Couſin, I'll to *Fife.*

Roſſe. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you ſee things well done there;
adieu;)
Leſt our old robes ſit eaſier than our new!

Roſſe. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's beniſon go with you, and with thoſe
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

THOU haſt it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all
The weïrd women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou plaid'ſt moſt foully for't: yet it was ſaid,
It ſhould not ſtand in thy Poſterity;
But that myſelf ſhould be the root, and father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their ſpeeches ſhine)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my Oracles as well,
And ſet me up in hope? but, huſh, no more.

Trumpets ſound. *Enter* Macbeth *as King*, *Lady* Macbeth, Lenox, Roſſe, *Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief gueſt.
Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feaſt,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To night we hold a ſolemn ſupper, Sir,
And I'll requeſt your preſence.
Ban. Lay your Highneſs'
Command upon me; to the which, my Duties
Are with a moſt indiſſoluble tye
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We ſhould have elſe deſir'd
Your good advice (which ſtill hath been both grave
And proſperous) in this day's Council; but
We'll take to morrow. Is it far you ride?
Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time

'Twixt

'Twixt this and ſupper. Go not my horſe the better,
I muſt become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feaſt.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody Couſins are beſtow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*; not confeſſing
Their cruel Parricide, filling their hearers
With ſtrange invention; but of That to morrow;
When therewithal we ſhall have cauſe of State,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horſe: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wiſh your horſes ſwift, and ſure of foot:
And ſo I do commend you to their backs.
Farewel. [*Exit* Banquo.
Let ev'ry man be maſter of his time (13)
'Till ſeven at night; to make ſociety
The ſweeter welcome, we will keep our ſelf
'Till ſupper-time alone: till then, God be with you.
[*Exeunt Lady* Macbeth, *and Lords.*

Manent Macbeth, *and a Servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend thoſe men
Our pleaſure?

Ser. They are, my lord, without the Palace-gate.

(13) *Let ev'ry Man be Maſter of his Time*
Till ſev'n at night, to make Society
The ſweeter welcome: We will keep our ſelf
Till Supper Time alone.] I am ſurpriz'd, none of the Editors ſhould quarrel with the Pointing. How could ev'ry Man's being Maſter of his own Time till Night, make Society then the ſweeter? for, ſo, every Man might have gone into Company in the mean while, and paſſ'd himſelf for the Night's Entertainment. My Regulation, I dare warrant, retrieves the Poet's Meaning, "Let every Man (ſays the King,) be Maſter "of his own time till Seven o' Clock: and that I may have the "ſtronger Enjoyment of your Companies then, I'll abſtain from "all Company till Supper-time."

Macb.

Macb. Bring them before us —— To be thus, is nothing; [*Exit serv.*
But to be safely thus. —— Our fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep; and in his Royalty of Nature
Reigns That, which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none but he,
Whose Being I do fear: and, under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Antony's was by *Cæsar*. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the name of King upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, Prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,
For *Banquo*'s issue have I fil'd my mind:
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd:
Put rancours in the vessel of my Peace
Only for them: and mine eternal jewel
Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
To make them Kings: the Seed of *Banquo* Kings:
Rather than so, come Fate into the list,
And champion me to th' utterance! —— who's there?

Enter Servant, and two Murtherers.

Go to the door, and stay there, 'till we call.
[*Exit Servant.*
Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
Mur. It was, so please your Highness.
Macb. Well then, now
You have consider'd of my speeches? know,
That it was he, in the time past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self; this I made good to you
In our last conf'rence, past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how croft; the instruments;

Who

Who wrought with them: and all things elſe, that might
To half a ſoul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

1 *Mur.* True, you made it known.

Macb. I did ſo; and went further, which is now
Our point of ſecond meeting. Do you find
Your Patience ſo predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? are you ſo goſpell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his iſſue,
Whoſe heavy hand hath bow'd you to the Grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 *Mur.* We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, ſpaniels, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Diſtinguiſhes the ſwift, the ſlow, the ſubtle,
The houſe-keeper, the hunter; every one
According to the gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and ſo of men.
Now, if you have a ſtation in the file,
And not in the worſt rank of manhood, ſay it;
And I will put that buſineſs in your boſoms,
Whoſe execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but ſickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have ſo incens'd, that I am reckleſs what
I do, to ſpite the world.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with diſaſters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would ſet my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know, *Banquo* was your enemy.

Mur. True, my lord.

Macb.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his Being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd Power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my Will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his Fall,
Whom I my self struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives ———

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. In this hour at most,
I will advise you where to plant your selves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'th' time,
The moment on't; (for't must be done to night,
And something from the Palace: always thought,
That I require a Clearness:) and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the Work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
(Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his father's) must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve your selves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
[*Exeunt Murtherers.*
It is concluded; — *Banquo*, thy Soul's flight,
If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Lady Macbeth, *and a Servant.*

Lady. IS *Banquo* gone from Court?

Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to night.

Lady.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leiſure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Lady. Nought's had, all's ſpent,
Where our deſire is got without content:
'Tis ſafer to be That which we deſtroy,
Than by deſtruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone?
Of ſorrieſt fancies your companions making,
Uſing thoſe thoughts, which ſhould, indeed, have dy'd
With them they think on? things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have ſcotch'd the ſnake, not kill'd it—(14)
She'll cloſe, and be herſelf; whilſt our poor malice

(14) *We have* ſcorch'd *the Snake, not kill'd it,*
She'll cloſe, and be herſelf;] This is a Paſſage, which has all along paſſed current thro' the Editions, and yet, I dare affirm, is not our Author's Reading. What has a Snake, *cloſing* again, to do with its being *ſcorch'd?* Scorching would never either *ſeparate*, or *dilate*, its Parts; but rather make them inſtantly *contract* and *ſhrivel*. SHAKESPEARE, I am very well perſuaded, had this Notion in his head; that if you cut a Serpent or Worm aſunder, in ſeveral Pieces, there is ſuch an unctuous Quality in their Blood, that the diſmember'd Parts, being only placed near enough to touch one another, will cement and become as whole as before the Injury receiv'd. The Application of this Thought is to *Duncan*, the murder'd King, and his ſurviving Sons. *Macbeth* conſiders them ſo much as Members of the Father, that tho' he has cut off the Old Man, he would ſay, he has not entirely kill'd him, but he'll revive again in the Lives of his Sons. Can we doubt therefore but that the Poet wrote, as I have reſtor'd to the Text,

We have ſcotch'd *the Snake, not kill'd it?*

To *ſcotch*, however the generality of our Dictionaries happen to omit the Word, ſignifies, to *notch*, *ſlaſh*, *hack*, *cut*, with Twigs, Swords, &c. and ſo our Poet more than once has uſed it in his Works.

Remains

Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let both worlds disjoint, and all things ſuffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and ſleep
In the affliction of theſe terrible Dreams,
That ſhake us nightly. Better be with the Dead,
(Whom we, to gain our Place, have ſent to Peace)
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In reſtleſs ecſtaſie. —— *Duncan* is in his Grave;
After life's fitful fever, he ſleeps well;
Treaſon has done his worſt; nor ſteel, nor poiſon,
Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further!

Lady. Come on;
Gentle my lord, ſleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright, and jovial, 'mong your gueſts to night.

Macb. So ſhall I, Love; and ſo, I pray, be you;
Let your remembrance ſtill apply to *Banquo.*
Preſent him Eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unſafe the while, that we muſt lave our honours
In theſe ſo flatt'ring ſtreams, and make our faces
Vizors t'our hearts, diſguiſing what they are! ——

Lady. You muſt leave this.

Macb. O, full of ſcorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'ſt, that *Banquo,* and his *Fleance,* lives.

Lady. But in them Nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are aſſailable;
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the Bat hath flown
His cloyſter'd flight, ere to black *Hecat*'s ſummons
The ſhard-born beetle with his drowſie hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there ſhall be done
A Deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, deareſt chuck,
'Till thou applaud the Deed: come, ſeeling Night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and inviſible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the Crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood:

Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze.
Thou marvell'ſt at my words; but hold thee ſtill;
Things, bad begun, make ſtrong themſelves by Ill:
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Park; the Caſtle at a diſtance.*

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* BUT who did bid thee join with us?
3 *Mur. Macbeth.*
2 *Mur.* He needs not our Miſtruſt, ſince he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction juſt.
1 *Mur.* Then ſtand with us.
The weſt yet glimmers with ſome ſtreaks of day;
Now ſpurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The ſubject of our watch.
3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horſes.
Banquo. [*within.*] Give us light there, ho!
2 *Mur.* Then it is he: the reſt,
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i'th' Court.
1 *Mur.* His horſes go about.
3 *Mur.* Almoſt a mile: but he does uſually,
(So all men do,) from hence to th' Palace-gate
Make it their Walk.

Enter Banquo *and* Fleance, *with a Torch.*

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.
3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.
1 *Mur.* Stand to't.
Ban. It will be rain to night.
1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They aſſault* Banquo.
Ban. Oh, treachery!
Fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,

Thou

Thou may'ſt revenge. Oh ſlave!

[*Dies.* Fleance *eſcapes.*

3 *Mur.* Who did ſtrike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but One down; the ſon
Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We've loſt beſt half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and ſay how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Room of State in the Caſtle.*

A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, *Lady*, Roſſe, Lenox, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. YOU know your own degrees, ſit down:
At firſt and laſt, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majeſty.

Macb. Our ſelf will mingle with ſociety,
And play the humble Hoſt:
Our Hoſteſs keeps her State, but in beſt time
We will require her welcome. [*They ſit.*

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends,
For my heart ſpeaks, they're welcome.

Enter firſt Murtherer.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both ſides are even: here I'll ſit i' th' midſt;
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a meaſure
The table round —— There's blood upon thy face.

[*To the Murtherer, aſide, at the door.*

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo*'s then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.
Is he diſpatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut, That I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the beſt of cut-throats; yet he's good,
That did the like for *Fleance:* if thou didſt it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Moſt royal Sir,

Fleance

Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock;
As broad, and gen'ral, as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy Doubts and Fears. But *Banquo*'s safe? ——

Mur. Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that;
There the grown serpent lies: the worm, that's fled,
Hath Nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow
We'll hear't our selves again. [*Exit Murtherer.*

Lady. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is sold,
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making;
'Tis given, with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sawce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it,

[*The Ghost of* Banquo *rises, and sits in* Macbeth's *place.*

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your Highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our Country's Honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present, ——
(Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!)

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full. [*Starting.*

Len. Here's a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord.
What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb.

Macb. Thou can'ſt not ſay, I did it: never ſhake
Thy goary locks at me.
Roſſe. Gentlemen, riſe; his Highneſs is not well.
Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep ſeat.
The Fit is momentary, on a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him,
You ſhall offend him, and extend his paſſion;
Feed, and regard him not. —— Are you a man?
[*To* Macb. *aſide.*
Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on That,
Which might appal the Devil.
Lady. O proper ſtuff!
This is the very Painting of your fear; [*aſide.*
This is the air-drawn-dagger, which, you ſaid,
Led you to *Duncan.* Oh, theſe flaws and ſtarts
(Impoſtors to true fear,) would well become
A woman's ſtory at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame it ſelf! ——
Why do you make ſuch faces? when all's done,
You look but on a ſtool.
Macb. Pr'ythee, ſee there!
Behold! look! lo! how ſay you?
[*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*
Why, what care I? if thou canſt nod, ſpeak too. —
If Charnel-houſes and our Graves muſt ſend
Thoſe, that we bury, back; our Monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. [*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*
Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?
Macb. If I ſtand here, I ſaw him. ——
Lady. Fie, for ſhame!
Macb. Blood hath been ſhed ere now, i'th' olden time,
Ere human Statute purg'd the gen'ral weal; (15)

(15) *Ere human Statute purg'd the* gentle *Weal.*] Thus all the Editions: but Mr. *Warburton* very juſtly advis'd, as I have reform'd the Text, *gen'ral* Weal.: "And it is a very fine *Peri-*
"*phraſis* (ſays He) to ſignify, *ere civil Societies were inſtituted.*
"For the early Murders recorded in Scripture, are here alluded
"to: and *Macbeth*'s apologizing for Murder from the Antiquity
"of the Example, is very natural."

Ay,

Ay, and ſince too, Murthers have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they riſe again
With twenty mortal Murthers on their crowns,
And puſh us from our ſtools; this is more ſtrange
Than ſuch a murther is.

Lady. My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.——
Do not muſe at me, my moſt worthy friends,
I have a ſtrange Infirmity, which is nothing
To thoſe that know me. Come, Love and Health to all!
Then I'll ſit down: give me ſome wine, fill full ——
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo*, whom we miſs;
'Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirſt,
And all to all.

Lords. Our Duties, and the Pledge.

[*The Ghoſt riſes again.*

Macb. Avant, and quit my ſight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrrowleſs, thy blood is cold;
Thou haſt no ſpeculation in thoſe eyes,
Which thou doſt glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of cuſtom; 'tis no other;
Only it ſpoils the pleaſure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach Thou like the rugged *Ruſſian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrcanian* tyger,
Take any ſhape but That, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the Deſert with thy ſword;
If trembling I inhibit, then proteſt me
The baby of a girl. Hence, terrible ſhadow!
Unreal mock'ry, hence! Why, ſo, — being gone,

[*The Ghoſt vaniſhes.*

I am a man again: pray you, ſit ſtill. [*The Lords riſe.*

Lady. You have diſplac'd the mirth, broke the good Meeting With

With moſt admir'd diſorder.
Macb. Can ſuch things be,
And overcome us like a Summer's cloud,
Without our ſpecial wonder? You make me ſtrange
Ev'n to the diſpoſition that I owe,
When now I think, you can behold ſuch ſights;
And keep the natural Ruby of your Cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.
Roſſe. What ſights, my lord?
Lady. I pray you, ſpeak not; he grows worſe and worſe;
Queſtion enrages him: at once good night.
Stand not upon the Order of your Going,
But go at once.
Len. Good night, and better health
Attend his Majeſty!
Lady. Good night, to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*
Macb. It will have blood, they ſay; blood will have blood;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to ſpeak;
Augurs, that underſtood relations, have
By mag-pies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth
The ſecret'ſt man of blood. — What is the night?
Lady. Almoſt at odds with morning, which is which.
Macb. How ſay'ſt thou, that *Macduff* denies his perſon,
At our great bidding?
Lady. Did you ſend to him, Sir?
Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will ſend:
There's not a *Thane* of them, but in his houſe (16)
I keep a ſervant fee'd. I will to morrow
(Betimes I will) unto the weird ſiſters:

More

(16) *There is not* One *of them,*] Thus the modern Editors. But, *One* of *Whom? Macbeth* has juſt ſaid, that he heard, *Macduff* meant to diſobey his Summons: and he would immediately ſubjoin, that there is not a Man of *Macduff*'s Quality in the Kingdom, but He has a Spy under his Roof. This is underſtood, not expreſs'd, as the Text as yet has ſtood: The old *Folio's* give us the Paſſage thus;

There's not a one *of them*——

Here

More ſhall they ſpeak; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worſt means, the worſt, for mine own good.
All cauſes ſhall give way; I am in blood
Stept in ſo far, that, ſhould I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which muſt be acted, ere they may be ſcann'd.

Lady. You lack the Seaſon of all Natures, Sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to ſleep; my ſtrange and ſelf-abuſe
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard uſe:
We're yet but young in Deed. (17) [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 *Witch.* WHY, how now, *Hecat'*, you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reaſon, Beldams, as you are?
Sawcy, and over-bold! how did you dare
To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,
In riddles and affairs of death?
And I, the miſtreſs of your Charms,
The cloſe contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or ſhew the glory of our Art?
And, which is worſe, all you have done

Here we again meet with a deprav'd Reading; but it is ſuch a One, as, I am perſuaded, has led me to the Poet's true Word and Meaning.

There's not a Thane *of them*,

i. e. a Nobleman: and ſo the Peers of *Scotland* were all call'd, till Earls were created by *Malcolme* the Son of *Duncan*.

(17) *We're yet but young* indeed.] If we tranſpoſe theſe Words, we ſhall find, they amount to no more than This, *We are yet* indeed *but young*. But this is far from comprizing either the Poet's, or *Macbeth*'s, Meaning. I read,——*in Deed*, i. e. but little inur'd yet to Acts of Blood and Cruelty: for Time and Practice harden Villains in their Trade, who are timorous till ſo harden'd.

Hath

Hath been but for a weyward ſon;
Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now; get you gone,
And at the pit of *Acheron*
Meet me i'th' morning: thither he
Will come, to know his deſtiny;
Your veſſels and your ſpells provide,
Your Charms and every thing beſide.
I am for th' Air: this night I'll ſpend
Unto a diſmal, fatal end.
Great buſineſs muſt be wrought ere noon:
Upon the corner of the Moon
There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;
I'll catch it ere it come to ground;
And That, diſtill'd by magick ſlights,
Shall raiſe ſuch artificial ſprights,
As, by the ſtrength of their illuſion,
Shall draw him on to his confuſion.
He ſhall ſpurn fate, ſcorn death, and bear
His hopes 'bove wiſdom, grace, and fear:
And, you all know, Security
Is mortals' chiefeſt enemy. [*Muſick and a Song.*
Hark, I am call'd; my little ſpirit, ſee,
Sits in the foggy cloud, and ſtays for me.
[*Sing within. Come away, come away,* &c.
1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haſte, ſhe'll ſoon be back again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a chamber.*

Enter Lenox, *and another Lord.*

Len. MY former ſpeeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I ſay,
Things have been ſtrangely borne. The gracious *Duncan*
Was pitied of *Macbeth* —— marry, he was dead: ——
And the right-valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom, you may ſay, if't pleaſe you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: men muſt not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how monſtrous too

It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!
How did it grieve *Macbeth?* did he not ſtraight
In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
That were the ſlaves of drink, and thralls of ſleep?
Was not that nobly done? ay, wiſely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
To hear the men deny't. So, that, I ſay,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That had he *Duncan*'s ſons under his key,
(As, an't pleaſe heav'n, he ſhall not;) they ſhould find
What 'twere to kill a father: ſo ſhould *Fleance*.
But peace! for from broad words, and 'cauſe he fail'd
His preſence at the tyrant's feaſt, I hear,
Macduff lives in diſgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he beſtows himſelf?

Lord. The Son of *Duncan*, (18)
From whom this tyrant holds the due of Birth,

Lives

(18) *The* Sons *of* Duncan

From whom this Tyrant holds the Due of Birth,] I have ſet right this Paſſage againſt the Authority of our unobſerving Editors. And the Proofs of my Emendation are obvious. In the firſt place, *Macbeth* could not be ſaid to hold the Due of Birth from Both *Duncan*'s Sons. The Succeſſion to the Crown was the Right of *Malcolm*; and *Donalbain* could have no Right to it, as long as his Elder Brother or any of his Iſſue were in Being. In the next place, the Sons of *Duncan* did not Both ſhelter in the *Engliſh* Court. Upon the Diſcovery of their Father's Murder, we find them thus determining.

Malc. ——————*I'll to* England.
Donal. *To* Ireland *I*; *our* ſeparated Fortune
Shall keep us both the ſafer.——

This Determination, 'tis plain, they immediately put into Act, or *Macbeth* had very ill Intelligence:

We hear, our bloody Couſins are beſtow'd
In England *and in* Ireland.

Nor were they together, even at the time when *Malcolm* diſputed his Right with *Macbeth*.

Who knows, if Donalbain *be with his Brother?*
Len. *For certain, Sir, he is* not.

Beſides, *Hector Boethius* and *Holingſhead* (the latter of whom our

Lives in the *Engliſh* Court; and is receiv'd
Of the moſt pious *Edward* with ſuch grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high reſpect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Siward*;
That by the help of theſe, (with Him above
To ratifie the work,) we may again
Give to our tables meat, ſleep to our nights;
Free from our feaſts and banquets bloody knives;
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath ſo exaſp'rated their King, that he
Prepares for ſome attempt of War.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff?*

Lord. He did; and with an abſolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy meſſenger turns me his back,
And hums; as who ſhould ſay, " you'll rue the time,
" That clogs me with this anſwer.

Len. And that well might
Adviſe him to a care to hold what diſtance
His wiſdom can provide. Some holy Angel
Fly to the Court of *England*, and unfold
His meſſage ere he come; that a ſwift Bleſſing
May ſoon return to this our ſuffering Country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll ſend my pray'rs with him. [*Exeunt.*

our Author preciſely follows;) both inform us, that *Donalbain* remain'd in *Ireland* till the Death of *Malcolm* and his Queen; and then, indeed, he came over, invaded *Scotland*, and wreſted the Crown from One of his Nephews.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a dark Cave; in the middle, a great Cauldron burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 WITCH.

THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.
2 *Witch.* Twice, and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3 *Witch. Harper* crys, 'tis time, 'tis time.
1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,
In the poiſon'd entrails throw.

[*They march round the cauldron, and throw in the ſeveral ingredients as for the preparation of their Charm.*

Toad that under the cold ſtone,
Days and nights has, thirty one,
Swelter'd venom ſleeping got;
Boil thou firſt i'th' charmed pot.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
1 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny ſnake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog;
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's ſting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:
For a Charm of pow'rful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf

Of

Of the ravening ſalt ſea-ſhark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i'th' dark;
Liver of blaſpheming *Jew:*
Gall of goat, and ſlips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipſe;
Noſe of *Turk*, and *Tartar*'s lips;
Finger of birth-ſtrangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick, and ſlab.
Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, *and other three Witches.*

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
And every one ſhall ſhare i'th' gains.
And now about the cauldron ſing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Muſick and a Song.

Black ſpirits and white,
Blue ſpirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you ſecret, black, and midnight hags?
What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profeſs,
(Howe'er you come to know it) anſwer me.
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight

Againſt the churches; though the yeſty waves
Confound and ſwallow Navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
Though caſtles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do ſlope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treaſure
Of Nature's Germins tumble all together, (19)
Even till deſtruction ſicken: anſwer me
To what I ask you.

1 *Witch.* Speak.

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll anſwer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if th' hadſt rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our maſters?

Macb. Call 'em: let me ſee 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in ſow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; greaſe, that's ſweaten
From the murth'rer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame:

All. Come high or low:
Thy ſelf and office deftly ſhow. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of an armed head riſes.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown Power——

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:
Hear his ſpeech, but ſay thou nought.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware *Macduff!*
Beware the *Thane* of *Fife*——diſmiſs me—— enough.
[*Deſcends.*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good Caution, thanks.
Thou'ſt harp'd my fear aright. But one word more——

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded; here's another

(19) ——*Tho' the Treaſure*
Of Nature's germains *tumble all together,*]
Thus all the printed Copies; and Mr. *Pope* has explain'd *Germains* by *Kindred:* but I have already prov'd in a Note upon *K. Lear,* that we muſt read, *Germins,* i. e. Seeds.

More

More potent than the firſt. [*Thunder.*

Apparition of a bloody child riſes.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and reſolute; laugh to ſcorn
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.* [*Deſcends.*

Macb. Then live, *Macduff:* what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make aſſurance double ſure,
And take a bond of Fate; thou ſhalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lyes;
And ſleep in ſpight of thunder. [*Thunders.*

Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, riſes.

What is this,
That riſes like the iſſue of a King,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of Sovereignty?

All. Liſten, but ſpeak not.

App. Be lion-nettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conſpirers are:
Macbeth ſhall never vanquiſh'd be, until
Great *Birnam*-wood to *Dunſinane*'s high hill
Shall come againſt him. [*Deſcends.*

Mach. That will never be:
Who can impreſs the foreſt, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
Rebellious head riſe never, 'till the wood (20)

Of

(20) *Rebellious* Dead, *riſe never till the Wood*
Of Birnam *riſe*, &c.] Thus all the Impreſſions, from the very Beginning, exhibit this Paſſage: but I cannot imagine what Notion the Editors could have of the *Dead* being *rebellious*. It looks to me, as if they were content to believe the Poet genuine, wherever he was myſterious beyond being underſtood. The Emendation of one Letter gives us clear Senſe, and the very Thing which *Macbeth* ſhould be ſuppos'd to ſay here. We muſt reſtore

Of *Birnam* riſe, and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the leaſe of Nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal cuſtom! —— Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your Art
Can tell ſo much) ſhall *Banquo*'s iſſue ever
Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The Cauldron ſinks into the Ground.*

Macb. I will be ſatisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curſe fall on you! let me know,
Why ſinks that cauldron? and what noiſe is this?

[*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like ſhadows, ſo depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and paſs over in order, and* (21) Banquo; *the laſt, with a glaſs in his hand.*

Macb. Thou art too like the ſpirit of *Banquo*; down!
Thy crown does ſear mine eye-balls. —— And thy hair
(Thou other gold-bound brow) is like the firſt ——

Rebellious Head *riſe never,* ——

i. e. Let Rebellion never make Head againſt me, till a Foreſt move, and I ſhall reign long enough in Safety.

(21) *Eight Kings appear and paſs over in order, and* Banquo *laſt, with a Glaſs in his hand.*] The Editors could not help blundering even in this Stage-Direction. For 'tis not *Banquo*, who brings the Glaſs; as is evident from the following Speech:

And yet the Eighth *appears, who* bears *a* Glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more: and Some *I ſee,*
That twofold Balls, *and* treble Scepters *carry.*

I have quoted the laſt Line, becauſe it will not be amiſs to obſerve, that this fine Play, 'tis probable, was not writ till after *Q. Elizabeth*'s Death. Theſe Apparitions, tho' very properly ſhewn with Regard to *Macbeth*, yet are more artfully ſo, when we conſider the Addreſs of the Poet in complimenting K. *James* I. here upon his uniting *Scotland* to *England:* and when we conſider too, that the Family of the *Stuarts* are ſaid to be the direct Deſcendents from *Banquo*.

A third is like the former —— filthy hags!
Why do you ſhew me this? ——— A fourth? —— Start,
eye!
What! will the line ſtretch out to th' crack of Doom? —
Another yet? ——— A ſeventh! I'll ſee no more ——
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glaſs,
Which ſhews me many more; and ſome I ſee,
That twofold balls and treble ſcepters carry.
Horrible ſight! nay, now, I ſee, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this ſo?

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is ſo. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?
Come, ſiſters, chear we up his ſprights,
And ſhew the beſt of our delights;
I'll charm the Air to give a Sound,
While you perform your antick round:
That this great King may kindly ſay,
Our duties did his welcome pay. [*Muſick.*

[*The witches dance and vaniſh.*

Macb. Where are they? gone? — Let this pernicious
hour
Stand ay accurſed in the kalendar!
Come in, without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?
Macb. Saw you the weïrd ſiſters?
Len. No, my lord.
Macb. Came they not by you?
Len. No, indeed, my lord.
Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all thoſe that truſt them! I did hear
The galloping of horſe. Who was't came by?
Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you
word,
Macduff is fled to *England.*
Macb. Fled to *England?*
Len. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. Time, thou anticipat'ſt my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done!
The Castle of *Macduff* I will surprise,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to the edge o' th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights. Where are these gentlemen?
Come bring me where they are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Macduff's *Castle at* Fife.

Enter Lady Macduff, *her Son, and* Rosse.

L. Macd. WHAT had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none;
His flight was madness; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? he loves us not,
He wants the nat'ral touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl:
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My Dearest Cousin,
I pray you, school your self; but for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' th' season. I dare not speak much further,

But

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourſelves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;
But float upon a wild and violent ſea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
Things at the worſt will ceaſe, or elſe climb upward
To what they were before: My pretty Couſin,
Bleſſing upon you?

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherleſs.

Roſſe. I am ſo much a fool, ſhould I ſtay longer,
It would be my diſgrace, and your diſcomfort,
I take my leave at once. [*Exit* Roſſe.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now? how will you live?

Son. As birds do, Mother.

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies?

Son. On what I get, I mean; and ſo do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird! Thou'dſt never fear the net, nor lime:
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why ſhould I, Mother? poor birds, they are not ſet for.
My father is not dead for all your Saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to ſell again.

L. Macd. Thou ſpeak'ſt with all thy wit, and yet, i'faith,
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that ſwears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do ſo?

L. Macd. Every one, that does ſo, is a traitor, and muſt be hang'd.

Son. And muſt they all be hang'd, that ſwear and lie?

L. Macd.

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who muſt hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honeſt men.

Son. Then the liars and ſwearers are fools; for there are liars and ſwearers enow to beat the honeſt men, and hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! but how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good ſign that I ſhould quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratler! how thou talk'ſt?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Bleſs you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your ſtate of honour I am perfect;
I doubt, ſome danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too ſavage;
To do worſe to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your perſon. Heav'n preſerve you!
I dare abide no longer. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

L. Macd. Whither ſhould I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now,
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm
Is often laudable; to do good, ſometime
Accounted dang'rous folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To ſay, I'd done no harm?——what are theſe faces?

Enter Murtherers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place ſo unſanctified,
Where ſuch as thou may'ſt find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'ſt, thou ſhag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*
Young fry of treachery?

Son.

Son. He'as kill'd me, mother.
Run away, pray you.
[*Exit L.* Macduff, *crying Murther*; *Murtherers purſue her.*

SCENE *changes to the King of* England's *Palace.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Macduff.

Mal. LET us ſeek out ſome deſolate ſhade, and there
Weep our ſad boſoms empty.
Macd. Let us rather
Hold faſt the mortal ſword; and, like good men,
Beſtride our downfal birth-doom: each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry; new ſorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it reſounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like ſyllables of dolour.
Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redreſs,
As I ſhall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have ſpoke, it may be ſo, perchance;
This tyrant, whoſe ſole name bliſters our tongues,
Was once thought honeſt: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young; but ſomething (22)
You may deſerve of him through me, and wiſdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
T' appeaſe an angry God.
Macd. I am not treacherous.
Mal. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial Charge. I crave your pardon:

(22) ——————— *I'm young, but ſomething*
You may diſcern *of him through me*, &c.] If the whole Tenour of the Context could not have convinced our blind Editors, that we ought to read *deſerve* inſtead of *diſcern*, (as I have corrected in the Text,) yet *Macduff*'s Anſwer, ſure, might have given them ſome light, ——*I am not treacherous.*

That

That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright ſtill, though the brighteſt fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of Grace,
Yet Grace muſt look ſtill ſo.

Macd. I've loſt my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, ev'n there, where I did find my doubts.
Why in that rawneſs left you wife and children,
Thoſe precious motives, thoſe ſtrong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? — I pray you,
Let not my jealouſies be your diſhonours,
But mine own ſafeties: you may be rightly juſt,
Whatever I ſhall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor Country!
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Baſis ſure,
For goodneſs dares not check thee! Wear thou thy wrongs,
His title is affear'd. Fare thee well, lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'ſt,
For the whole ſpace that's in the tyrant's graſp,
And the rich Eaſt to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I ſpeak not as in abſolute fear of you.
I think, our country ſinks beneath the yoak;
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gaſh
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my Right:
And here from gracious *England* have I Offer
Of goodly thouſands. But for all this,
When I ſhall tread upon the Tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my ſword, yet my poor Country
Shall have more vices than it had before;
More ſuffer, and more ſundry ways than ever,
By him that ſhall ſucceed.

Macd. What ſhould he be?

Mal. It is my ſelf I mean, in whom I know
All the particulars of vice ſo graſted,
That, when they ſhall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will ſeem as pure as ſnow, and the poor State
Eſteem him as a lamb, being compar'd

With

With my confineleſs harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
In Evils to top *Macbeth.*

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, falſe, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, ſmacking of ev'ry ſin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuouſneſs: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The ciſtern of my luſt; and my deſire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,
That did oppoſe my will. Better *Macbeth,*
Than ſuch an one to reign.

Macd. Boundleſs intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleaſures in a ſpacious plenty,
And yet ſeem cold, the time you may ſo hoodwink:
We've willing dames enough; there cannot be
That Vulture in you to devour ſo many,
As will to Greatneſs dedicate themſelves,
Finding it ſo inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my moſt ill-compos'd affection, ſuch
A ſtanchleſs Avarice, that, were I King,
I ſhould cut off the Nobles for their lands;
Deſire his jewels, and this other's houſe;
And my more-having would be as a ſawce
To make me hunger more; that I ſhould forge
Quarrels unjuſt againſt the good and loyal,
Deſtroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root (23)
Than

(23) ——— *grows with more pernicious Root*
*Than ſummer-*ſeeming *Luſt.*] Mr. *Warburton* concurr'd with me in obſerving, that *Summer-ſeeming* has no Manner of Senſe;

Than ſummer-teeming luſt; and it hath been
The Sword of our ſlain Kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foyſons, to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All theſe are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Macd. But I have none; the King-becoming graces,
As juſtice, verity, temp'rance, ſtableneſs,
Bounty, perſev'rance, mercy, lowlineſs,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no reliſh of them, but abound
In the diviſion of each ſeveral crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I ſhould
Pour the ſweet milk of Concord into Hell,
Uproar the univerſal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh *Scotland! Scotland!* ———

Mal. If ſuch a one be fit to govern, ſpeak:
I am as I have ſpoken.

Macd. Fit to govern?
No, not to live. O nation miſerable,
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-ſceptred!
When ſhalt thou ſee thy wholeſome days again?
Since that the trueſt Iſſue of thy Throne
By his own interdiction ſtands accurſt,
And does blaſpheme his Breed. Thy royal father
Was a moſt ſainted King; the Queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day ſhe liv'd. Oh, fare thee well!
Theſe evils, thou repeat'ſt upon thy ſelf,
Have baniſh'd me from *Scotland*. Oh, my breaſt!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble Paſſion,
Child of integrity, hath from my ſoul

Senſe: We therefore Both corrected conjecturally,
Than Summer-teeming *Luſt*.
i. e. the Paſſion, which laſts no longer than the *Heat* of Life, and which goes off in the *Winter* of Age. Beſides, the Metaphor is much more juſt by our Emendation; for Summer is the Seaſon in which Weeds get Strength, grow rank, and dilate themſelves.

Wip'd

Wip'd the black ſcruples; reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Deviliſh *Macbeth*
By many of theſe trains hath ſought to win me
Into his pow'r: and modeſt wiſdom plucks me
From over-credulous haſte; But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put my ſelf to thy direction, and
Unſpeak mine own detraction; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon my ſelf,
For ſtrangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman, never was forſworn,
Scarely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No leſs in truth, than life: my firſt falſe-ſpeaking
Was this upon my ſelf. What I am truly,
Is thine, and my poor Country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old *Siward* with ten thouſand warlike men,
All ready at a point, was ſetting forth.
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodneſs
Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you ſilent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things at once;
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well; more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched ſouls,
That ſtay his Cure; their malady convinces
The great aſſay of Art. But, at his Touch,
Such ſanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They preſently amend. [*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the Diſeaſe he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil;
A moſt miraculous Work in this good King,
Which often ſince my here remain in *England*
I've ſeen him do. How he ſollicits heav'n,
Himſelf beſt knows; but ſtrangely-viſited people,

All

All ſwoln and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere deſpair of ſurgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden Stamp about their Necks,
Put on with holy Prayers: and 'tis ſpoken,
To the ſucceeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction. With this ſtrange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of Prophecy;
And ſundry bleſſings hang about his Throne,
That ſpeak him full of Grace.

Enter Roſſe.

Macd. See, who comes here!
Mal. My country man; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle Couſin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us ſtrangers!
Roſſe. Sir, *Amen.*
Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?
Roſſe. Alas, poor Country,
Almoſt afraid to know it ſelf. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile:
Where ſighs and groans, and ſhrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern ecſtaſie: the dead-man's Knell
Is there ſcarce ask'd, for whom: and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps;
Dying, or ere they ſicken.
Macd. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What's the neweſt grief?
Roſſe. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker,
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Roſſe. Why, well. ——
Macd. And all my children?
Roſſe. Well too ——
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Roſſe. No; they were well at Peace, when I did leave 'em.

Macd.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: how goes it?
Roſſe. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the Tyrant's Power a-foot;
Now is the time of help; your eye in *Scotland*
Would create ſoldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.
Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Siward* and ten thouſand men;
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That Chriſtendom gives out.
Roſſe. 'Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the deſart air,
Where Hearing ſhould not catch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The gen'ral cauſe? or is it a fee-grief,
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
Roſſe. No mind, that's honeſt,
But in it ſhares ſome woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Roſſe. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt Sound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I gueſs at it.
Roſſe. Your Caſtle is ſurpriz'd, your wife and babes
Savagely ſlaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the Quarry of theſe murther'd deer
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heav'n!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give ſorrow words; the grief, that does not ſpeak,
Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too! ———
Roſſe. Wife, children, ſervants, all that could be found.

Macd.

Macd. And I must be from thence! my wife kill'd too!
Rosse. I've said.
Mal. Be comforted,
Let's make us med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.——All my pretty ones?
Did you say, all? what, all? oh, hell kite! all?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a Man.
Macd. I shall do so:
But I must also feel it as a Man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me: did heav'n look on,
And would not take their part? sinful *Macduff*,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell Slaughter on their souls: heav'n rest them now!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heav'n!
Cut short all intermission; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and my self;
Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape,
Then heaven forgive him too!
Mal. This tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the King, our Power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their Instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long, that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *An Ante-chamber in* Macbeth's *Caſtle.*

Enter a Doctor of Phyſick, and a Gentlewoman.

DOCTOR.

I HAVE two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it, ſhe laſt walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majeſty went into the field, I have ſeen her riſe from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her cloſet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't, read it, afterwards ſeal it, and again return to bed; Yet all this while in a moſt faſt ſleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of ſleep, and do the effects of watching. In this ſlumbry agitation, beſides her walking, and other actual performances, what (at any time) have you heard her ſay?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis moſt meet you ſhould.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witneſs to confirm my ſpeech.

Enter Lady Macbeth *with a Taper.*

Lo, you! here ſhe comes: this is her very guiſe, and, upon my life, faſt aſleep; obſerve her, ſtand cloſe.

Doct. How came ſhe by that light?

Gent. Why, it ſtood by her: ſhe has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You ſee, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their ſenſe is ſhut.

Doct. What is it ſhe does now? look, how ſhe rubs her hands.

Gent.

Gent. It is an accuſtom'd Action with her, to ſeem thus waſhing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a ſpot.

Doct. Hark, ſhe ſpeaks. I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfie my remembrance the more ſtrongly.

Lady. Out! damned ſpot; out, I ſay — one; two; why then, 'tis time to do't — hell is murky. Fie, my lord, fie! a ſoldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — yet who would have thought the old man to have had ſo much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane* of *Fife* had a wife; where is ſhe now; what will theſe hands ne'er be clean? —— no more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this ſtarting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you ſhould not.

Gent. She has ſpoke what ſhe ſhould not, I am ſure of that: heav'n knows, what ſhe has known.

Lady. Here's the ſmell of the blood ſtill: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not ſweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a ſigh is there? the heart is ſorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have ſuch a heart in my boſom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well ———

Gent. Pray God, it be, Sir.

Doct. This diſeaſe is beyond my practice: yet I have known thoſe which have walk'd in their ſleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Waſh your hands, put on your Night-gown, look not ſo pale ——— I tell you yet again, *Banquo*'s buried; he cannot come out of his Grave.

Doct. Even ſo?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Ex. La.*

Doct.

Doct. Will she go now to bed?
Gent. Directly.
Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their Secrets.
More needs she the Divine, than the Physician.
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her; so, good night.
My mind she'as mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.
Gent. Good night, good Doctor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Field; with a Wood at distance.*

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, *and Soldiers.*

Ment. THE *English* Power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His uncle *Siward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenges burn in them: for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.
Ang. Near *Birnam*-wood
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.
Cath. Who knows, if *Donalbain* be with his brother?
Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I've a file
Of all the Gentry; there is *Siward*'s son, (24)

(24) ——— *there is* Siward's *Son*,
And many unruff'd *Youths, that even now*
Protest their first of Manhood.] This *unruff'd* is a tacit Sophistication put upon us by Mr. *Pope*, in his extraordinary Sagacity; implying, that *Malcolm* had many Soldiers in his Ranks too young to wear a *Ruffe*. This happy Construction might seduce One into an Error, who was not acquainted with that Gentleman's Spirit of Criticism. 'Tis true, the old Editions read ——— *unruffe* Youths; and our great *Orbilius* did not discern that this was the antiquated way of spelling, *unrough*, i. e. smooth-chin'd, *imberbis*. And our Author particularly delights in this Mode of Expression.

And

And many unrough youths, that even now
Proteſt their firſt of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunſinane* he ſtrongly fortifies;
Some ſay, he's mad: others, that leſſer hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his diſtemper'd Cauſe
Within the belt of Rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His ſecret murthers ſticking on his hands;
Now minutely Revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Thoſe, he commands, move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his Title
Hang looſe about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfiſh thief.

Ment. Who then ſhall blame
His peſter'd ſenſes to recoil, and ſtart,
When all that is within him does condemn
It ſelf, for being there?

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the med'cine of the ſickly Weal,
And with him pour we, in our Country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or ſo much as it needs,
To dew the ſovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make up our March towards *Birnam*.

SCENE, *the Caſtle of* DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, *Doctor, and Attendants.*

Macb. BRING me no more Reports, let them fly all:
'Till *Birnam*-wood remove to *Dunſinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm?*
Was he not born of woman? Spirits, that know
All mortal conſequences, have pronounc'd it:
'Fear not, *Macbeth*; no man, that's born of woman,
'Shall e'er have power upon thee.——Then fly, falſe *Thanes*,

And

And mingle with the *Engliſh* Epicures.
The mind I ſway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never ſagg with doubt, nor ſhake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loun!
Where got'ſt thou that gooſe-look?

Ser. There are ten-thouſand ——

Macb. Geeſe, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What ſoldiers, patch?
Death of thy ſoul! thoſe linnen cheeks of thine
Are counſellors to fear. What ſoldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The *Engliſh* force, ſo pleaſe you.

Macb. Take thy face hence — *Seyton!* — I'm ſick at heart.
When I behold —— *Seyton*, I ſay! —— This puſh
Will cheer me ever, or diſeaſe me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow leaf:
And that, which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I muſt not look to have: but, in their ſtead,
Curſes not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
Seyton, ——

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleaſure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my fleſh be hackt;
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horſes, skirre the country round;
Hang thoſe, that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.
How does your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not ſo ſick, my lord,

As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her Rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it —
Come, put my armour on; give me my staff.
Seyton, send out — Doctor, the *Thanes* fly from me —
Come, Sir, dispatch — If thou could'st, Doctor, cast
The water of my Land, find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health;
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say —
What rubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these *English* hence! hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal Preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
'Till *Birnam*-forest come to *Dunsinane*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunsinane* away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Birnam-*Wood*.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's *Son*, Menteth, Cathness, Angus, *and Soldiers marching*.

Mal. COUSINS, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of *Birnam*.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,

And

And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our Host, and make discov'ry
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in *Dunsinane*, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the Revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue Strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*

SCENE *changes to the Castle of* Dunsinane.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, *and Soldiers with drums and colours.*

Macb. HANG out our banners on the outward walls,
The Cry is still, *they come:* our Castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lye,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?
[*A cry within of women.*

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouze and stir,

As life were in't. I have ſupt full with horrors;
Direneſs, familiar to my ſlaught'rous thoughts,
Cannot once ſtart me. Wherefore was that Cry?

Sey. The Queen, my Lord, is dead.

Macb. She ſhould have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for ſuch a word.
To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
The way to duſty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor Player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more! It is a Tale,
Told by an idiot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Thou com'ſt to uſe thy tongue: thy ſtory quickly.

Meſ. My gracious lord,
I ſhould report That which, I ſay, I ſaw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, ſay it, Sir.

Meſ. As I did ſtand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon, methought,
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and ſlave! [*Striking him.*

Meſ. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not ſo:
Within this three mile may you ſee it coming;
I ſay, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou ſpeak'ſt falſe,
Upon the next tree ſhalt thou hang alive,
'Till famine cling thee: If thy ſpeech be ſooth,
I care not, if thou doſt for me as much. ——
I pull in Reſolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. "Fear not, 'till *Birnam*-wood
"Do come to *Dunſinane*," — and now a wood
Comes toward *Dunſinane*. Arm, arm, and out!
If this, which he avouches, does appear,

There

There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here,
I 'gin to be a weary of the Sun;
And wish, the state o'th' world were now undone.
Ring the alarum Bell; blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least, we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *before* DUNSINANE.

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, *and their Army with Boughs.*

Mal. NOW, near enough: your leavy screens throw down,
And shew like those you are. You (worthy uncle)
Shall with my Cousin, your right-noble son,
Lead our first battle. Brave *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well:
Do We but find the Tyrant's Power to night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give them all breath,
Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exe.*
[*Alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he,
That was not born of woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No: though thou call'st thy self a hotter name,
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth.*

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou lieſt, abhorred Tyrant; with my ſword I'll prove the lie thou ſpeak'ſt.

[*Fight, and young* Siward's *ſlain.*

Macb. Thou waſt born of woman; ———
But ſwords I ſmile at, weapons laugh to ſcorn,
Brandiſh'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noiſe is: Tyrant, ſhew thy face;
If thou be'ſt ſlain, and with no ſtroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghoſts will haunt me ſtill.
I cannot ſtrike at wretched *Kernes*, whoſe arms
Are hir'd to bear their ſtaves: Or thou, *Macbeth*,
Or elſe my ſword with an unbatter'd edge
I ſheath again undeeded. There thou ſhould'ſt be —
By this great clatter, one of greateſt note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter Malcolm *and* Siward.

Siw. This way, my lord, the Caſtle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both ſides do fight;
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war;
The day almoſt itſelf profeſſes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with foes,
That ſtrike beſide us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the Caſtle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why ſhould I play the *Roman* fool, and die
On mine own ſword? whilſt I ſee lives, the gaſhes
Do better upon them.

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men elſe I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my ſoul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd.

Macd. I've no words;
My voice is in my ſword! thou bloodier villain,
Than terms can give thee out. [*Fight. Alarum.*

Macb. Thou loſeſt labour;
As eaſie may'ſt thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen ſword impreſs, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable creſts,
I bear a charmed life, which muſt not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Deſpair thy Charm!
And let the angel, whom thou ſtill haſt ſerv'd,
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accurſed be that tongue, that tells me ſo,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be theſe juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double ſenſe;
That keep the word of promiſe to our ear,
And break it to our hope! I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the ſhew, and gaze o'th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monſters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
'Here may you ſee the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiſs the ground before young *Malcolm*'s feet:
And to be baited with the rabble's Curſe.
Though *Birnam*-wood be come to *Dunſinane*,
And thou, oppos'd, be of no woman born,
Yet I will try the laſt. Before my body
I throw my warlike ſhield. Lay on, *Macduff*;
And damn'd be he, that firſt cries, "hold, enough.
[*Exeunt fighting. Alarums.*

Retreat and flouriſh. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Siward, Roſſe, *Thanes, and Soldiers.*

Mal. I would, the friends, we miſs, were ſafe arriv'd.

Siw. Some muſt go off: and yet, by theſe I ſee,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is miſſing, and your noble ſon.
Roſſe. Your ſon, my lord, has paid a ſoldier's debt;
He only liv'd but 'till he was a man,
The which no ſooner had his proweſs confirm'd,
In the unſhrinking ſtation where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd.
Siw. Then is he dead?
Roſſe. Ay, and brought off the field: your cauſe of ſorrow
Muſt not be meaſur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Roſſe. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's ſoldier be he!
Had I as many ſons as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer death:
And ſo his knell is knoll'd.
Mal. He's worth more ſorrow,
And that I'll ſpend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more;
They ſay, he parted well, and paid his ſcore.
So, God be with him! — Here comes newer comfort.

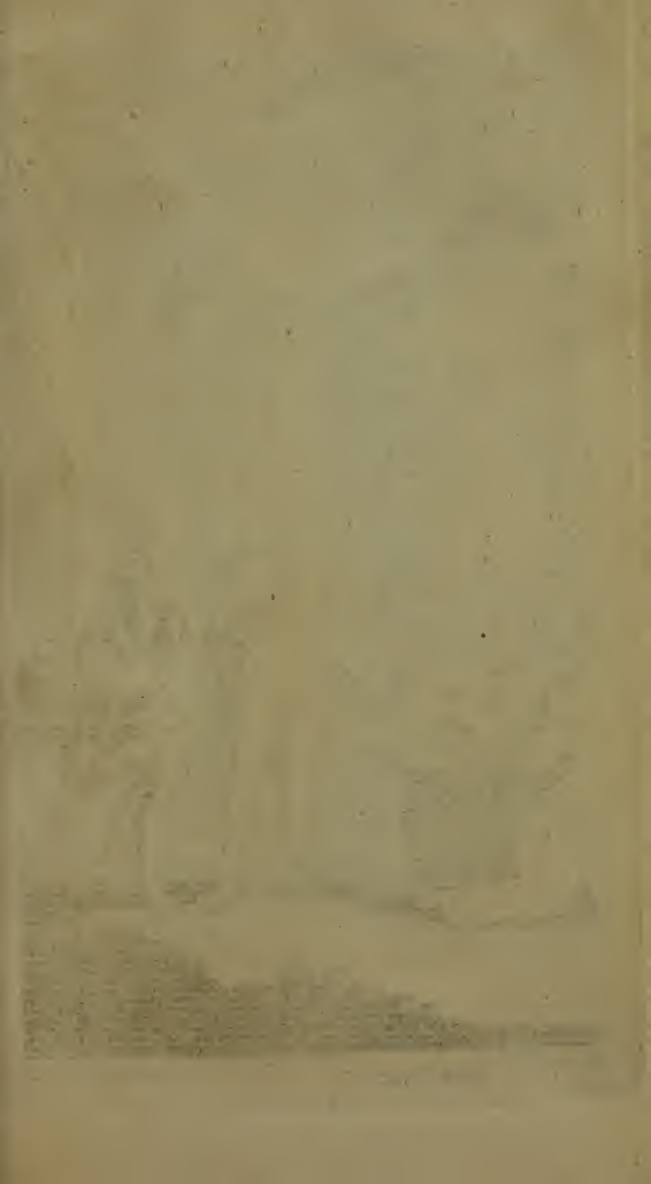
Enter Macduff, *with* Macbeth's *head.*

Macd. Hail, King! for ſo thou art. Behold, where ſtands
Th' Uſurper's curſed head; the time is free:
I ſee thee compaſt with thy Kingdom's Peers,
That ſpeak my ſalutation in their minds:
Whoſe voices I deſire aloud with mine;
Hail, King of *Scotland!*
All. Hail, King of *Scotland!* [*Flouriſh.*
Mal. We ſhall not ſpend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your ſev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and kinſmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the firſt that ever *Scotland*
In ſuch an honour nam'd. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the ſnares of watchful tyranny;

Producing

Producing forth the cruel miniſters
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen;
(Who, as 'tis thought, by ſelf and violent hands
Took off her life;) this, and what needful elſe
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in meaſure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to ſee us crown'd at *Scone*.

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt omnes.*



H. Gravelot in Vol:6. P:347. G. Vander Gucht Scul.

C. MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CAIUS Marcius Coriolanus, *a noble* Roman, *hated by the common People.*

Titus Lartius, Cominius, } *Generals againſt the* Volſcians, *and Friends to* Coriolanus.

Menenius Agrippa, *Friend to* Coriolanus.

Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, } *Tribunes of the People, and enemies to* Coriolanus.

Tullus Aufidius, *General of the* Volſcians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Young Marcius, *Son to* Coriolanus.

Conſpirators with Aufidius.

Volumnia, *Mother to* Coriolanus.

Virgilia, *Wife to* Coriolanus.

Valeria, *Friend to* Virgilia.

Roman *and* Volſcian *Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers, Common People, Servants to* Aufidius, *and other Attendants.*

The SCENE *is partly in* Rome, *and partly in the Territories of the* Volſcians, *and* Antiates.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Street in* ROME.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizens with ſtaves, clubs, and other weapons.

1 *CITIZEN.*

BEFORE we proceed any farther, hear me ſpeak.

All. Speak, ſpeak.

1 *Cit.* You are all reſolv'd rather to die, than to famiſh?

All. Reſolv'd, reſolv'd.

1 *Cit.* Firſt, you know, *Caius Marcius* is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have Corn at our own price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't, let't be done; away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1 *Cit.* We are accounted poor Citizens; the Patricians, good: what Authority ſurfeits on, would relieve us: if they would yield us but the ſuperfluity, while it were wholeſome, we might gueſs, they relieved us humanely: but

but they think, we are too dear; the leanneſs that afflicts us, the object of our miſery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our ſufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our Pikes, ere we become Rakes: for the Gods know, I ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt *Caius Marcius?*

All. Againſt him firſt: he's a very dog to the Commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you, what ſervices he has done for his Country?

1 *Cit.* Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't; but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciouſly.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done famouſly, he did it to that end; though ſoft-conſcienc'd Men can be content to ſay, it was for his Country; he did it to pleaſe his Mother, and to be partly proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: you muſt in no ways ſay, he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of accuſations; he hath faults, with ſurplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What ſhouts are thoſe? the other ſide o' th' City is riſen; why ſtay we prating here? To the Capitol ——

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft —— who comes here?

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*; one that hath always lov'd the People.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough; 'would, all the reſt were ſo!

Men. What Work's, my Countrymen, in hand? where go you
With bats and clubs? the matter —— Speak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Our buſineſs is not unknown to the Senate; they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll ſhew 'em in deeds: they ſay, poor Suiters have ſtrong breaths; they ſhall know, we have ſtrong arms too.

Men. Why, Maſters, my good Friends, mine honeſt Neighbours,
Will you undo your ſelves?

2 *Cit.* We cannot, Sir, we are undone already.

Men. I tell you, Friends, moſt charitable care
Have the Patricians of you: For your wants,
Your ſufferings in this Dearth, you may as well
Strike at the Heaven with your ſtaves, as lift them
Againſt the *Roman* State; whoſe Courſe will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thouſand Curbs
Of more ſtrong Links aſunder, than can ever
Appear in your Impediment. For the Dearth,
The Gods, not the Patricians, make it; and
Your Knees to them (not Arms) muſt help. Alack,
You are tranſported by Calamity
Thither, where more attends you; and you ſlander
The Helms o'th' State, who care for you like Fathers,
When you curſe them as Enemies.

2 *Cit.* Care for us! —— true, indeed! —— they ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famiſh, and their Storehouſes cramm'd with grain: make Edicts for Uſury, to ſupport Uſurers; repeal daily any wholeſome Act eſtabliſhed againſt the Rich, and provide more piercing Statutes daily to chain up and reſtrain the Poor. If the Wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you muſt
Confeſs your ſelves wond'rous malicious,
Or be accus'd of folly. I ſhall tell you
A pretty Tale, (it may be, you have heard it;)
But, ſince it ſerves my purpoſe, I will venture
(1) To ſtale't a little more. 2 *Cit.*

(1) *To ſcale't a little more.*] Thus all the Editions, but without any Manner of Senſe, that I can find out. The Poet muſt have

2 *Cit.* Well.
I'll hear it, Sir —— yet you muſt not think
To fob off our diſgraces with a Tale:
But, an't pleaſe you, deliver.
Men. There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it; ——
That only, like a Gulf, it did remain
I'th' midſt o'th' body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the Viand, never bearing
Like labour with the reſt; where th'other inſtruments
Did ſee, and hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, feel,
And mutually participate, did miniſter
Unto the appetite, and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly anſwer'd ——
2 *Cit.* Well, Sir, what anſwer made the belly?
Men. (2) Sir, I ſhall tell you. ——With a kind of ſmile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus ——
(For, look you, I may make the belly ſmile,
As well as ſpeak) it tauntingly reply'd
To th' diſcontented Members, th' mutinous Parts,
That envied his receit; even ſo moſt fitly,
As you malign our Senators, for that
They are not ſuch as you ——
2 *Cit.* Your belly's anſwer —— what!
The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counſellor heart, the arm our ſoldier,
Our ſteed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;

have wrote, as I have corrected the Text: and then the Meaning will be plainly this. "Perhaps, you may have heard my "Tale already, but for all That, I'll venture to make it more "*ſtale* and familiar to You, by telling it over again." And nothing is more common than the Verb in this Senſe, with our three Capital *Dramatick* Poets.

(2) *Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kind of Smile,*
Which ne'er came from the Lungs,] Thus all the Editors, moſt ſtupidly, hitherto; as if *Menenius* were to ſmile in telling his Story, tho' the Lines, which immediately follow, make it evident that the Belly was meant to ſmile.

With

With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabrick, if that they ——
Men. What then? —— 'Fore me, this fellow ſpeaks.
What then? what then?
2 *Cit.* Should by the cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,
Who is the Sink o' th' body, ——
Men. Well, —— what then?
2 *Cit.* The former Agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly anſwer?
Men. I will tell you,
If you'll beſtow a ſmall (of what you have little)
Patience, a while; you'll hear the belly's anſwer.
2 *Cit.* Y'are long about it.
Men. Note me this, good Friend;
Your moſt grave belly was deliberate,
Not raſh, like his accuſers; and thus anſwer'd;
True is it, my incorporate Friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at firſt,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Becauſe I am the ſtore-houſe, and the ſhop
Of the whole body. But, if you do remember,
I ſend it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the Court, the Heart; to th' ſeat o'th' brain;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The ſtrongeſt nerves, and ſmall inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency,
Whereby they live. And tho' that all at once,
You, my good Friends, (this ſays the belly) mark me ——
2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, well, well.
Men. Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What ſay you to't?
2 *Cit.* It was an anſwer; —— how apply you this?
Men. The Senators of *Rome* are this good belly,
And you the mutinous Members; for examine
Their Counſels, and their Cares; digeſt things rightly,
Touching the weal o'th' Common; you ſhall find,

No

No publick benefit, which you receive,
But it proceeds, or comes, from them to you,
And no way from your ſelves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this Aſſembly! ———

2 Cit. I the great toe! why, the great toe?

Men. For that, being one o' th' loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt,
Of this moſt wiſe Rebellion, thou goeſt foremoſt:
Thou raſcal, that art worſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt, to win ſome vantage. ———
But make you ready your ſtiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle:
(3) The one ſide muſt have bale.

Enter Caius Marcius.

Hail, noble *Marcius!*

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter, you diſſentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make your ſelves ſcabs?

2 Cit. We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye Curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,
Where he ſhould find you lions, finds you hares:
Where foxes, geeſe: You are no ſurer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,

(3) *The one Side muſt have* Bail.] It muſt be the vanquiſht Side, ſure, that could want it; and who were likely to be their *Bail?* But it is endleſs to queſtion with Negligence and Stupidity. The Poet, undoubtedly, wrote, as I have reſtor'd;

The one Side muſt have Bale

i. e. Sorrow, Misfortune, muſt have the worſt of it, be diſcomfited. I have reſtored this Word in ſome other Paſſages of our Author; where the Editors ſeem'd not to be aware of any ſuch Word in our Language.

Or

Or hailſtone in the Sun. Your virtue is,
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,
And curſe that juſtice, did it. Who deſerves Greatneſs,
Deſerves your Hate; and your affections are
A ſick man's appetite, who deſires moſt That
Which would encreaſe his evil. He, that depends
Upon your favours, ſwims with fins of lead,
And hews down oaks with ruſhes. Hang ye —— truſt ye!
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble, that was now your hate;
Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in the ſeveral places of the City
You cry againſt the noble Senate, who
(Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which elſe
Would feed on one another? what's their Seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof, they ſay,
The City is well ſtor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: they ſay! ——
They'll ſit by th' fire, and preſume to know
What's done i'th' Capitol; who's like to riſe;
Who thrives, and who declines: ſide factions, and give out
Conjectural marriages; making parties ſtrong,
And feeble ſuch, as ſtand not in their Liking,
Below their cobled ſhoes. They ſay, there's Grain enough!
Would the Nobility lay aſide their ruth,
And let me uſe my ſword, I'd make a quarry
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd Slaves as high
As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſuaded:
For though abundantly they lack diſcretion,
Yet are they paſſing cowardly. But, I beſeech you,
What ſays the other troop?

Mar. They are diſſolv'd; hang 'em,
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth Proverbs;
That *hunger broke ſtone walls* —— that *dogs muſt eat*, —
That

That *meat was made for mouths* ——— that *the Gods sent not*
Corn for the rich men only ——— With theſe ſhreds
They vented their complainings: which being anſwer'd,
And a Petition granted them, a ſtrange one,
To break the heart of Generoſity,
And make bold Power look pale; they threw their caps
As they would hang them on the horns o'th' Moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms,
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not ——— s'death,
The rabble ſhould have firſt unroof'd the City,
Ere ſo prevail'd with me! it will in time
Win upon Power, and throw forth greater themes
For Inſurrection's arguing.

Men. This is ſtrange.

Mar. Go, get you home, you fragments!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where's *Caius Marcius?*

Mar. Here ——— what's the matter?

Meſ. The news is, Sir, the *Volſcians* are in arms.

Mar. I'm glad on't, then we ſhall have means to vent
Our muſty ſuperfluity. See, our beſt Elders! ———

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius, Titus Lartius, *with other Senators.*

1 *Sen. Marcius*, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The *Volſcians* are in arms.

Mar. They have a Leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I ſin in envying his Nobility:
And were I any thing but what I am,
I'd wiſh me only he.

Com. You have fought together?

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my Party, I'd revolt, to make

Only

Only my wars with him. He is a lion,
That I am proud to hunt.
1 *Sen.* Then, worthy *Marcius*,
Attend upon *Cominius* to these wars.
Com. It is your former promise.
Mar. Sir, it is;
And I am constant: *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus*' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?
Tit. No, *Caius Marcius*,
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other;
Ere stay behind this business.
Men. O true-bred!
1 *Sen.* Your company to th' Capitol; where, I know,
Our greatest Friends attend us.
Tit. Lead you on;
Follow, *Cominius*; we must follow you;
Right worthy you Priority.
Com. Noble *Lartius!* ———
1 *Sen.* Hence to your homes — be gone.
[*To the Citizens.*
Mar. Nay, let them follow;
The *Volscians* have much Corn: take these rats thither,
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful Mutineers,
Your valour puts well forth; pray, follow. ———
[*Exeunt.*

[*Citizens steal away. Manent* Sicinius *and* Brutus.
Sic. Was ever man so proud, as is this *Marcius?*
Bru. He has no equal.
Sic. When we were chosen Tribunes for the People—
Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes?
Sic. Nay, but his taunts.
Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods———
Sic. Be-mock the modest Moon,——
Bru. The present Wars devour him; he is grown
Too proud, to be so valiant.
Sic. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon; but I do wonder,

His

His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under *Cominius*.

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by
A Place below the first; for what miscarries
Shall be the General's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmost of a man; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Marcius*: oh, if he
Had borne the business ———

Sic. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion, that so sticks on *Marcius*, shall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Bru. Come,
Half all *Cominius*' Honours are to *Marcius*,
Though *Marcius* earn'd them not; and all his faults
To *Marcius* shall be honours, though, indeed,
In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made; and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Corioli.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with Senators of* Corioli.

1 *Sen.* SO, your opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our Counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this State,
That could be brought to bodily act, ere *Rome*
Had circumvention? 'tis not four days gone,
Since I heard thence—these are the words—I think.
I have the letter here; yes—here it is;
" They have prest a Power, but it is not known
[*Reading.*
" Whether for East or West; the Dearth is great,
" The

" The People mutinous; and it is rumour'd,
" *Cominius, Marcius* your old enemy,
" (Who is of *Rome* worſe hated than of you)
" And *Titus Lartius*, a moſt valiant *Roman*,
" Theſe three lead on this preparation
" Whither 'tis bent—moſt likely, 'tis for you:
" Conſider of it.

1 *Sen.* Our Army's in the Field:
We never yet made doubt, but *Rome* was ready
To anſwer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly,
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs muſt ſhew themſelves; which in the hatching,
It ſeem'd, appear'd to *Rome*. By the diſcovery
We ſhall be ſhortned in our aim, which was
To take in many Towns, ere (almoſt) *Rome*
Should know we were a-foot.

2 *Sen.* Noble *Aufidius*,
Take your Commiſſion, hie you to your bands;
Let us alone to guard *Corioli*;
If they ſet down before's, for the Remove
Bring up your Army: but, I think, you'll find,
They've not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not That,
I ſpeak from certainties. Nay more.
Some parcels of their Power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your Honours.
If We and *Caius Marcius* chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike
'Till one can do no more.

All. The Gods aſſiſt you!

Auf. And keep your Honours ſafe!

1 *Sen.* Farewel.

2 *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Caius Marcius's *House in* ROME.

Enter Volumnia *and* Virgilia; *they sit down on two low stools, and sew.*

Vol. I Pray you, Daughter, sing, or express your self in a more comfortable sort: if my Son were my Husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embracements of his bed, where he would shew most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only Son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way; when, for a day of Kings' entreaties, a Mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding; I, considering how Honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by th' wall, if Renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let him seek Danger where he was like to find Fame: to a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd, his brows bound with Oak, I tell thee, Daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a Man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, Madam; how then?

Vol. Then his good Report should have been my Son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely: had I a dozen Sons each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good *Marcius*, I had rather eleven die nobly for their Country, than one voluptuously surfeit, out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the Lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Vir. 'Beseech you, give me leave to retire my self.

Vol. Indeed, thou shalt not:
Methinks, I hither hear your Husband's Drum:
I see him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair:

(As

(As children from a bear) the *Volſci* ſhunning him:
Methinks, I ſee him ſtamp thus—and call thus—
" Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,
" Though you were born in *Rome*;" his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
Like to a harveſt man, that's task'd to mow
Or all, or loſe his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! oh, *Jupiter*, no blood! ——

Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man,
Than Gilt his trophy. The breaſt of *Hecuba*,
When ſhe did ſuckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier
Than *Hector*'s forehead, when it ſpit forth blood
At *Grecian* ſwords contending; tell *Valeria*,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit* Gent.

Vir. Heav'ns bleſs my Lord from fell *Aufidius!*

Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius*' head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria *with an Uſher, and a Gentlewoman.*

Val. My Ladies Both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam ——

Vir. I am glad to ſee your Ladyſhip ——

Val. How do you Both? you are manifeſt Houſe-keepers. What are you ſowing here? a fine ſpot, in good faith. How does your little Son?

Vir. I thank your Ladyſhip: well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather ſee the ſwords, and hear a drum, than look upon his ſchoolmaſter.

Val. O' my word, the Father's Son: I'll ſwear, 'tis a very pretty Boy. O' my troth, I look'd on him o' *Wedneſday* half an hour together —— h'as ſuch a confirm'd countenance. I ſaw him run after a gilded butterfly, and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; and caught it again; or whether his Fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did ſo ſet his teeth, and did tear it; oh, I warrant, how he mammockt it!

Vol. One of's Father's moods.

Val. Indeed, la, 'tis a noble Child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aſide your Stitchery; I muſt have you play the idle huſwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She ſhall, ſhe ſhall.

Vir. Indeed, no, by your patience; I'll not over the threſhold, 'till my Lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine your ſelf moſt unreaſonably: Come, you muſt go viſit the good Lady that lyes in.

Vir. I will wiſh her ſpeedy ſtrength, and viſit her with my prayers; but I cannot go thither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to ſave labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*; yet they ſay, all the yarn, ſhe ſpun in *Ulyſſes*'s abſence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come, I would, your cambrick were ſenſible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you ſhall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your Husband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jeſt with you; there came news from him laſt night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam ———

Val. In earneſt, it's true; I heard a Senator ſpeak it. Thus it is ——The *Volſcians* have an army forth, againſt whom *Cominius* the General is gone, with one part of our *Roman* Power. Your Lord and *Titus Lartius* are ſet down before their City *Corioli*; they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and ſo, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuſe, good Madam, I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, Lady; as ſhe is now, ſhe will but diſeaſe our better mirth.

Vol. In troth, I think, ſhe would: fare you well, then. Come, good ſweet Lady. Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*, turn

turn thy Solemnneſs out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, Madam; indeed, I muſt not. I wiſh you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewel. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Walls of* Corioli.

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, *with Captains and Soldiers: To them a Meſſenger.*

Mar. YOnder comes news: a wager, they have met.

Lart. My horſe to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Meſ. They lye in view; but have not ſpoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horſe is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not ſell, nor give him: lend him you, I will,
For half an hundred years: Summon the Town.

Mar. How far off lye theſe armies?

Meſ. Within a mile and half.

Mar. Then ſhall we hear their larum, and they ours.
Now, *Mars*, I pr'ythee, make us quick in work;
That we with ſmoaking ſwords may march from hence,
To help our fielded Friends! Come, blow thy blaſt.

They ſound a Parley. Enter two Senators with others on the Walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your Walls?

1 *Sen.* No, nor a man that fears you leſs than he,
That's leſſer than a little: hark, our Drums
[*Drum afar off.*
Are bringing forth our Youth: we'll break our Walls,
Rather than they ſhall pound us up: our Gates,
Which yet ſeem ſhut, we have but pinn'd with ruſhes;
They'll open of themſelves. Hark you, far off
[*Alarum, far off.*
There is *Aufidius*. Liſt, what work he makes
Among your cloven army.

Mar. Oh, they are at it! ———
Lart. Their noiſe be our inſtruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the Volſcians.

Mar. They fear us not, but iſſue forth their City.
Now put your ſhields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than ſhields. Advance, brave *Titus*,
They do diſdain us much beyond our thoughts;
Which makes me ſweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows;
He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volſcian*,
And he ſhall feel mine edge.
[*Alarum*; *the* Romans *beat back to their Trenches.*

Re-enter Marcius.

Mar. (4) All the Contagion of the South light on you,
You ſhames of *Rome*, you! — herds of boils and plagues
Plaiſter you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than ſeen, and one infect another
Againſt the wind a mile! —— you ſouls of geeſe,
That bear the ſhapes of men, how have you run
From Slaves, that apes would beat? *Pluto* and Hell!
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale,
With flight, and agued fear! mend, and charge home,
Or, by the fires of Heaven, I'll leave the Foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't, come on;

(4) *All the Contagion of the South light on You, You Shames of* Rome; *you Herds*; *of Boils and Plagues Plaiſter you o'er*, &c.] Thus miſerably did the old Editors give us this Paſſage mangled by bad Pointing; and Mr. *Pope* would not *indulge his private Senſe*, by any Alteration to make it intelligible. The meaneſt Judges of *Engliſh* muſt be aware, that no Member of any Sentence can begin with a *Genitive* Caſe, and a preceding *Nominative* be wanting to govern *That* and the *Verb*. Where, therefore, is the Nominative to, —— *of Boils and Plagues plaiſter you o'er?* Or what Senſe or Syntax is there in the Paſſage as it here ſtands?

If

If you'll ſtand faſt, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum, and Marcius *follows them to the gates.*

So, now the gates are ope: now prove good ſeconds;
'Tis for the followers, fortune widens them;
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.
[*He enters the gates, and is ſhut in.*

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardineſs, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

1 *Sol.* See, they have ſhut him in: [*Alarum continues.*

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of *Marcius?*

All. Slain, Sir, doubtleſs.

1 *Sol.* Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who, upon the ſudden,
Clapt to their gates; he is himſelf alone,
To anſwer all the City.

Lart. Oh, noble fellow!
Who, ſenſible, out-does his ſenſeleſs ſword, (5)
And, when it bows, ſtands up: thou art left, *Marcius*—
A carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not ſo rich a jewel. Thou waſt a ſoldier (6)
Even

(5) *Who* ſenſibly outdares *his ſenſeleſs Sword,*
And when it bows, ſtands up.]
The fine and eaſy Emendation of this Paſſage, which I have inſerted in the Text, is owing to the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby.*

(6) *Thou waſt a Soldier*
Even to Calvus' *Wiſh*;]
T. Lartius is here ſumming up his Friend's Character, as a Warrior that was terrible in his Strokes, in the Tone of his Voice, and the Grimneſs of his Countenance. But who was this *Calvus*, that wiſh'd theſe three Characteriſticks in a Soldier? I'm afraid, *Greek* and *Roman* Hiſtory will be at a loſs to account for ſuch a Man and ſuch Circumſtances join'd to ſignalize him. I formerly amended the Paſſage, and prov'd that the Poet muſt have wrote,
Even to Cato's *Wiſh*;——

Even to *Cato*'s wiſh, not fierce and terrible
Only in ſtroaks, but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percuſſion of thy ſounds,
Thou mad'ſt thine enemies ſhake, as if the world
Were feverous, and did tremble.

Enter Marcius *bleeding, aſſaulted by the Enemy.*

1 *Sol.* Look, Sir.———
Lart. O, 'tis *Marcius.*
Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.
[*They fight, and all enter the City.*

Enter certain Romans *with Spoils.*

1 *Rom.* This will I carry to *Rome.*
2 *Rom.* And I this.
3 *Rom.* A murrain on't, I took this for ſilver.
[*Alarum continues ſtill afar off.*

Enter Marcius *and* Titus Lartius, *with a Trumpet.*

Mar. See here theſe Movers, that do prize their honours
At a crack'd drachm: cuſhions, leaden ſpoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with thoſe that wore them, theſe baſe ſlaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them;

The Error probably aroſe from the Similitude in the Manuſcript of *to* to *lv:* and ſo this unknown Wight *Calvus* ſprung up. I come now to the Authorities for my Emendation. *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Coriolanus*, ſpeaking of this *Hero*, ſays; *He was a Man (that which* CATO *requir'd in a Warrior) not only* dreadful *to meet with in the Field, by reaſon of his* Hand *and* Stroke; *but inſupportable to an Enemy, for the very* Tone *and* Accent *of his* Voice: *and the ſole* Terror *of his* Aſpect.——This again is confirm'd by the Hiſtorian, in the Life of *Marcus* CATO the Cenſor. *In Engagements* (ſays He;) *he would uſe to* ſtrike luſtily, *with a* fierce Countenance *ſtare upon his Enemies, and with a* harſh threatning Voice *accoſt them. Nor was he out of his Opinion, whilſt* he taught, *that ſuch rugged kind of Behaviour ſometimes does ſtrike the Enemy more than the Sword itſelf.*

And

And hark, what noiſe the General makes!—to him;—
There is the man of my ſoul's hate, *Aufidius*,
Piercing our *Romans:* then, valiant *Titus*, take
Convenient numbers to make good the City;
Whilſt I, with thoſe that have the ſpirit, will haſte
To help *Cominius*.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'ſt;
Thy exerciſe hath been too violent
For a ſecond courſe of fight.

Mar. Sir, praiſe me not:
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well:
The blood, I drop, is rather phyſical
Than dangerous to me.
T' *Aufidius* thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair Goddeſs Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Miſguide thy oppoſers' ſwords! bold gentleman!
Proſperity be thy page!

Mar. Thy friend no leſs,
Than thoſe ſhe placeth higheſt! ſo, farewel.

Lart. Thou worthieſt *Marcius*,
Go, ſound thy trumpet in the market-place,
Call thither all the officers o'th' town,
Where they ſhall know our mind. Away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Roman *Camp.*

Enter Cominius *retreating, with Soldiers.*

Com. BReathe you, my friends; well fought; we are come off
Like *Romans*, neither fooliſh in our Stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: Believe me, Sirs,
We ſhall be charg'd again. Whiles we have ſtruck,
By interims and conveying guſts, we have heard
The Charges of our friends. The *Roman* Gods
Lead their ſucceſſes, as we wiſh our own;
That both our Powers, with ſmiling fronts encountring,
May give you thankful ſacrifice! Thy news?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The citizens of *Corioli* have iſſued,
And given to *Lartius* and to *Marcius* battle.
I ſaw our Party to the trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Tho' thou ſpeak'ſt truth,
Methinks, thou ſpeak'ſt not well. How long is't ſince?

Meſ. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly, we heard their drums.
How couldſt thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring the news ſo late?

Meſ. Spies of the *Volſcians*
Held me in chaſe, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about; elſe had I, Sir,
Half an hour ſince brought my report.

Enter Marcius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flea'd? O Gods!
He has the ſtamp of *Marcius*, and I have
Before time ſeen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The ſhepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the ſound of *Marcius'* tongue
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye (7)
In arms as ſound, as when I woo'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,

(7) *Oh! let me clip ye*
In Arms as ſound, as when I woo'd in heart:
Dr. *Thirlby* adviſed the different Regulation in the Pointing of this Paſſage; which I have enbraced, as I think it much improves the Senſe and Spirit, and conveys too the Poet's Thought, that *Marcius* was as ſound in Limb, as when he went a Wooing; and as merry in Heart, as when going to Bed to his Bride.

And

And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of Warriors,
How is't with *Titus Lartius?*

Mar. As with a man buſied about Decrees;
Condemning ſome to death, and ſome to exile,
Ranſoming him, or pitying, threatning the other;
Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning grey-hound in the leaſh,
To let him ſlip at will.

Com. Where is that ſlave,
Which told me, they had beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone.
He did inform the truth: but for our Gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague! Tribunes for them!)
The mouſe ne'er ſhun'd the cat, as they did budge
From raſcals worſe than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time ſerve to tell? I do not think ——
Where is the enemy? are you lords o' th' field?
If not, why ceaſe you 'till you are ſo?

Com. Marcius, we have at diſadvantage fought,
And did retire, to win our purpoſe.

Mar. How lies their battle? know you on what ſide
They have plac'd their men of truſt?

Com. As I gueſs, *Marcius*,
Their bands i' th' vaward are the *Antiates*
Of their beſt truſt: o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beſeech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we've ſhed together, by the Vows
We've made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me againſt *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates*;
And that you not delay the preſent, but
Filling the air with ſwords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour. ——

Com. Though I could wiſh,
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never

Deny your asking; take your choice of thoſe,
That beſt can aid your action.

Mar. Thoſe are they,
That moſt are willing; If any ſuch be here,
(As it were ſin to doubt) that love this Painting,
Wherein you ſee me ſmear'd; if any fear
Leſs for his perſon than an ill report:
If any think, brave death out-weighs bad life,
And that his Country's dearer than himſelf,
Let him, alone, (or many, if ſo minded)
Wave thus, t'expreſs his diſpoſition,
And follow *Marcius*.

They all ſhout, and wave their ſwords, take him up in their arms, and caſt up their caps.

Oh! me alone, make you a ſword of me:
If theſe ſhews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volſcians?* none of you, but is
Able to bear againſt the great *Aufidius*
A ſhield as hard as his. A certain number
(Tho' thanks to all) muſt I ſelect from all:
The reſt ſhall bear the buſineſs in ſome other fight,
As cauſe will be obey'd; pleaſe you to march,
And four ſhall quickly draw out my Command,
Which men are beſt inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this oſtentation, and you ſhall
Divide in all with us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* CORIOLI.

Titus Lartius *having ſet a guard upon* Corioli, *going with drum and trumpet toward* Cominius *and* Caius Marcius; *Enter with a lieutenant, other ſoldiers, and a ſcout.*

Lart. SO, let the Ports be guarded; keep your duties,
As I have ſet them down. If I do ſend, diſpatch
Thoſe Centries to our aid; the reſt will ſerve
For a ſhort holding; if we loſe the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's:
Our guider, come! to th' *Roman* camp conduct us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Roman *Camp.*

Alarum, as in battle. Enter Marcius *and* Aufidius, *at several doors.*

Mar. I'LL fight with none but thee, for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.
Auf. We hate alike:
Not *Africk* owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy Fame, and envy; fix thy foot.
Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the Gods doom him after!
Auf. If I fly, *Marcius*,
Halloo me like a Hare.
Mar. Within these three hours, *Tullus*,
Alone I fought in your *Corioli* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood,
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd; for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.
Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd Progeny,
Thou should'st not 'scape me here.
[*Here they fight, and certain* Volscians *come to the aid of* Aufidius. Marcius *fights, 'till they be driven in breathless.*
Officious, and not valiant! — you have sham'd me
In your condemned Seconds.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door, Cominius *with the* Romans; *at another door,* Marcius, *with his arm in a scarf.*

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great Patricians shall attend and shrug;
I' th' end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And,

And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That with the fusty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts,— "We thank the Gods,
"Our *Rome* hath such a Soldier!"—
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius *with his Power, from the pursuit.*

Lart. O General,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld ———

Mar. Pray now, no more: my Mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done; that's, what I can;
Induc'd, as you have been; that's for my Country;
He, that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The Grave of your deserving: *Rome* must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your Doings; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest: therefore, I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done, before our army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death: Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, General:

But

But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my sword: I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish. They all cry*, Marcius, Marcius! *cast up their caps and lances:* Cominius *and* Lartius *stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane, (8)
Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
I'th' field prove flatterers, let camps, as cities,
Be made of false-fac'd soothing! When steel grows
Soft, as the parasite's silk, let Hymns be made
An overture for th' wars! — No more, I say;
For that I have not wash'd my Nose that bled,
Or foil'd some debile wretch, which, without note
Here's many else have done; you shout me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I lov'd, my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly: by your patience,
If 'gainst your self you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles;
Then reason safely with you: therefore, be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Marcius*
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the Camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging; and, from this time,

(8) *May these same instruments, which you profane, Never sound more:* &c.]
Several subsequent Verses in this truly fine Passage are dismounted, unnumerous and imperfect: And the Sense, 'tis plain, has been no less maim'd than the Numbers. To remedy This Part, I have had the Assistance of my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*; and with the Benefit of his happy Conjectures, which I have inserted in the Text, the Whole, I hope, is restor'd to that Purity, which was quite lost in the Corruptions.

For

For what he did before *Corioli*, call him,
With all th' applauſe and clamour of the Hoſt,
Caius Marcius Coriolanus. Bear th' addition nobly ever.
[*Flouriſh. Trumpets ſound and drums.*
Omnes. Caius Marcius Coriolanus!
Mar. I will go waſh:
And when my face is fair, you ſhall perceive
Whether I bluſh or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
I mean to ſtride your Steed, and at all time
To undercreſt your good Addition,
To th' fairneſs of my Power.
Com. So, to our tent:
Where, ere we do repoſe us, we will write
To *Rome* of our ſucceſs: you, *Titus Lartius*,
Muſt to *Corioli* back; ſend us to *Rome*
The beſt, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.
Lart. I ſhall, my lord.
Mar. The Gods begin to mock me:
I, that but now refus'd moſt princely gifts,
Am bound to beg of my lord General.
Com. Take't, 'tis yours: what is't?
Mar. I ſometime lay here in *Corioli*,
At a poor man's houſe: he us'd me kindly.
He cry'd to me: I ſaw him priſoner:
But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity: I requeſt you
To give my poor Hoſt Freedom.
Com. O well begg'd!
Were he the butcher of my ſon, he ſhould
Be free as is the wind: deliver him, *Titus*.
Lart. Marcius, his name?
Mar. By *Jupiter*, forgot: ——
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd:
Have we no wine here?
Com. Go we to our tent;
The blood upon your viſage dries; 'tis time
It ſhould be look'd to: come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Camp of the* Volſci.

A Flouriſh. Cornet. Enter Tullus Aufidius *bloody, with two or three ſoldiers.*

Auf. THE town is ta'en.

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!
I would, I were a *Roman*; for I cannot,
Being a *Volſcian*, be that I am. Condition?
What good condition can a treaty find
I'th' part that is at mercy? Five times, *Marcius*,
I have fought with thee, ſo often haſt thou beat me:
And would'ſt do ſo, I think, ſhould we encounter
As often as we eat. By th' Elements,
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to cruſh him in an equal force,
True Sword to Sword; I'll potch at him ſome way,
Or wrath, or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the Devil.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not ſo ſubtle: my valour (poiſon'd,
With only ſuffering ſtain by him) for him
Shall flie out of it ſelf: not ſleep, nor ſanctuary,
Being naked, ſick, nor fane, nor Capitol,
The prayers of prieſts, nor times of ſacrifice,
Embarkments all of fury, ſhall lift up
Their rotten privilege and cuſtom 'gainſt
My hate to *Marcius*. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Againſt the hoſpitable Canon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city;
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that muſt
Be hoſtages for *Rome*.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypreſs grove. I pray you,
('Tis South the city-mills) bring me word thither
How

How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may ſpur on my journey.

Sol. I ſhall, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *ROME.*

Enter Menenius, *with* Sicinius *and* Brutus.

MENENIUS.

THE Augur tells me, we ſhall have news to night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not *Marcius.*

Sic. Nature teaches Beaſts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry *Plebeians* would the noble *Marcius.*

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I ſhall ask you.

Both. Well, Sir; ——

Men. In what enormity is *Marcius* poor, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but ſtor'd with all.

Sic. Eſpecially, in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boaſting.

Men. This is ſtrange now; do you two know how you are cenſur'd here in the city, I mean of us o'th' right hand file, do you?

Bru. Why,——how are we cenſur'd?

Men. Becauſe you talk of pride now, will you not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occaſion will rob you of a great deal of patience: —— give your diſpoſitions the reins, and be angry at your pleaſures; at the leaſt, if you take it as a pleaſure to you, in being ſo: — you blame *Marcius* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or elſe your actions would grow wondrous ſingle; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing much alone. You talk of pride — oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior ſurvey of your good ſelves! Oh, that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why, then you ſhould diſcover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, teſty magiſtrates, *alias*, fools, as any in *Rome*.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous Patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying *Tiber* in't: ſaid to be ſomething imperfect, in favouring the firſt complaint; haſty and tinderlike, upon too trivial motion: one that converſes more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think, I utter; and ſpend my malice in my breath. Meeting two ſuch weals-men as you are, (I cannot call you *Lycurguſſes*) if the drink you give me touch my palate adverſly, I make a crooked face at it. I can't ſay, your Worſhips have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the aſs in compound with the major part of your ſyllables; and tho' I muſt be content to bear with thoſe, that ſay, you are reverend grave men; yet they lye deadly, that tell you, you have good faces; if you ſee this in the map of my microcoſm, follows it, that I am known well enough too? (9) what harm

(9) *What harm can your* beſom *Conſpectuities glean out of this Character*, &c.] If the Editors have form'd any Conſtruction to

harm can your biſſon Conſpectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, your ſelves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholeſome forenoon, in hearing a Cauſe between an orange-wife and a foſſet-ſeller, and then adjourn a controverſy of three-pence to a ſecond day of audience. — When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like mummers, ſet up the bloody flag againſt all patience, and, in roaring for a chamber-pot, diſmiſs the controverſie bleeding, the more intangled by your hearing: all the peace you make in their cauſe, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of ſtrange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well underſtood to be a perfecter gyber for the Table, than a neceſſary bencher in the Capitol.

Men. Our very prieſts muſt become mockers, if they ſhall encounter ſuch ridiculous ſubjects as you are; when you ſpeak beſt unto the purpoſe, it is not worth the wagging of your beards; and your beards deſerve not ſo honourable a Grave, as to ſtuff a botcher's cuſhion, or

to themſelves, of this Epithet *beſom*, that can be *à propos* to the Senſe of the Context; ——— Davus *ſum, non* Oedipus: it is too hard a Riddle for Me to expound. *Menenius*, 'tis plain, is abuſing the Tribunes, and bantering them Ironically. By *Conſpectuities* he muſt mean, their *Sagacity*, *Clearſightedneſs*: and that they may not think he's Complimenting them, he tacks an Epithet to it, which quite undoes that Character; i. e. *biſſon*, blind, bleer-ey'd. *Skinner*, in his *Etymologicon*, explains this Word, *Cæcus*; vox agro *Lincoln.* uſitatiſſima. *Ray* concurs, in his North and South Country Words. And our Author gives us this Term again in his *Hamlet*, where the Senſe exactly correſponds with this Interpretation.

Run barefoot up and down, threatning the Flames,
With biſſon *Rheum.*

i. e. blinding. It is ſpoken of *Hecuba*, whoſe Eyes o'erflow and are blinded, both with Tears, and the Rheums of Age.

to

to be intomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, *Marcius* is proud; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors, since *Deucalion*; though, peradventure, some of the best of them were hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your Worships; more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you. [Brutus *and* Sicinius *stand aside.*

As Menenius *is going out, Enter* Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Valeria.

How now my (as fair as noble) ladies, and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler; whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Marcius* approaches; for the love of *Juno*, let's go.

Men. Ha! *Marcius* coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee—— hoo, *Marcius* coming home!

Both. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look, here's a letter from him, the State hath another, his wife, another; and, I think, there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to night: A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven year's health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician; the most sovereign prescription in *Galen* is but Emperic, and to this preservative of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings a' victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, *Menenius*; he comes the third time home with the oaken garland.

Men. Hath he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that: if he had staid by him, I would not have been so *fidius'd* for all the chests in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate possest of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action outdone his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The Gods grant them true!

Vol. True? pow, waw. ——

Men. True? I'll be sworn, they are true. Where is he wounded? God save your good Worships; —*Marcius* is coming home; he has more cause to be proud: — where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes.*

Vol. I' th' shoulder, and i' th' left arm; there will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of *Tarquin* seven hurts i' th' body. (10)

Men. One i' th' neck, and one too i' th' thigh; there's nine, that I know.

(10) *He receiv'd, in the Repulse of* Tarquin, Seven *Hurts i'th' Body,*

Men. One *i'th' Neck, and* two *i'th' Thigh: there's* Nine, *that I know.*] Seven,——one,——and two, and these make but nine? Surely, we may safely assist *Menenius* in his Arithmetick. This is a stupid Blunder; but wherever we can account by a probable Reason for the Cause of it, That directs the Emendation. Here it was easy for a negligent Transcriber to omit the second *One* as a needless Repetition of the first, and to make a Numeral Word of *too*. Mr. *Warburton.*

Vol.

Vol. He had, before this laſt expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty ſeven; every gaſh was an enemy's Grave. Hark, the trumpets.

[*A ſhout and flouriſh.*

Vol. Theſe are the uſhers of *Marcius*; before him he carries noiſe, and behind him he leaves tears:
Death, that dark Spirit, in's nervy arm doth lie;
Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

Trumpets ſound. Enter Cominius *the General, and* Titus Lartius; *between them* Coriolanus, *crown'd with an oaken garland, with Captains and ſoldiers, and a herald.*

Her. Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Marcius* did fight
Within *Corioli*' gates, where he hath won,
With fame, a name to *Caius Marcius.*
Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus.!*

[*Sound. Flouriſh.*

All. Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus!*

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, Sir, your mother, ——

Cor. Oh!
You have, I know, petition'd all the Gods
For my proſperity. [*Kneels.*

Vol. Nay, my good ſoldier, up:
My gentle *Marcius*, worthy *Caius*, and
By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it, *Coriolanus*, muſt I call thee?
But oh, thy wife ——

Cor. My gracious ſilence, hail!
Would'ſt thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? ah, my Dear,
Such eyes the widows in *Corioli* wear,
And mothers that lack ſons.

Men. Now the Gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet? O my ſweet Lady, pardon.

[*To* Valeria.

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home;

And

And welcome, General! y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thouſand welcomes: I could weep
And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy; — welcome!
A curſe begin at very root on's heart,
That is not glad to ſee thee. — You are three,
That *Rome* ſhould dote on: yet, by the faith of men,
We've ſome old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your reliſh. Welcome, Warriors!
We call a nettle, but a nettle; and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.
Ere in our own houſe I do ſhade my head,
The good Patricians muſt be viſited;
(11) From whom I have receiv'd not only Greetings,
But, with them, Charge of honours.

Vol. I have lived,
To ſee inherited my very wiſhes,
And buildings of my fancy; only one thing
Is wanting, which, I doubt not, but our *Rome*
Will caſt upon thee.

Cor. Know, good Mother, I
Had rather be their ſervant in my way,
Than ſway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. [*Flouriſh. Cornets.*
[*Exeunt in State, as before.*

Brutus, *and* Sicinius, *come forward.*

Bru. All tongues ſpeak of him, and the bleared ſights
Are ſpectacled to ſee him. Your pratling nurſe
Into a rapture lets her Baby cry,

(11) *From whom I have receiv'd not only Greetings,*
But, with them, Change *of Honours.*] *Change of* Honours is a very poor Expreſſion, and communicates but a very poor Idea. I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute, *Charge*; i. e. a freſh Charge or Commiſſion. Theſe Words are frequently miſtaken for each other.

While

While ſhe chats him: the kitchen malkin pins
Her richeſt lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clambring the walls to eye him; ſtalls, bulks, windows,
Are ſmother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions; all agreeing
In earneſtneſs to ſee him: ſeld-ſhown *Flamins*
Do preſs among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar ſtation; our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to th' wanton ſpoil
Of *Phœbus'* burning kiſſes; ſuch a pother,
As if that whatſoever God, who leads him,
Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful poſture.

Sic. On the ſudden,
I warrant him Conſul.

Bru. Then our Office may,
During his Power, go ſleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rately tranſport his honours,
From where he ſhould begin and end, but will
Loſe thoſe he hath won.

Bru. In That there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The Commoners, for whom we ſtand, but they,
Upon their ancient malice, will forget,
With the leaſt cauſe, theſe his new honours; which
That he will give, make I as little queſtion
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him ſwear,
Were he to ſtand for Conſul, never would he
Appear i'th' market-place, nor on him put
The napleſs Veſture of Humility;
Nor ſhewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their ſtinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: oh, he would miſs it, rather
Than carry it, but by the ſuit o'th' Gentry,
And the deſire o'th' Nobles.

Sic. I wiſh no better,

Than

Than have him hold that purpoſe, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis moſt like, he will.

Sic. It ſhall be to him then, as our good wills,
A ſure deſtruction.

Bru. So it muſt fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We muſt ſuggeſt the people, in what hatred
He ſtill hath held them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, ſilenc'd their Pleaders, and
Diſproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more ſoul nor fitneſs for the world,
Than camels in their war; who have their provender
Only for bearing burthens, and ſore blows
For ſinking under them.

Sic. (12) This, as you ſay, ſuggeſted
At ſome time, when his ſoaring inſolence
Shall reach the people, (which time ſhall not want,
If he be put upon't; and that's as eaſy,
As to ſet dogs on ſheep) will be the fire
To kindle their dry ſtubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

(12) ——— This, *as you ſay, ſuggeſted*
At ſome time, when his ſoaring Inſolence
Shall teach *the People,* &c.] As Nominatives are ſometimes wanting to the Verb, ſo, on the other hand, as This Paſſage has been all along pointed, we have a Redundance: There is, beſides, one Word ſtill in this Sentence, which, notwithſtanding the Concurrence of the printed Copies, I ſuſpect to have admitted a ſmall Corruption. Why ſhould it be imputed as a Crime to *Coriolanus*, that he was prompt to *teach* the People? Or how was it any ſoaring Inſolence in a *Patrician* to attempt this? The Poet muſt certainly have wrote,

——— *When his ſoaring Inſolence*
Shall reach *the People*;

i. e. When it ſhall extend to impeach the Conduct, or touch the Character, of the People.

Enter

Enter a Meſſenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Meſ. You're ſent for to the Capitol: 'tis thought, That *Marcius* ſhall be Conſul: I have ſeen The dumb men throng to ſee him, and the blind To hear him ſpeak; the Matrons flung their gloves, Ladies and Maids their ſcarfs and handkerchiefs, Upon him as he paſs'd; the Nobles bended, As to *Jove*'s Statue; and the Commons made A ſhower and thunder with their caps and ſhouts: I never ſaw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol, And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time, But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Capitol.

Enter two Officers, to lay cuſhions.

1 *Off.* COME, come, they are almoſt here; how many ſtand for Conſulſhips?

2 *Off.* Three, they ſay; but 'tis thought of every one, *Coriolanus* will carry it.

1 *Off.* That's a brave Fellow, but he's vengeance proud, and loves not the common People.

2 *Off.* 'Faith, there have been many great Men that have flatter'd the People, who ne'er lov'd them; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore; ſo that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for *Coriolanus* neither to care whether they love, or hate him, manifeſts the true knowledge he has in their diſpoſition, and out of his noble careleſſneſs lets them plainly ſee't.

1 *Off.* If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he wav'd indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm: but he ſeeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him; and leaves nothing

undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the People, is as bad as That, which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2 *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his Country: and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those, who have been supple and courteous to the People; bonnetted, without any further deed to heave them at all into their estimation and report: but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury; to report otherwise, were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from ev'ry ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him, he is a worthy Man: make way, they are coming.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the People, Lictors before them; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius *the Consul:* Sicinius *and* Brutus *take their places by themselves.*

Men. Having determin'd of the *Volscians*, and
To send for *Titus Lartius*, it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratify his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his Country. Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave Elders, to desire
The present Consul, and last General,
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy Work perform'd
By *Caius Martius Coriolanus*; whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sen.* Speak, good *Cominius:*
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think,
Rather our States defective for requital,
Than we to stretch it out. Masters o'th' People,
We do request your kindest ear; and, after,

Your

Your loving motion toward the common Body,
To yield what paſſes here.
Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleaſing Treaty; and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The Theam of our Aſſembly.
Bru. Which the rather
We ſhall be bleſt to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the People, than
He hath hitherto priz'd them at.
Men. That's off, that's off:
I would, you rather had been ſilent: pleaſe you
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak?
Bru. Moſt willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent,
Than the rebuke you give it.
Men. He loves your People,
But tye him not to be their bed-fellow:
Worthy *Cominius*, ſpeak.
[Coriolanus *riſes, and offers to go away.*
Nay, keep your place.
1 *Sen.* Sit, *Coriolanus*; never ſhame to hear
What you have nobly done.
Cor. Your Honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear ſay, how I got them.
Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words diſ-bench'd you not?
Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me ſtay, I fled from words.
You ſooth not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh. ——
Men. Pray now, ſit down.
Cor. I had rather have one ſcratch my head i' th' Sun,
When the Alarum were ſtruck, than idly ſit
To hear my Nothings monſter'd. [*Exit* Coriolanus.
Men. Maſters of the People,
Your multiplying ſpawn how can he flatter,
That's thouſand to one good one? when you ſee,

He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one of's ears to hear't. Proceed, *Cominius.*
Com. I ſhall lack voice: the Deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held,
That valour is the chiefeſt virtue, and
Moſt dignifies the Haver: if it be,
The Man, I ſpeak of, cannot in the world
Be ſingly counter-pois'd. At ſixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then Dictator,
Whom with all praiſe I point at, ſaw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
The briſtled lips before him: he beſtrid
An o'er-preſt *Roman*, and i'th' Conſul's view
Slew three Oppoſers: *Tarquin*'s ſelf he met,
And ſtruck him on his knee: in that day's feats,
When he might act the Woman in the Scene,
He prov'd th' beſt Man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a Sea;
And, in the brunt of ſeventeen battles ſince,
He lurcht all ſwords o'th' garland. For this laſt,
Before and in *Corioli*, let me ſay,
I cannot ſpeak him home: he ſtopt the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into ſport. As waves before
A veſſel under ſail, ſo Men obey'd,
And fell below his ſtern: his ſword, (death's ſtamp)
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot:
He was a thing of blood, whoſe every motion
Was tim'd with dying cries: alone he enter'd
The mortal Gate o'th' City, which he painted
With ſhunleſs deſtiny: aidleſs came off,
And with a ſudden re-enforcement ſtruck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this;
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready ſenſe, when ſtraight his doubled ſpirit
Requicken'd what in fleſh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if

'Twere

'T'were a perpetual ſpoil; and 'till we call'd
Both Field and City ours, he never ſtood
To eaſe his breaſt with panting.
Men. Worthy Man!
1 *Sen.* He cannot but with meaſure fit the Honours,
Which we deviſe him.
Com. Our ſpoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'th' world: he covets leſs
Than Miſery itſelf would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To ſpend his time to end it.
Men. He's right noble,
Let him be called for.
Sen. Call *Coriolanus.*
Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd
To make thee Conſul.
Cor. I do owe them ſtill
My life, and ſervices.
Men. It then remains
That you do ſpeak to th' People.
Cor. I beſeech you,
Let me o'er-leap that Cuſtom; for I cannot
Put on the Gown, ſtand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' ſake, to give their ſuffrages:
Pleaſe you, that I may paſs this doing.
Sic. Sir, the People muſt have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.
Men. Put them not to't: pray, fit you to the Cuſtom,
And take t'ye, as your Predeceſſors have,
Your Honour with your form.
Cor. It is a Part
That I ſhall bluſh in acting, and might well
Be taken from the People.
Bru. Mark you That?
Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did,—and thus,—

Shew them th' unaking ſcars, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only ——
Men. Do not ſtand upon't: ——
We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the People,
Our purpoſe to them, and to our noble Conſul
Wiſh we all joy and honour.
Sen. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour!
[*Flouriſh Cornets. Then Exeunt.*

Manent Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. You ſee, how he intends to uſe the People.
Sic. May they perceive's intent! he will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requeſted
Should be in them to give.
Bru. (13) Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on th' market place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Forum.

Enter ſeven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* ONCE, if he do require our voices, we ought not to deny him.
2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.
3 *Cit.* We have Power in our ſelves to do it, but it is a Power that we have no Power to do; for if he ſhew us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our tongues into thoſe wounds, and ſpeak for them:

(13) *Come, we'll inform them*
Of our Proceedings here on th' Market place,
I know they do attend us.] But the *Tribunes* were not now on the *Market-place*, but in the *Capitol*. The Pointing only wants to be rectified, and we ſhall know what this Magiſtrate would ſay, *viz.* Come, I know, the People attend us in the *Forum*; we'll go and inform them what Proceedings have been here in the *Senate*.

ſo,

ſo, if he tells us his noble deeds, we muſt alſo tell him our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monſtrous; and for the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monſter of the multitude; of the which, we being Members, ſhould bring ourſelves to be monſtrous Members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a little help will ſerve: for once, when We ſtood up about the Corn, he himſelf ſtuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd ſo of many; not that our heads are ſome brown, ſome black, ſome auburn, ſome bald; but that our wits are ſo diverſly colour'd; and truly, I think, if all our wits were to iſſue out of one ſcull, they would fly Eaſt, Weſt, North, South; and their conſent of one direct way would be at once to all Points o'th' Compaſs.

2 *Cit.* Think you ſo? which way, do you judge, my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will not ſo ſoon out as another man's will, 'tis ſtrongly wedg'd up in a block-head: but if it were at liberty, 'twould, ſure, ſouthward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To loſe it ſelf in a fog; where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conſcience ſake, to help to get thee a Wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks — you may, you may ———

3 *Cit.* Are you all reſolved to give your voices? but that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I ſay, if he would incline to the People, there was never a worthier Man.

Enter Coriolanus *in a Gown, with* Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the Gown of Humility; mark his behaviour: we are not to ſtay all together, but to come by him where he ſtands, by one's, by two's, and by three's. He's to make his requeſts by particulars, wherein every one of us has a ſingle honour, in giving

him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh, Sir, you are not right; have you not known,
The worthiest Men have done't?

Cor. What must I say?
I pray, Sir,—plague upon't, I cannot bring
My tongue to such a pace! Look, Sir,—my wounds—
I got them in my Country's service, when
Some certain of your Brethren roar'd, and ran
From noise of our own drums.

Men. Oh me, the Gods!
You must not speak of that; you must desire them
To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em.
I would, they would forget me, like the Virtues
Which our Divines lose by 'em.

Men. You'll mar all.
I'll leave you: pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [*Exit.*

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace:
You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir; tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How! not your own desire?

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble the Poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o'th' Consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to shew you, which shall be yours in private: your good voice, Sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir; there's in all two worthy voices begg'd: I have your alms, adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again:—but tis no matter.

[*Exeunt.*

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices, that I may be Consul, I have here the customary Gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your Country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma. ———

1 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies; you have been a rod to her friends; you have not, indeed, loved the common People.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love; I will, Sir, flatter my sworn Brother, the People, to earn a dearer estimation of them; 'tis a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: that is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular Man, and give it bountifully to the Desirers: therefore, beseech you, I may be Consul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our Friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your Country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily!

[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Moſt ſweet voices ———
Better it is to die, better to ſtarve,
Than crave the hire, which firſt we do deſerve.
Why in this woolviſh Gown ſhould I ſtand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needleſs Voucher? Cuſtom calls me to't——
What Cuſtom wills in all things, ſhould we do't,
The duſt on antique time would lie unſwept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
For truth to o'er-peer. — Rather than fool it ſo,
Let the high Office and the Honour go
To one that would do thus. —— I am half through;
The one part ſuffer'd, the other will I do.

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.
Your voices —— for your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd: battels thrice ſix
I've ſeen, and heard of: for your voices, have
Done many things, ſome leſs, ſome more: ——— your voices: ———
Indeed, I would be Conſul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honeſt man's voice.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Conſul, the Gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the People.

All. Amen, amen. God ſave thee, noble Conſul.
[*Exeunt.*

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, *with* Brutus *and* Sicinius.

Men. You've ſtood your limitation: and the Tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice. Remains,
That in th' official marks inveſted, you
Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The Cuſtom of Requeſt you have diſcharg'd:
The

The people do admit you, and are ſummon'd
To meet anon, upon your approbation.
Cor. Where? at the Senate-houſe?
Sic. There, *Coriolanus.*
Cor. May I change theſe garments?
Sic. You may, Sir.
Cor. That I'll ſtraight do: and, knowing my ſelf again,
Repair to th' Senate-houſe.
Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?
Bru. We ſtay here for the people.
Sic. Fare you well. [*Exeunt* Coriol. *and* Men.
He has it now, and by his looks, methinks,
'Tis warm at's heart.
Bru. With a proud heart he wore
His humble Weeds: will you diſmiſs the people?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my maſters, have you choſe this man?
1 *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir.
Bru. We pray the Gods, he may deſerve your loves!
2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.
3 *Cit.* Certainly, he flouted us down-right.
1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of ſpeech, he did not mock us.
2 *Cit.* Not one amongſt us, ſave your ſelf, but ſays,
He us'd us ſcornfully: he ſhould have ſhew'd us
His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's Country.
Sic. Why, ſo he did, I am ſure.
All. No, no man ſaw 'em.
3 *Cit.* He ſaid, he'd wounds, which he could ſhew in private;
And with his cap, thus waving it in ſcorn,
I would be Conſul, ſays he: aged Cuſtom,
But by your voices, will not ſo permit me;
Your voices therefore: when we granted that,

Here

Here was —— I thank you for your voices —— thank you ——
Your moſt ſweet voices —— now you have left your voices,
I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mockery?
Sic. Why, either, were you ignorant to ſee't?
Or, ſeeing it, of ſuch childiſh friendlineſs
To yield your voices?
Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were leſſon'd; when he had no Power,
But was a petty ſervant to the State,
He was your enemy; ſtill ſpake againſt
Your liberties, and charters that you bear
I'th' body of the weal: and now arriving
At place of potency, and ſway o'th'State,
If he ſhould ſtill malignantly remain
Faſt foe to the Plebeians, your voices might
Be curſes to your ſelves. You ſhould have ſaid,
That as his worthy deeds did claim no leſs
Than what he ſtood for; ſo his gracious Nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Tranſlate his malice tow'rds you into love,
Standing your friendly lord.
Sic. Thus to have ſaid,
As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his ſpirit,
And try'd his inclination; from him pluckt
Either his gracious promiſe, which you might,
As cauſe had call'd you up, have held him to;
Or elſe it would have gall'd his ſurly nature;
Which eaſily endures not article,
Tying him to aught; ſo, putting him to rage,
You ſhould have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And paſs'd him unelected.
Bru. Did you perceive,
He did ſollicit you in free contempt,
When he did need your loves? and do you think,
That his contempt ſhall not be bruiſing to you,
When he hath power to cruſh? why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry

Againſt

Againſt the rectorſhip of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
Ere now, deny'd the asker? and, now again
On him that did not ask, but mock, beſtow
Your ſu'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that ſound.

1 *Cit.* I, twice five hundred, and their friends to piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence inſtantly, and tell thoſe friends,
They've choſe a Conſul that will from them take
Their Liberties; make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do ſo.

Sic. Let them aſſemble;
And on a ſafer Judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election: enforce his Pride,
And his old hate to you: beſides, forget not,
With what contempt he wore the humble Weed;
How in his ſuit he ſcorn'd you: but your loves,
Thinking upon his ſervices, took from you
The apprehenſion of his preſent portance;
Which gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion
After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Bru. Nay, lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that
We labour'd (no impediment between)
But that you muſt caſt your election on him.

Sic. Say, you choſe him, more after our commandment,
Than guided by your own affections;
And that your minds, pre-occupied with what
You rather muſt do, than what you ſhould do,
Made you againſt the grain to voice him Conſul.
Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, ſpare us not: ſay, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to ſerve his Country,
How long continued; and what ſtock he ſprings of,
The noble Houſe of *Marcius*; from whence came

That

That *Ancus Marcius*, *Numa*'s daughter's ſon,
Who, after great *Hoſtilius*, here was King:
Of the ſame houſe *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
That our beſt water brought by conduits hither.
And *Cenſorinus*, darling of the people,
(And nobly nam'd ſo for twice being Cenſor)
Was his great Anceſtor.

Sic. One thus deſcended,
That hath beſide well in his perſon wrought
To be ſet high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Scaling his preſent Bearing with his paſt,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your ſudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had done't,
(Harp on that ſtill) but by our putting on;
And preſently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will ſo; almoſt all repent in their election.
[*Exeunt Plebeians.*

Bru. Let them go on:
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than ſtay paſs doubt for greater:
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refuſal, both obſerve and anſwer
The vantage of his anger.

Sic. To th' Capitol, come;
We will be there before the ſtream o'th' people:
And this ſhall ſeem, as partly 'tis, their own,
Which we have goaded onward. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *a publick Street in* Rome.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, *and other Senators.*

CORIOLANUS.

TUllus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my Lord; and that it was, which caus'd
Our ſwifter compoſition.

Cor. So then the *Volſcians* ſtand but as at firſt,
Ready, when time ſhall prompt them, to make road
Upon's again.

Com. They're worn, Lord Conſul, ſo,
That we ſhall hardly in our ages ſee
Their Banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you *Aufidius?*

Lart. On ſafe-guard he came to me, and did curſe
Againſt the *Volſcians,* for they had ſo vilely
Yielded the Town; he is retir'd to *Antium.*

Cor. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my Lord.

Cor. How? —— what? ——

Lart. How often he had met you, ſword to ſword:
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your perſon moſt: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeleſs reſtitution, ſo he might
Be call'd your vanquiſher.

Cor. At *Antium* lives he?

Lart. At *Antium.*

Cor. I wiſh, I had a cauſe to ſeek him there;
To oppoſe his hatred fully. —— Welcome home.

[*To* Lartius.

Enter

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Behold! these are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'th' common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Hah! —— what is that! ——

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on — no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the Nobles and the Commons?

Bru. *Cominius*, no.

Cor. Have I had childrens' voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to th' market place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,
Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?
Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And straight disclaim their tongues? what are your offices?
You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?
Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the Nobility:
Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot;
The people cry, you mock'd them; and, of late,
When corn was given them *gratis*, you repin'd;
Scandal'd the suppliants for the people; call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to Nobleness.

Cor. Why, this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform them!

Cor.

Cor. You are like to do such business.
Bru. Not unlike, each way, to better yours.
Cor. Why then should I be Consul? by yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your Fellow-Tribune.
Sic. You shew too much of That,
For which the people stir; if you will pass
To where you're bound, you must enquire your way
Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;
Or never be so noble as a Consul,
Nor yoke with him for Tribune.
Men. Let's be calm.
Com. The people are abus'd. —— Set on; — this paltring (14)
Becomes not *Rome:* nor has *Coriolanus*
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd Rub, laid falsly
I' th' plain way of his merit.
Cor. Tell me of corn!
This was my speech, and I will speak't again ——
Men. Not now, not now.
Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.
Cor. Now as I live, I will ——
As for my nobler friends, I crave their pardons:
But for the mutable rank-scented Many,
Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
And there behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing them, we nourish 'gainst our Senate
The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
Which we our selves have plow'd for, sow'd and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number:
Who lack not Virtue, no, nor Power, but that

(14) *The People are abus'd, set on;*] This is pointed, as if the Sense were, the People are set on by the Tribunes: but I don't take That to be the Poet's Meaning. *Cominius* makes a single Reflexion, and then bids the Train set forward, as again afterwards;

Well, On *to th' Market place.*

And so in *Julius Cæsar*;

Set on, *and leave no Ceremony out.*

Which

Which we have given to beggars.
Men. Well, no more ———
Sen. No more words, we beſeech you ———
Cor. How! ——— no more!
As for my Country I have ſhed my blood,
Not fearing outward force; ſo ſhall my lungs
Coin words 'till their decay, againſt thoſe meaſles,
Which we diſdain ſhould tetter us, yet ſeek
The very way to catch them.
Bru. You ſpeak o'th' people, as you were a God
To puniſh, not a man of their infirmity.
Sic. 'Twere well, we let the people know't.
Men. What, what! his choler?
Cor. Choler! were I as patient as the midnight ſleep,
By *Jove*, 'twould be my mind.
Sic. It is a mind
That ſhall remain a poiſon where it is,
Not poiſon any further.
Cor. Shall remain?
Hear you this *Triton* of the minnows? mark you
His abſolute *ſhall?*
Com. 'Twas from the canon.
Cor. Shall! ———
O good, but moſt unwiſe Patricians, why,
You grave, but wreakleſs Senators, have you thus
Given *Hydra* here to chuſe an officer,
That with his peremptory *ſhall*, being but
The horn and noiſe o'th' monſters, wants not ſpirit
To ſay, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail your ignorance; If none, awake
Your dangerous lenity: if you are learned,
Be not as common fools; if you are not,
Let them have cuſhions by you. You're Plebeians,
If they be Senators; and they are no leſs,
When, both your voices blended, the great'ſt taſte
Moſt palates theirs. They chuſe their magiſtrate!
And ſuch a one as he, who puts his *ſhall*,
His popular *ſhall*, againſt a graver Bench
Than ever frown'd in *Greece!* By *Jove* himſelf,

It

It makes the Conſuls baſe; and my ſoul akes
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither ſupream, how ſoon Confuſion
May enter 'twixt the gap of Both, and take
The one by th' other.
Com. Well — On to th' market-place.
Cor. Who ever gave that counſel, to give forth
The corn o' th' ſtore-houſe, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
Sometimes in *Greece* ———
Men. Well, well, no more of that.
Cor. Though there the People had more abſolute Power:
I ſay, they nouriſh'd diſobedience, fed
The ruin of the State.
Bru. Why ſhall the people give
One, that ſpeaks thus, their voice?
Cor. I'll give my reaſons,
More worthy than their voice. They know, the corn
Was not our recompence; reſting aſſur'd,
They ne'er did ſervice for't; being preſt to th' war,
Even when the navel of the State was touch'd,
They would not thread the gates: this kind of ſervice
Did not deſerve corn *gratis:* Being i'th' war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they ſhew'd
Moſt valour, ſpoke not for them. Th' accuſation,
Which they have often made againſt the Senate,
All cauſe unborn, could never be the native
Of our ſo frank donation. Well, what then?
How ſhall this Boſom-multiplied digeſt
The Senate's courteſie? let deeds expreſs,
What's like to be their words — "We did requeſt it —
"We are the greater poll, and in true fear
"They gave us our demands." ——— Thus we debaſe
The nature of our Seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares, fears; which will in time break ope
The locks o' th' Senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles. ———
Men. Come, enough.
Bru. Enough, with over meaſure.
Cor. No, take more.

What

What may be ſworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! —— This double worſhip,
Where one part does diſdain with cauſe, the other
Inſult without all reaſon; where gentry, title, wiſdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of gen'ral ignorance, it muſt omit
Real neceſſities, and give way the while
T' unſtable ſlightneſs; purpoſe ſo barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpoſe. Therefore, beſeech you,
(You that will be leſs fearful than diſcreet,
That love the fundamental part of State
More than you doubt the change of't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wiſh
To vamp a body with a dangerous phyſick,
That's ſure of death without;) at once pluck out
The multitudinous tongue, let them not lick
The ſweet which is their poiſon. Your diſhonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the State
Of that integrity which ſhould become it:
Not having power to do the good it would,
For th' ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as ſaid enough.

Sic. H'as ſpoken like a traitor, and ſhall anſwer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! Deſpight o'erwhelm thee! ——
What ſhould the people do with theſe bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater bench. In a Rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what muſt be, was law,
Then were they choſen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be ſaid, it muſt be meet,
And throw their Power i'th' duſt.

Bru. Manifeſt treaſon ——

Sic. This a Conſul? no.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho! let him be apprehended.

[Ædiles *Enter.*

Sic. Go, call the people, in whoſe name my ſelf
Attach thee as a traiterous innovator:
A foe to th' publick weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine anſwer: [*Laying hold on* Coriolanus.

Cor.

Cor. Hence, old goat!
All. We'll ſurety him.
Com. Ag'd Sir, hands off.
Cor. Hence, rotten thing, or I ſhall ſhake thy bones
Out of thy garment.
Sic. Help me, citizens.

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians, *with the* Ædiles.

Men. On both ſides, more reſpect.
Sic. Here's he, that would take from you all your power.
Bru. Seize him, *Ædiles.*
All. Down with him, down with him!
2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!
[*They all buſtle about* Coriolanus.
Tribunes, Patricians, Citizens —— what ho! ——
Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!
All. Peace, peace, peace, ſtay, hold, peace!
Men. What is about to be? — I am out of breath;
Confuſion's near, I cannot ſpeak. — You Tribunes,
Coriolanus, patience; ſpeak, *Sicinius.*
Sic. Hear me, people —— peace.
All. Let's hear our Tribune; peace; ſpeak, ſpeak, ſpeak.
Sic. You are at point to loſe your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you: *Marcius,*
Whom late you nam'd for Conſul.
Men. Fie, fie, fie.
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.
Sic. What is the city, but the people?
All. True, the people are the city.
Bru. By the conſent of all, we were eſtabliſh'd
The people's magiſtrates.
All. You ſo remain.
Men. And ſo are like to do.
Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet diſtinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic.

Sic. This deſerves death.

Bru. Or let us ſtand to our Authority,
Or let us loſe it: we do here pronounce,
Upon the part o'th' people, in whoſe power
We were elected theirs, *Marcius* is worthy
Of preſent death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;
Bear him to th' rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into deſtruction caſt him.

Bru. Ædiles, ſeize him.

All Ple. Yield, *Marcius*, yield.

Men. Hear me one word; 'beſeech you, Tribunes, hear me but a word ———

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you ſeem, truly your Country's friends,
And temp'rately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redreſs.

Bru. Sir, thoſe cold ways,
That ſeem like prudent helps, are very poiſonous,
Where the diſeaſe is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the Rock. [Cor. *draws his Sword.*

Cor. No; I'll die here.
There's ſome among you have beheld me fighting,
Come, try upon your ſelves, what you have ſeen me.

Men. Down with that ſword; Tribunes, withdraw a while.

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help *Marcius*, help—you that be noble, help him young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him. [*Exeunt.*

[*In this mutiny, the* Tribunes, *the* Ædiles, *and the people are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your houſe; be gone, away,
All will be naught elſe.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

Com. Stand faſt, we have as many friends as enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to That?

Sen. The Gods forbid!
I pr'ythee, noble friend, home to thy houſe,

Leave

Leave us to cure this cauſe.

Men. For 'tis a ſore,
You cannot tent your ſelf; begone, 'beſeech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would, they were *Barbarians*, (as they are,
Though in *Rome* litter'd;) not *Romans:* (as they are not,
Though calved in the porch o'th' Capitol:)
Begone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue,
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could my ſelf take up a brace o'th' beſt of them; yea, the two Tribunes.

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick:
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it ſtands
Againſt a falling fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the tag return, whoſe rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you, be gone:
I'll try, if my old wit be in requeſt
With thoſe that have but little; this muſt be patcht
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Come, away. [*Exeunt* Coriolanus *and* Cominius.

1 *Sen.* This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove* for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth:
What his breaſt forges, that his tongue muſt vent;
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noiſe within.*
Here's goodly work.

2 *Sen.* I would, they were a-bed.

Men. I would, they were in *Tiber.*—What, the vengeance,
Could he not ſpeak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus *and* Sicinius, *with the rabble again.*

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and

Be

Be every man himſelf?

Men. You worthy Tribunes ——

Sic. He ſhall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* Rock
With rigorous hands; he hath reſiſted Law,
And therefore Law ſhall ſcorn him further trial
Than the ſeverity of publick Power,
Which he ſo ſets at nought.

1 *Cit.* He ſhall well know, the noble Tribunes are
The people's mouths, and we their hands.

All. He ſhall, be ſure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir, ——

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you ſhould but hunt
With modeſt warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it, you
Have holp to make this reſcue?

Men. Hear me ſpeak;
As I do know the Conſul's worthineſs,
So can I name his faults ——

Sic. Conſul! —— what Conſul!

Men. The Conſul *Coriolanus.*

Bru. He Conſul! ——

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two;
The which ſhall turn you to no further harm,
Than ſo much loſs of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to diſpatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence, (15)
Were but our danger; and to keep him here,
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed,

(15) —— *To eject him hence*
Were but one *danger, and to keep him here*
Our *certain Death*;] This Reading, which has obtain'd in the printed Copies, deſtroys that Climax which evidently ſeems deſign'd here, and thereby flattens the Sentiment. In my Opinion, the Tribune would ſay, "To baniſh him, will be "hazardous to Us; to let him remain at home, our certain "Deſtruction."

He

He dies to night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whoſe gratitude
Tow'rds her deſerving children is enroll'd
In *Jove*'s own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own!

Sic. He's a diſeaſe that muſt be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's a limb, that has but a diſeaſe;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, eaſie.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath loſt
(Which I dare vouch, is more than That he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropt it for his Country:
And what is left, to loſe it by his Country,
Were to us all that do't, and ſuffer it,
A brand to th' end o'th' world.

Sic. This is clean kamme.

Bru. Meerly awry: when he did love his Country,
It honour'd him.

Men. The ſervice of the foot
Being once gangreen'd, it is not then reſpected
For what before it was ——

Bru. We'll hear no more.
Purſue him to his houſe, and pluck him thence;
Leſt his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word:
This tiger-footed rage, when it ſhall find
The harm of unskann'd ſwiftneſs, will (too late)
Tye leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by proceſs,
Leſt Parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
And ſack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

Bru. If 'twere ſo ——

Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taſte of his obedience,
Our *Ædiles* ſmote, our ſelves reſiſted? come ——

Men. Conſider this; he hath been bred i'th' wars
Since he could draw a ſword, and is ill-ſchool'd
In boulted language; meal and bran togethe
He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,

I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he ſhall anſwer by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmoſt peril.

1 *Sen.* Noble Tribunes,
It is the humane way: the other courſe
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*,
Be you then as the people's officer.
Maſters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the *forum*; we'll attend you there,
Where, if you bring not *Marcius*, we'll proceed
In our firſt way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.
Let me deſire your company; he muſt come,
Or what is worſt will follow.

1 *Sen.* Pray, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* CORIOLANUS's *Houſe.*

Enter Coriolanus, *with Nobles.*

Cor. LET them pull all about mine ears, preſent me
Death on the wheel, or at wild horſes' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* Rock,
That the precipitation might down ſtretch
Below the beam of ſight, yet will I ſtill
Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Nobl. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muſe, my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vaſſals, things created
To buy and ſell with groats; to ſhew bare heads
In congregations, yawn, be ſtill, and wonder,
When one but of my Ordinance ſtood up
To ſpeak of Peace or War; (I talk of you)
Why did you wiſh me milder? wou'd you have me
Falſe to my nature? rather ſay, I play

The

The man I am.

Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,
I would have had you put your Power well on,
Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let it go. ———

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are,
With ſtriving leſs to be ſo. Leſſer had been (16)
The Thwartings of your diſpoſitions, if
You had not ſhew'd them how you were diſpos'd
Ere they lack'd power to croſs you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, *with the Senators.*

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, ſomething too rough:
You muſt return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
Unleſs, by not ſo doing, our good City
Cleave in the midſt, and periſh.

Vol. Pray, be counſell'd;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my uſe of anger
To better vantage.

Men. Well ſaid, noble woman:
(17) Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to th' Herd, but that
The

(16) ——————— *Leſſer had been*
The Things that thwart *your Diſpoſitions,*]
The old Copies exhibit it,
The Things *of your Diſpoſitions*
A few Letters replac'd, that by ſome Careleſsneſs drop'd out, reſtore us the Poet's genuine Reading;
The Thwartings *of your Diſpoſitions.*

(17) *Before he thus ſhould ſtoop to th'* Heart,——] But how did *Coriolanus* ſtoop to his Heart? he rather, as we vulgarly expreſs it, made his proud Heart ſtoop to the Neceſſity of the Times. I am perſuaded, my Emendation gives the true Reading. So, before, in this Play;
Are theſe your Herd?

The violent fit o'th' times craves it as phyſick
For the whole State, I'd put mine armour on,
Which I can ſcarcely bear.

Cor. What muſt I do?

Men. Return to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then?

Men. Repent what you have ſpoke.

Cor. For them? — I cannot do it for the Gods,
Muſt I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too abſolute,
Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
But when Extremities ſpeak. I've heard you ſay,
Honour and policy, like unſever'd Friends,
I'th' war do grow together: grant That, and tell me
In peace, what each of them by th' other loſes,
That they combine not there?

Cor. Tuſh, tuſh ———

Men. A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to ſeem
The ſame you are not, which for your beſt ends
You call your policy: how is't leſs, or worſe,
That it ſhall hold companionſhip in peace
With Honour, as in War; ſince that to both
It ſtands in like requeſt?

Cor. Why force you this?

Vol. Becauſe it lies on you to ſpeak to th' People:
Not by your own inſtruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with ſuch words
But roated in your tongue; baſtards, and ſyllables
Of no allowance, to your boſom's truth.
Now, this no more diſhonours you at all,
Than to take in a Town with gentle words,
Which elſe would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood. ——
I would diſſemble with my nature, where
My fortunes, and my friends at ſtake, requir'd,

So, in *Julius Cæſar*;

When he perceiv'd, the common Herd *was glad he refus'd the crown*, &c.

And in many other Paſſages,

I ſhould

I ſhould do ſo in honour. (18) I am in this
Your Wife, your Son, theſe Senators, the Nobles. ——
And you will rather ſhew our general lowts
How you can frown, than ſpend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and ſafeguard
Of what that Want might ruin!

Men. Noble Lady!
Come, go with us, ſpeak fair: you may ſalve ſo
Not what is dangerous preſent, but the loſs
Of what is paſt.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my Son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having ſtretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy knee buſſing the ſtones; (for in ſuch buſineſs
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears;) (19) waving thy head,

(18) —————— *I'm in this*
Your Wife, your Son: the Senators the Nobles,
And You, &c.] The Pointing of the printed Copies makes ſtark Nonſenſe of this Paſſage. *Volumnia* is perſuading *Coriolanus* that he ought to flatter the People, as the general Fortune was at Stake; and ſays, that, in this Advice, She ſpeaks as his Wife, as his Son; as the Senate, and Body of the Patricians; who were in ſome Meaſure link'd to his Conduct.
Mr. *Warburton.*

(19) —————— *waving thy* Head,
Which often, *thus, correcting thy ſtout Heart.*] But do any of the Ancient, or Modern Maſters of Elocution preſcribe the *waving the Head*, when they treat of Action? Or how does the waving the Head correct the Stoutneſs of the Heart, or evidence Humility? Or laſtly, where is the Senſe or Grammar of theſe Words, *Which often thus*, &c? Theſe Queſtions are ſufficient to ſhew the abſurd Corruption of theſe Lines. I would read therefore;

—————— *waving thy* Hand,
Which ſoften *thus, correcting thy ſtout Heart*;
This is a very proper Precept of Action ſuiting the Occaſion; Wave thy Hand, ſays She, and ſoften the Action of it thus, —— then ſtrike upon thy Breaſt, and by that Action ſhew the People thou haſt corrected thy ſtout Heart. All here is fine and proper.
Mr. *Warburton.*

Which ſoften, thus, correcting thy ſtout heart,
Now humble as the ripeſt Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or ſay to them,
Thou art their Soldier, and, being bred in broils,
Haſt not the ſoft way, which thou doſt confeſs
Were fit for thee to uſe, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves; but thou wilt frame
Thy ſelf (forſooth) hereafter theirs ſo far,
As thou haſt power and perſon.

Men. This but done,
Ev'n as ſhe ſpeaks, why, all their hearts were yours:
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpoſe.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go and be rul'd: altho', I know, thou'dſt rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery Gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius.*

Com. I've been i'th' Market-place, and, Sir, 'tis fit
You have ſtrong Party, or defend your ſelf
By calmneſs, or by abſence: all's in anger.

Men. Only, fair ſpeech.

Com. I think, 'twill ſerve, if he
Can thereto frame his ſpirit.

Vol. He muſt and will:
Pr'ythee now, ſay you will, and go about it.

Cor. Muſt I go ſhew them my unbarbed ſconce?
Muſt my baſe tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it muſt bear? well, I will do't:
(20) Yet were there but this ſingle Plot to loſe,
This

(20) *Yet were there but this ſingle Plot, to loſe*
This Mould of Marcius,] The Pointing of all the Impreſſions ſhews, the Editors did not underſtand this Paſſage. What *Plot* is this, they are dreaming of, to loſe the Mould of *Marcius?* --- But *Plot* and *Mould* are but one and the ſame Thing; and mean no more than the Fleſh and Subſtance of *Marcius*'s Body. " Were there no other Conſequences annex'd, ſays " He,

This mould of *Marcius*, they to duſt ſhould grind it,
And throw't againſt the wind. To th' Market-place!
You've put me now to ſuch a Part, which never
I ſhall diſcharge to th' life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now, ſweet Son; as thou haſt ſaid,
My praiſes made thee firſt a Soldier, ſo,
To have my praiſe for this, perform a Part
Thou haſt not done before.

Cor. Well, I muſt do't:
Away, my Diſpoſition, and poſſeſs me
Some Harlot's ſpirit! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin's voice
That Babies lulls aſleep! the ſmiles of Knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and ſchool-boys' tears take up
The glaſſes of my ſight! a Beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my ſtirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms! —— I will not do't, ——
Leſt I ſurceaſe to honour mine own truth,
And, by my body's action, teach my mind,
A moſt inherent baſeneſs.

Vol. At thy choice then:
To beg of thee, it is my more diſhonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy Mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous ſtoutneſs: for I mock at Death
With as big heart as thou. Do, as thou liſt:
Thy valiantneſs was mine, thou ſuck'ſt it from me:
But own thy pride thy ſelf.

Cor. Pray, be content:
Mother, I'm going to th' Market-place:
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the Trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife. I'll return Conſul,

" He, than the Deſtruction of my Body, they ſhould grind it " to Powder, &c.

Or never truſt to what my tongue can do
I'th' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [*Exit* Volumnia.

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: arm
Your ſelf to anſwer mildly: for they're prepar'd
With accuſations, as I hear, more ſtrong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly.—Pray you, let us go.
Let them accuſe me by invention; I
Will anſwer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly. — [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* FORUM.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Bru. IN this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannic Power: if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the People,
And that the Spoil, got on the *Antiates*,
Was ne'er diſtributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Ædile.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied?

Æd. With old *Menenius*, and thoſe Senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procur'd,
Set down by th' poll?

Æd. I have; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by Tribes?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Aſſemble preſently the People hither,
And, when they hear me ſay, It ſhall be ſo,
I'th' right and ſtrength o'th' Commons; (be it either
For Death, for Fine, or Baniſhment,) then let them
If I ſay Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death;
Inſiſting on the old Prerogative

And

And Power i'th' truth o'th' Cauſe.
Æd. I will inform them.
Bru. And when ſuch time they have begun to cry,
Let them not ceaſe, but with a Din confus'd
Inforce the preſent execution
Of what we chance to ſentence.
Æd. Very well.
Sic. Make them be ſtrong and ready for this hint,
When we ſhall hap to give't them.
Bru. Go about it. [*Exit* Ædile.
Put him to choler ſtraight; he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word
Of contradiction. Being once chaft, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temp'rance; then he ſpeaks
What's in his heart; and That is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius *and* Cominius *with others.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.
Men. Calmly, I do beſeech you.
Cor. Ay, as an hoſtler, that for the pooreſt piece
Will bear the Knave by th' volume: — The honour'd Gods
Keep *Rome* in Safety, and the Chairs of Juſtice
Supply with worthy men, (21) plant love amongſt you,
Throng our large Temples with the ſhews of peace,
And not our ſtreets with war!
1 *Sen.* Amen, amen!
Men. A noble wiſh.

(21) ——— *plant Love among You*
Through *our large Temples with the Shews of Peace,*
And not our Streets with War.] Though this be the Reading of all the Copies, it is flat Nonſenſe. There is no Verb either expreſt, or underſtood, that can govern the latter Part of the Sentence. I have no Doubt of my Emendation reſtoring the Text rightly, becauſe Mr. *Warburton* ſtarted the ſame Conjecture, unknowing that I had meddled with the Paſſage.

Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye People.

Æd. Liſt to your Tribunes: audience; Peace, I ſay.

Cor. Firſt, hear me ſpeak.

Both Tri. Well, ſay: peace, ho.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this preſent? Muſt all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you ſubmit you to the People's voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To ſuffer lawful Cenſure for ſuch faults
As ſhall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, Citizens, he ſays, he is content:
The warlike ſervice he has done, conſider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which ſhew
Like Graves i'th' holy Church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, ſcars to move Laughter only.

Men. Conſider further:
That when he ſpeaks not like a Citizen,
You find him like a Soldier; (22) do not take
His rougher accents for malicious ſounds:
But, as I ſay, ſuch as become a Soldier.
Rather than envy, you ——

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being paſt for Conſul with full voice,
I'm ſo diſhonour'd, that the very hour

(22) ——————— *do not take*

His rougher Actions *for malicious Sounds:*] I have no manner of Apprehenſion how a Man's *Actions* can be miſtaken for *Words*. It would be very abſurd, as well as extraordinary, were I to do a ſaucy Thing in Company, for the Perſon offended to tell me, Sir, you give me very impudent Language. This would be, certainly, taking *Actions* for *Sounds:* —— We may remember, a *Roughneſs* of *Accent* was one of *Coriolanus*'s diſtinguiſhing Characteriſticks.

You

You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all season'd Office, and to wind
Your self unto a Power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the People.

Cor. How? Traitor? ———

Men. Nay, temperately: your promise.

Cor. The fires i'th' lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes sate twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would say,
Thou liest, unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To th' Rock with him.

Sic. Peace:
We need not lay new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
Beating your Officers, cursing your selves,
Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
Those whose great Power must try him, even this
So criminal, and in such capital kind,
Deserves th' extreamest death.

Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for *Rome* ——

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of That, that know it.

Cor. You? ———

Men. Is this the promise that you made your Mother?

Com. Know, I pray you ———

Cor. I'll know no farther:
Let them pronounce the steep *Tarpeian* death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,
To have't with saying, good morrow.

Sic.

Sic. For that he has
(As much as in him lies) from time to time
Envy'd againſt the people; ſeeking means
To pluck away their Power; as now at laſt
Giv'n hoſtile ſtroaks, and that not in the preſence
Of dreaded juſtice, but on the Miniſters
That do diſtribute it; in the Name o'th' People,
And in the Power of us the Tribunes, we
(Ev'n from this inſtant) baniſh him our City;
In peril of precipitation
From off the Rock *Tarpeian*, never more
To enter our *Rome*'s Gates. I'th' People's Name,
I ſay, it ſhall be ſo.

All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo; let him away:
He's baniſh'd, and it ſhall be ſo.

Com. Hear me, my Maſters, and my common Friends—

Sic. He's ſentenc'd: no more hearing.

Com. Let me ſpeak:
(23) I have been Conſul, and can ſhew for *Rome*
Her Enemies' Marks upon me. I do love
My Country's Good, with a reſpect more tender,
More holy, and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's eſtimate, her womb's increaſe,
And treaſure of my loins: then if I would
Speak that ——.

Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?

Bru. There's no more to be ſaid, but he is baniſh'd
As enemy to the People and his Country.
It ſhall be ſo.

(23) *I have been Conſul, and can ſhew* from Rome
Her Enemies Marks upon me.] How, from *Rome?* Did He receive hoſtile Marks from his own Country? No ſuch thing: He receiv'd them in the Service of *Rome*. So, twice in the Beginning of next Act, it is ſaid of *Coriolanus*;

Hadſt Thou Foxſhip
To baniſh him, that ſtruck more Blows for Rome,
Than Thou haſt ſpoken Words?

And again;

Good Man! the Wounds that he does bear for Rome!

All.

All. It ſhall be ſo, it ſhall be ſo.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whoſe breath I hate,
As reek o'th' rotten fenns; whoſe loves I prize,
As the dead carcaſſes of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I baniſh you:
And here remain with your uncertainty;
Let every feeble rumour ſhake your hearts;
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into deſpair: have the power ſtill
To baniſh your Defenders, 'till at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not, 'till it feels;
Making but reſervation of your ſelves
Still your own enemies) deliver you,
As moſt abated captives, to ſome nation
That won you without blows! Deſpiſing then,
For you, the City, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elſewhere———

[*Exeunt* Coriolanus, Cominius, *and others.*

[*The people ſhout, and throw up their caps.*

Æd. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is baniſh'd; he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

Sic. Go ſee him out at gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you; with all deſpight
Give him deſerv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the City.

All. Come, come; let us ſee him out at the gates; come.
The Gods preſerve our noble Tribunes! ——— come.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *before the Gates of* Rome.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, *with the young Nobility of* Rome.

CORIOLANUS.

COme, leave your tears: a brief farewel: the beaſt
With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient Courage? you were us'd
To ſay, Extremity was the trier of ſpirits,
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the Sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd maſterſhip in floating. Fortune's blows,
When moſt ſtruck home, being gently warded, craves
A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
With precepts, that would make invincible
The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. Oh heav'ns! O heav'ns!

Cor. Nay, I pr'ythee, woman ——

Vol. Now the red peſtilence ſtrike all trades in *Rome*,
And occupations periſh!

Cor. What! what! what!
I ſhall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Reſume that ſpirit, when you were wont to ſay,
If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,
Six of his labours you'd have done, and ſav'd
Your husband ſo much ſweat. *Cominius*,
Droop not; adieu: farewel, my wife! my mother!
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
Thy tears are ſalter than a younger man's,
And venomous to thine eyes. My ſometime General,
I've ſeen thee ſtern, and thou haſt oft beheld
Heart-hardning ſpectacles. Tell theſe ſad women,
'Tis fond to wail inevitable ſtroaks,

As

As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot,
My hazards ſtill have been your ſolace; and
Believe't not lightly, (tho' I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than ſeen:) your Son
Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
With cautelous baits and practice.

Vol. My firſt Son,
Where will you go? take good *Cominius*
With thee a while; determine on ſome courſe,
More than a wild expoſure to each chance,
That ſtarts i'th' way before thee.

Cor. O the Gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, deviſe with thee
Where thou ſhalt reſt, that thou may'ſt hear of us,
And we of thee. So, if the time thruſt forth
A Cauſe for thy Repeal, we ſhall not ſend
O'er the vaſt world, to ſeek a ſingle man;
And loſe advantage, which doth ever cool
I'th' abſence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well:
Thou'ſt years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the war's ſurfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruis'd; bring me but out at gate.
Come, my ſweet wife, my deareſt mother, and
My friends of noble touch: when I am forth,
Bid me farewel, and ſmile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you ſhall
Hear from me ſtill, and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily
As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could ſhake off but one ſeven years
From theſe old arms and legs, by the good Gods,
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus, *with the* Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone; and we'll no further.

Vex'd

Vex'd are the Nobles, who, we see, have sided
In his behalf.
Bru. Now we have shewn our Power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.
Sic. Bid them home;
Say, their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.
Bru. Dismiss them home.
Here comes his Mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, *and* Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.
Bru. Why?
Sic. They say, she's mad.
Bru. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your way.
Vol. Oh, y'are well met:
The hoorded plague o'th' Gods requite your love!
Men. Peace, peace; be not so loud.
Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear —
Nay, and you shall hear some. — Will you be gone?
Virg. You shall stay too: — I would, I had the power
To say so to my Husband.
Sic. Are you mankind?
Vol. Ay, fool: is that a shame? note but this fool.
Was not a Man my Father? hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for *Rome*,
Than thou hast spoken words ——
Sic. Oh blessed heav'ns!
Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words,
And for *Rome*'s good — I'll tell thee what — yet go —
Nay, but thou shalt stay too —— I would, my son
Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.
Sic. What then?
Virg. What then? he'd make an end of thy Posterity.
Vol. Bastards, and all.
Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome!*
Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic.

Sic. I would, he had continued to his Country
As he began, and not unknit himſelf
The noble knot he made.
Bru. I would, he had.
Vol. I would, he had!—'twas you incens'd the rabble:
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of thoſe myſteries which Heav'n
Will not have Earth to know.
Bru. Pray, let us go.
Vol. Now, pray, Sir, get you gone.
You've done a brave deed: ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meaneſt houſe in *Rome*; ſo far my Son,
This Lady's Husband here, this, (do you ſee)
Whom you have baniſh'd, does exceed you all.
Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.
Sic. Why ſtay you to be baited
With one that wants her wits? [*Exe. Tribunes.*
Vol. Take my prayers with you.
I wiſh, the Gods had nothing elſe to do,
But to confirm my curſes! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lyes heavy to't.
Men. You've told them home,
And, by my troth, have cauſe: you'll ſup with me?
Vol. Anger's my meat, I ſup upon my ſelf,
And ſo ſhall ſtarve with feeding: come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,
In anger, *Juno*-like: come, come, fie, fie! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Antium.

Enter a Roman *and a* Volſcian.

Rom. I Know you well, Sir, and you know me; your name, I think, is *Adrian*.
Vol. It is ſo, Sir: truly, I have forgot you.
Rom. I am a *Roman*, but my ſervices are as you are, againſt 'em. Know you me yet?
Vol. Nicanor? no.

Rom.

Rom. The ſame, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I laſt ſaw you, but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in *Rome!* I have a Note from the *Volſcian* State to find you out there. You have well ſav'd me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* ſtrange inſurrections: the People againſt the Senators, Patricians, and Nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? our State thinks not ſo: they are in a moſt warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their diviſion.

Rom. The main blaze of it is paſt, but a ſmall thing would make it flame again. For the Nobles receive ſo to heart the Baniſhment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptneſs to take all power from the People, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you; and is almoſt mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. Coriolanus baniſh'd?

Rom. Baniſh'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, *Nicanor.*

Rom. The day ſerves well for them now. I have heard it ſaid, the fitteſt time to corrupt a man's Wife, is when ſhe's fallen out with her husband. Your noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in theſe wars, his great Oppoſer *Coriolanus* being now in no requeſt of his Country.

Vol. He cannot chuſe. I am moſt fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my buſineſs, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I ſhall between this and ſupper tell you moſt ſtrange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their Adverſaries. Have you an army ready, ſay you?

Vol. A moſt royal one. The Centurions and their Charges diſtinctly billetted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readineſs, and am the man, I think, that ſhall ſet them in preſent action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and moſt glad of your company.

Vol.

Vol. You take my Part from me, Sir, I have the moſt cauſe to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Coriolanus *in mean Apparel, diſguis'd and muffled.*

Cor. A goodly City is this *Antium.* —— City,
'Tis I, that made thy widows: Many an heir
Of theſe fair edifices for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not,
Leſt that thy Wives with ſpits, and boys with ſtones,
In puny battle ſlay me. Save you, Sir.

Enter a Citizen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lies:
Is he in *Antium?*

Cit. He is, and feaſts the Nobles of the State, at his houſe this night.

Cor. Which is his houſe, I beſeech you?

Cit. This, here, before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir: Farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*
Oh, world, thy ſlippery turns! friends now faſt-ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe bed, whoſe meal and exerciſe
Are ſtill together, who twine (as 'twere) in love
Unſeparable, ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſenſion of a doit, break out
To bittereſt enmity. So felleſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And inter-join their iſſues. So, with me; ——
My birth-place have I and my lovers left;
This enemy's Town I'll enter; if he ſlay me,
He does fair juſtice; if he give me way,
I'll do his Country ſervice. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Hall in* Aufidius's *Houſe.*

Muſick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* WINE, wine, wine! what ſervice is here? I think, our fellows are aſleep. [*Exit.*

Enter another Serving-man.

2 *Ser.* Where's *Cotus?* my Maſter calls for him: *Cotus.*

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly houſe; the feaſt ſmells well; but I appear not like a gueſt.

Enter the firſt Serving-man.

1 *Ser.* What would you have, friend? whence are you? here's no place for you: pray go to the door. [*Exit.*

Cor. I have deſerv'd no better entertainment, in being *Coriolanus.* [*Aſide.*

Enter ſecond Servant.

2 *Ser.* Whence are you, Sir? has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to ſuch companions? pray, get you out.

Cor. Away! ———

2 *Ser.* Away? ——— get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troubleſom.

2 *Ser.* Are you ſo brave? I'll have you talk'd with anon.

Enter a third Servant. The firſt meets him.

3 *Serv.* What Fellow's this?

1 *Serv.* A ſtrange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get him out o'th' houſe: pr'ythee, call my Maſter to him.

3 *Ser.*

3 *Ser.* What have you to do here, Fellow? pray you, avoid the houſe.

Cor. Let me but ſtand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 *Ser.* What are you?

Cor. A Gentleman.

3 *Ser.* A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; ſo I am.

3 *Ser.* Pray you, poor Gentleman, take up ſome other Station, here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits. [*Puſhes him away from him.*

3 *Ser.* What, will you not? pr'ythee, tell my Maſter, what a ſtrange Gueſt he has here.

2 *Ser.* And I ſhall. [*Exit ſecond Serving-man.*

3 *Ser.* Where dwell'ſt thou?

Cor. Under the Canopy?

3 *Ser.* Under the Canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 *Ser.* Where's that?

Cor. I'th' City of Kites and Crows.

3 *Ser.* I'th' City of Kites and Crows? what an Aſs it is! then thou dwell'ſt with Daws too?

Cor. No. I ſerve not thy Maſter.

3 *Ser.* How, Sir! do you meddle with my Maſter?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honeſter ſervice, than to meddle with thy Miſtreſs: thou prat'ſt, and prat'ſt; ſerve with thy trencher: hence. [*Beats him away.*

Enter Aufidius *with a Serving-man.*

Auf. Where is this Fellow?

2 *Ser.* Here, Sir; I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for diſturbing the Lords within.

Auf. Whence com'ſt thou? what wouldſt thou? thy name?
Why ſpeak'ſt not? ſpeak, man; what's thy name?

Cor. If, *Tullus*, yet thou know'ſt me not, and ſeeing me,
Doſt not yet take me for the man I am,
Neceſſity commands me name my ſelf.

Auf.

Auf. What is thy name?
Cor. A name unmuſical to *Volſcian* ears,
And harſh in ſound to thine.
Auf. Say, what is thy name?
Thou haſt a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou ſhew'ſt a noble veſſel: what's thy name?
Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown; know'ſt thou me yet?
Auf. I know thee not; thy name?
Cor. My name is *Caius Marcius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volſcians*,
Great hurt and miſchief; thereto witneſs may
My Sirname *Coriolanus*. The painful ſervice,
The extream dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankleſs Country, are requited,
But with that Sirname: A good memory,
And witneſs of the malice and diſpleaſure
Which thou ſhouldſt bear me, only that name remains.
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our daſtard Nobles, who
Have all forſook me, hath devour'd the reſt;
And ſuffer'd me by th' voice of ſlaves to be
Hoop'd out of *Rome*. Now, this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope
(Miſtake me not) to ſave my life; for if
I had fear'd death, of all the men i'th' world
I'd have avoided thee. But in meer ſpite
To be full quit of thoſe my Baniſhers,
Stand I before thee here: then if thou haſt
A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
Thine own particular wrongs, and ſtop thoſe maims
Of ſhame ſeen through thy Country, ſpeed thee ſtraight,
And make my miſery ſerve thy Turn: ſo uſe it,
That my revengeful ſervices may prove
As benefits to thee. For I will fight
Againſt my canker'd Country, with the ſpleen
Of all the under fiends. But if ſo be
Thou dar'ſt not this, and that to prove more fortunes
Thou'rt tir'd; then, in a word, I alſo am
Longer to live moſt weary, and preſent

My

My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
Which not to cut, would ſhew thee but a fool,
Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
Drawn tuns of blood out of thy Country's breaſt,
And cannot live, but to thy ſhame, unleſs
It be to do thee ſervice.

Auf. Oh, *Marcius*, *Marcius*,
Each word, thou'ſt ſpoke, hath weeded from my heart
A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
Should from yon cloud ſpeak to me things divine,
And ſay, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
Than thee, all-noble *Marcius*. Let me twine
Mine arms about that body, where-againſt
My grained aſh an hundred times hath broke,
And ſcar'd the moon with ſplinters: here I clip
The anvile of my ſword, and do conteſt
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious ſtrength I did
Contend againſt thy valour. Know thou firſt,
I lov'd the Maid I married; never Man
Sigh'd truer breath: but, that I ſee thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I firſt my wedded miſtreſs ſaw
Beſtride my threſhold. Why, thou *Mars!* I tell thee,
We have a Power on foot; and I had purpoſe
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or loſe my arm for't: thou haſt beat me out
Twelve ſeveral times, and I have nightly ſince
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thy ſelf and me:
We have been down together in my ſleep,
Unbuckling helms, fiſting each other's throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Marcius*,
Had we no quarrel elſe to *Rome*, but that
Thou art thence baniſh'd, we would muſter all
From twelve to ſeventy; and pouring war
Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
Like a bold flood o'erbear. O come, go in,
And take our friendly Senators by th' hands,
Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,

Who

Who am prepar'd againſt your Territories,
Though not for *Rome* it ſelf.

Cor. You bleſs me, Gods!

Auf. Therefore, moſt abſolute Sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thy own revenges, take
One half of my Commiſſion, and ſet down
As beſt thou art experienc'd, ſince thou know'ſt
Thy Country's ſtrength and weakneſs, thine own ways;
Whether to knock againſt the gates of *Rome*,
Or rudely viſit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere deſtroy. But come, come in;
Let me commend thee firſt to thoſe, that ſhall
Say *yea* to thy deſires. A thouſand welcomes!
And more a friend, than e'er an enemy:
Yet, *Marcius*, that was much. —— Your hand; moſt welcome! [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* Here's a ſtrange alteration.

2 *Ser.* By my hand, I had thought to have ſtrucken him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a falſe report of him.

1 *Ser.* What an arm he has! he turn'd me about with his finger and his thumb, as one would ſet up a top.

2 *Ser.* Nay, I knew by his face that there was ſomething in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 *Ser.* He had ſo: looking, as it were —— 'would I were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than I could think.

2 *Ser.* So did I, I'll be ſworn; he is ſimply the rareſt man i'th' world.

1 *Ser.* I think, he is; but a greater Soldier than he, you wot one.

2 *Ser.* Who, my Maſter?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth ſix on him.

1 *Ser.*

1 *Ser.* Nay, not ſo neither; but I take him to be the greater Soldier.

2 *Ser.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to ſay that; for the defence of a Town, our General is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an aſſault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Ser.* Oh, ſlaves, I can tell you news; news, you raſcals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Ser.* I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Ser.* Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Marcius*.

1 *Ser.* Why do you ſay, thwack our General?

3 *Ser.* I do not ſay, thwack our General; but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Ser.* Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him ſay ſo himſelf.

1 *Ser.* He was too hard for him directly, to ſay the troth on't: before *Corioli*, he ſcotcht him and notcht him like a carbonado.

2 *Ser.* And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Ser.* But, more of thy news; ———

3 *Ser.* Why, he is ſo made on here within, as if he were Son and Heir to *Mars:* ſet at upper end o'th' table; no queſtion ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they ſtand bald before him. Our General himſelf makes a Miſtreſs of him, ſanctifies himſelf with's hands, and turns up the white o'th' eye to his diſcourſe. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i'th' middle, and but one half of what he was yeſterday. For the Other has half, by the Intreaty and Grant of the whole table. He'll go, he ſays, and ſowle the porter of *Rome*

gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his paſſage poll'd.

2 *Ser.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

3 *Ser.* Do't! he will do't: for, look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were, durſt not (look you, Sir) ſhew themſelves (as we term it) his friends, whilſt he's in directitude.

1 *Ser.* Directitude! what's that?

3 *Ser.* But when they ſhall ſee, Sir, his Creſt up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs (like conies after rain) and revel all with him.

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Ser.* To morrow, to day, preſently, you ſhall have the drum ſtruck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feaſt, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Ser.* Why, then we ſhall have a ſtirring world again: this peace is worth nothing, but to ruſt iron, encreaſe tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, ſay I; it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it's ſprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, ſleepy, inſenſible, a getter of more baſtard children than war's a deſtroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis ſo; and as war in ſome ſort may be ſaid to be a raviſher, ſo it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* Reaſon; becauſe they then leſs need one another: the wars, for my mony. I hope, to ſee *Romans* as cheap as *Volſcians*.

They are riſing, they are riſing.

Both. In, in, in, in. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *a publick Place in* Rome.

Enter Sicinius *and* Brutus.

Sic. (24) WE hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i'th' preſent peace,
And quietneſs o'th' People, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here we make his Friends
Bluſh, that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themſelves did ſuffer by't, beheld
Diſſentious numbers peſt'ring ſtreets, than ſee
Our Tradeſmen ſinging in their ſhops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We ſtood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius?*

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O, he is grown moſt kind of late. Hail, Sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much miſs'd, but with his Friends; the Commonwealth doth ſtand, and ſo would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

(24) *We hear not of him, neither need we fear him,*
His Remedies are tame: the preſent Peace
And Quietneſs o'th' People, which before
Were in wild hurry.] As this Paſſage has been hitherto pointed, it labours under two Abſurdities; firſt, that the Peace abroad, and the Quietneſs of the Populace at home, are call'd *Marcius*'s Remedies; whereas, in Truth, theſe were the Impediments of his Revenge: In the next place, the latter Branch of the Sentence is imperfect and ungrammatical. My Regulation prevents both theſe Inconveniencies.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?
Men. Nay, I hear nothing:
His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preſerve you both!
Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.
Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good-e'en to you all.
1 *Cit.* Our ſelves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.
Sic. Live and thrive!
Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours:
We wiſh'd, *Coriolanus* had lov'd you, as we did.
All. Now the Gods keep you!
Both Trib. Farewel, farewel. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when theſe fellows ran about the ſtreets,
Crying confuſion.
Bru. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i'th' war, but inſolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious paſt all thinking,
Self-loving.
Sic. And affecting one ſole Throne,
Without Aſſiſtance.
Men. Nay, I think not ſo.
Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth Conſul, found it ſo.
Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits ſafe and ſtill without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile. Worthy Tribunes,
There is a ſlave, whom we have put in priſon,
Reports, the *Volſcians* with two ſeveral Powers
Are entred in the *Roman* Territories;
And with the deepeſt malice of the war

Deſtroy

Deſtroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*,
Who, hearing of our *Marcius*' Baniſhment,
Thruſts forth his horns again into the world;
Which were in-ſhell'd when *Marcius* ſtood for *Rome*,
And durſt not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of *Marcius!*

Bru. Go ſee this rumourer whipt. It cannot be,
The *Volſcians* dare break with us.

Men. Cannot be!
We have Record, that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reaſon with the fellow
Before you puniſh him, where he heard this;
Leſt you ſhould chance to whip your information,
And beat the meſſenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me:
I know, this cannot be.

Bru. Not poſſible.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The Nobles in great earneſtneſs are going
All to the Senate-houſe; ſome news is come,
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this ſlave:
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes: his raiſing!
Nothing but his report!

Meſ. Yes, worthy Sir,
The ſlave's report is ſeconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful?

Meſ. It is ſpoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Marcius*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a Pow'r 'gainſt *Rome*;
And vows Revenge as ſpacious, as between
The young'ſt and oldeſt thing.

Sic. This is moſt likely! ——

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker ſort may wiſh
Good *Marcius* home again.
Sic. The very trick on't.
Men. This is unlikely.
He and *Aufidius* can no more atone,
Than violenteſt contrariety.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. You are ſent for to the Senate:
A fearful army, led by *Caius Marcius*,
Aſſociated with *Aufidius*, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'er-borne their way, conſum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good Work.
Men. What news? what news?
Com. You have holp to raviſh your own daughters, and
To melt the city-leads upon your pates,
To ſee your Wives diſhonour'd to your noſes.
Men. What's the news? what's the news?
Com. Your Temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchiſes, whereon you ſtood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.
Men. Pray now, the news?
You've made fair work, I fear me: pray, your news?
If *Marcius* ſhould be joined with the *Volſcians*, ——
Com. If? he is their God; he leads them like a thing
Made by ſome other Deity than Nature,
That ſhapes man better; and they follow him,
Againſt us brats, with no leſs confidence,
Than boys purſuing ſummer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.
Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; that ſtood ſo much

Upon

Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters.

Com. He'll ſhake your *Rome* about your ears.

Men. As *Hercules* did ſhake down mellow fruit:
You have made fair work!

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the Regions
Do ſmilingly revolt; and, who reſiſt,
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And periſh conſtant fools: who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find ſomething in him.

Men. We're all undone, unleſs
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who ſhall ask it?
The Tribunes cannot do't for ſhame; the people
Deſerve ſuch pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the ſhepherds: his beſt friends, if they
Shou'd ſay, "Be good to *Rome*;" they charge him even
As thoſe ſhould do that had deſerv'd his hate,
And therein ſhew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.
If he were putting to my houſe the brand
That would conſume it, I have not the face
To ſay, "'Beſeech you, ceaſe." You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

Com. You've brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, ſuch as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beaſts,
And coward Nobles, gave way to your cluſters,
Who did hoot him out o'th' city.

Com. But I fear,
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
The ſecond name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: Deſperation
Is all the policy, ſtrength, and defence,

That *Rome* can make againſt them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the cluſters. ——— And is *Aufidius* with him? ——— You are they, That made the air unwholſome, when you caſt Your ſtinking, greaſy caps, in hooting at *Coriolanus'* Exile. Now he's coming, And not a hair upon a ſoldier's head, Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs, As you threw caps up, will he tumble down, And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter, If he ſhould burn us all into one coal, We have deſerv'd it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part, When I ſaid, baniſh him; I ſaid, 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And ſo did I.

3 *Cit.* And ſo did I; and to ſay the truth, ſo did very many of us; that we did, we did for the beſt; and tho' we willingly conſented to his Baniſhment, yet it was againſt our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things; you, voices! ——

Men. You have made good work, You and your cry. Shall's to the Capitol?

Com. Oh, ay, what elſe? [*Exeunt.*

Sic. Go, maſters, get you home, be not diſmay'd. Theſe are a Side, that would be glad to have This true, which they ſo ſeem to fear. Go home, And ſhew no ſign of fear.

1 *Cit.* The Gods be good to us: come, maſters, let's home. I ever ſaid, we were i'th' wrong, when we baniſh'd him.

2 *Cit.* So did we all; but come, let's home. [*Ex. Cit.*

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; 'would, half my wealth Would

Would buy this for a lie!
Sic. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt Tribunes.*

SCENE, *a Camp; at a ſmall diſtance from* Rome.

Enter Aufidius, *with his Lieutenant.*

Auf. DO they ſtill flie to th' *Roman?*
Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your ſoldiers uſe him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end:
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.
Auf. I cannot help it now,
Unleſs, by uſing means, I lame the foot
Of our deſign. He bears himſelf more proudly
Even to my perſon, than, I thought, he would
When firſt I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changling, and I muſt excuſe
What cannot be amended.
Lieu. Yet I wiſh, Sir,
(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in Commiſſion with him; but had borne
The action of your ſelf, or elſe to him
Had left it ſolely.
Auf. I underſtand thee well; and be thou ſure,
When he ſhall come to his account, he knows not,
What I can urge againſt him; though it ſeems,
And ſo he thinks, and is no leſs apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly;
And ſhews good husbandry for the *Volſcian* State,
Fights dragon-like, and does atchieve as ſoon
As draw his ſword: yet he hath left undone
That which ſhall break his neck, or hazard mine,
When e'er we come to our account.
Lieu. Sir, I beſeech, think you, he'll carry *Rome?*

Auf. All places yield to him ere he ſits down,
And the Nobility of *Rome* are his:
The Senators and Patricians love him too:
The Tribunes are no ſoldiers; and their people
Will be as raſh in the Repeal, as haſty
To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to *Rome* (25)
As is the Oſprey to the fiſh, who takes it
By Sovereignty of Nature. Firſt, he was
A noble ſervant to them, but he could not
Carry his Honours even; whether pride,
(Which out of daily fortune ever taints
The happy man) whether defect of judgment,
(To fail in the diſpoſing of thoſe chances,
Whereof he was the lord) or whether nature,
(Not to be o her than one thing; not moving
From th' caſk to th' cuſhion; but commanding peace
Even with the ſame auſterity and garb,
As he controll'd the war;) But one of theſe,

(25) ——— *I think, he'll be to* Rome
As is the Aſpray *to the Fiſh, who takes it*
By Sov'reignty of Nature.]

Though one's Search might have been very vain to find any ſuch Word as *Aſpray*, yet I eaſily imagin'd, ſomething muſt be couch'd, under the Corruption, in its Nature deſtructive to Fiſh, and that made a Prey of them. And this Suſpicion led me to the Diſcovery. The *Oſprey* is a Species of the Eagle, of a ſtrong Make, that haunts the Sea and Lakes for its Food, and altogether preys on Fiſh. But how will *Coriolanus* be to *Rome*, as the *Oſprey* to the Fiſh.

——— ——— *he'll take it*
By Sov'reignty of Nature?

Shakeſpeare, 'tis well known, has a Peculiarity in Thinking; and, wherever he is acquainted with Nature, is ſure to allude to her moſt uncommon Effects and Operations. I am very apt to imagine, therefore, that the Poet meant, *Coriolanus* would take *Rome* by the very Opinion and Terror of his Name, as Fiſh are taken by the *Oſprey*, thro' an inſtinctive Fear they have of him.

(As

(As he hath ſpices of them all) not all,
For I dare ſo far free him, made him fear'd,
So hated, and ſo baniſh'd; but he has merit
To choak it in the utt'rance: ſo our virtues
Lie in th' interpretation of the time;
And Power, unto it ſelf moſt commendable,
Hath not a tomb ſo evident, as a chair
T' extol what it hath done.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Right's by right fouler, ſtrengths by ſtrengths do fail.
Come, let's away; when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
Thou'rt poor'ſt of all, then ſhortly art thou mine.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a publick Place in* Rome.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, *with others.*

MENENIUS.

NO, I'll not go: you hear, what he hath ſaid,
Which was ſometime his General; who lov'd him
In a moſt dear particular. He call'd me father:
But what o' that? go you, that baniſh'd him,
A mile before his Tent, fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd
To hear *Cominius* ſpeak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not ſeem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:
I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*
He would not anſwer to; forbad all names;

He

He was a kind of Nothing, titleleſs,
'Till he had forg'd himſelf a name o'th' fire
Of burning *Rome*.

Men. Why, ſo; you've made good work:
A pair of Tribunes, that have rack'd for *Rome*,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was leaſt expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a State
To one whom they had puniſh'd.

Men. Very well, could he ſay leſs?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends. His anſwer to me was,
He could not ſtay to pick them in a pile
Of noiſom muſty chaff. He ſaid, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And ſtill to noſe th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I'm one of thoſe: his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains;
You are the muſty chaff; and you are ſmelt
Above the Moon. We muſt be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray, be patient: if you refuſe your aid
In this ſo never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our diſtreſs. But, ſure, if you
Would be your Country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the inſtant army we can make,
Might ſtop our Country-man.

Men. No: I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you, go to him.

Men. What ſhould I do?

Bru. Only make tryal what your love can do
For *Rome*, tow'rds *Marcius*.

Men. Well, and ſay, that *Marcius*
Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,
Unheard: (what then?)
But as a diſcontented friend, grief-ſhot
With his unkindneſs. Say't be ſo?

Sic. Yet your good will

Muſt

Muſt have that thanks from *Rome*, after the meaſure
As you intended well.

Min. I'll undertake it:
I think, he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd. ———
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've ſtuff'd
Theſe pipes, and theſe conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have ſuppler ſouls
Than in our prieſt-like faſts; therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my requeſt,
And then I'll ſet upon him.

Bru. You know the very road into his kindneſs,
And cannot loſe your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I ſhall ere long have knowledge
Of my ſucceſs. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does ſit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome*; and his Injury
The Goaler to his Pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he ſaid, riſe: diſmiſs'd me
Thus, with his ſpeechleſs hand. What he would do,
He ſent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unleſs his mother
And wife, — who (as I hear) mean to ſollicit him
For mercy to his Country: therefore hence,
And with our fair intreaties haſte them on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the* Volſcian *Camp.*

Enter Menenius *to the Watch or Guard.*

1 *Watch.* STAY: whence are you?

2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But, by your leave,
I am an Officer of State, and come
To ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

1 *Watch.* Whence?

Men. From *Rome.*

1 *Watch.* You may not paſs, you muſt return: our General
Will no more hear from thence.

2 *Watch.* You'll ſee your *Rome* embrac'd with fire, before
You'll ſpeak with *Coriolanus.*

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your General talk of *Rome,*
And of his friends there, it is Lots to Blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is *Menenius.*

1 *Watch.* Be it ſo, go back: the virtue of your Name
Is not here paſſable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy General is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts; whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd happily amplified:
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the ſize that verity
Would without lapſing ſuffer: nay, ſometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a ſubtle ground,
I've tumbled paſt the throw; and in his praiſe
Have, almoſt, ſtamp'd the leaſing. Therefore, fellow,
I muſt have leave to paſs.

1 *Watch.* Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you

you ſhould not paſs here: no, though it were as virtuous to lie, as to live chaſtly. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember, my name is *Menenius*; always factionary of the Party of your General.

2 *Watch.* Howſoever you have been his liar (as you ſay, you have;) I am one that, telling true under him, muſt ſay, you cannot paſs. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he din'd, can'ſt thou tell? for I would not ſpeak with him till after dinner.

1 *Watch.* You are a *Roman*, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 *Watch.* Then you ſhould hate *Rome*, as he does. Can you, when you have puſh'd out of your gates the very Defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your ſhield, think to front his revenges with the eaſy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palſied interceſſion of ſuch a decay'd Dotard as you ſeem to be? can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with ſuch weak breath as this? no, you are deceiv'd, therefore back to *Rome*, and prepare for your execution; you are condemn'd, our General has ſworn you out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy Captain knew I were here, he would uſe me with eſtimation.

1 *Watch.* Come, my Captain knows you not.

Men. I mean, thy General.

1 *Watch.* My general cares not for you. Back, I ſay, go; leſt I let forth your half pint of Blood. Back, that's the utmoſt of your Having, back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow, ———

Enter Coriolanus, *with* Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men.

Men. Now, you companion, I'll ſay an errand for you; you ſhall know now, that I am in eſtimation; you ſhall perceive, that a *Jack*-gardant cannot office me from my ſon *Coriolanus*; gueſs but my entertainment with him; if thou ſtand'ſt not i'th' ſtate of hanging, or of ſome death more long in ſpectatorſhip, and crueller in ſuffering, behold now preſently, and ſwoon for what's to come upon thee. — The glorious Gods ſit in hourly ſynod about thy particular proſperity, and love thee no worſe than thy old father *Menenius* does! Oh my ſon, my ſon! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee, but being aſſured, none but myſelf could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with ſighs; and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary Countrymen. The good Gods aſſwage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who, like a block, hath denied my acceſs to thee———

Cor. Away!

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are ſervanted to others: though I owe
My revenge properly, remiſſion lyes
In *Volſcian* breaſts. That we have been familiar, (26)
Ingrate

(26) ——— *That we have been familiar,*
Ingrate Forgetfulneſs ſhall poyſon, *rather*
Than pity: Note how much———]

We cannot deſire a more ſignal Inſtance of the indolent Stupidity of our Editors. Forgetfulneſs might *poyſon*, in not remembring a Converſation of Friendſhip, but how could it, in ſuch an Action, be ſaid to *pity* too? The pointing is abſurd; and the Sentiment conſequently ſunk into Nonſenſe. As I have regulated the Stops, both Dr. *Thirlby* and Mr. *Warburton* ſaw with me, they ought to be regulated. I have ſtill ventur'd beyond my ingenious Friends, in changing *Poyſon* into *Priſon*: which adds an Antitheſis, by which the Senſe ſeems clearer and more natural: *viz.* That *Forgetfulneſs* ſhall rather

keep

Ingrate Forgetfulneſs ſhall priſon, rather
Than Pity note how much.——Therefore, be gone;
Mine ears againſt your ſuits are ſtronger than
Your gates againſt my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along; I writ it for thy ſake,
[*Gives him a letter.*
And would have ſent it. Another word, *Menenius*,
I will not hear thee ſpeak.——This man, *Aufidius*,
Was my belov'd in *Rome*; yet thou behold'ſt——
Auf. You keep a conſtant temper. [*Exeunt.*

Manent the Guard, and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius?*

2 *Watch.* 'Tis a Spell, you ſee, of much power: you know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear, how we are ſhent for keeping your Greatneſs back?

2 *Watch.* What cauſe do you think, I have to ſwoon?

Men. I neither care for the world, nor your General: for ſuch things as you, I can ſcarce think there's any, y'are ſo ſlight. He, that hath a will to die by himſelf, fears it not from another: let your General do his worſt. For you, be what you are, long; and your miſery encreaſe with your age! I ſay to you, as I was ſaid to, Away—— [*Exit.*

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our General. He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-ſhaken. [*Ex. Watch.*

Re-enter Coriolanus *and* Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the Walls of *Rome* to morrow
Set down our Hoſt. My Partner in this action,
You muſt report to th' *Volſcian* lords, how plainly
I've borne this buſineſs.

keep it a ſecret, that we have been familiar; than *Pity* ſhall *diſcloſe* how much we have been ſo.

Auf.

Auf. Only their Ends you have reſpected; ſtopt
Your ears againſt the general ſuit of *Rome:*
Never admitted private whiſper, no,
Not with ſuch friends that thought them ſure of you.

Cor. This laſt old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have ſent to *Rome,*
Lov'd me above the meaſure of a father;
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their lateſt refuge
Was to ſend him; for whoſe old love, I have
(Tho' I ſhew'd ſow'rly to him) once more offer'd
The firſt conditions; (which they did refuſe,
And cannot now accept,) to grace him only,
That thought he could do more: a very little
I've yielded to. Freſh embaſſie, and ſuits,
Nor from the State, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.——Ha! what ſhout is this?
[*Shout within.*
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow,
In the ſame time 'tis made? I will not ———

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, *young* Marcius, *with Attendants all in Mourning.*

My wife comes foremoſt, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of Nature break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obſtinate.
What is that curt'ſie worth? or thoſe dove's eyes,
Which can make Gods forſworn? I melt, and am not
Of ſtronger earth than others: my mother bows,
As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill ſhould
In ſupplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aſpect of interceſſion, which
Great Nature cries, ——— "Deny not. Let the *Volſcians*
Plough *Rome,* and harrow *Italy*; I'll never
Be ſuch a goſling to obey inſtinct; but ſtand
As if a man were author of himſelf,

And

And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. Theſe eyes are not the ſame I wore in *Rome*.

Virg. The ſorrow, that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think ſo.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my Part, and I am out,
Even to a full diſgrace. Beſt of my fleſh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not ſay,
For That, "forgive our *Romans*." —— O, a kiſs
Long as my exile, ſweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiſs
I carried from thee, Dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er ſince.—You Gods! I prate; (27)
And the moſt noble mother of the world
Leave unſaluted: ſink, my knee, i'th' earth; [*kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impreſſion ſhew
Than that of common ſons.

Vol. O ſtand up bleſt!
Whilſt with no ſofter cuſhion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and unproperly
Shew duty as miſtaken all the while, [*kneels.*
Between the child and parent.

(27) —— *You Gods, I pray,*
And the moſt noble Mother of the World
Leave unſaluted:]

An old Corruption muſt have poſſeſs'd this Paſſage, for two Reaſons. In the firſt Place, whoever conſults this Speech, will find, that He is talking fondly to his Wife, and not praying to the Gods at all. Secondly, if He were employ'd in his Devotions, no Apology would be wanting for leaving his Mother unſaluted. The Poet's Intention was certainly This. *Coriolanus*, having been laviſh in his Tenderneſſes and Raptures to his Wife, bethinks himſelf on the ſudden, that his Fondneſs to her had made him guilty of ill Manners in the Neglect of his Mother; and, therefore correcting himſelf upon Reflexion, cries;

—— *You Gods!* I prate;

i. e. talk fondly, and without due Bounds.

Cor.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected ſon?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillop the ſtars: then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainſt the fiery Sun:
Murd'ring impoſſibility, to make
What cannot be, ſlight work.
Vol. Thou art my warrior,
I holp to frame thee. Do you know this lady?
Cor. The noble ſiſter of *Poplicola*,
The moon of *Rome*; chaſte as the iſicle,
That's curdled by the froſt from pureſt ſnow,
And hangs on *Dian*'s Temple: dear *Valeria!* ——
Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
[*ſhewing young* Marcius.
Which by th' interpretation of full time
May ſhew like all your ſelf.
Cor. The God of ſoldiers,
With the conſent of ſupream *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with Nobleneſs, that thou may'ſt prove
To Shame unvulnerable, and ſtick i'th' wars
Like a great ſea-mark, ſtanding every flaw,
And ſaving thoſe that eye thee!
Vol. Your knee, ſirrah.
Cor. That's my brave boy.
Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myſelf,
Are ſuitors to you.
Cor. I beſeech you, peace:
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before;
The thing, I have forſworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denial. Do not bid me
Diſmiſs my ſoldiers, or capitulate
Again with *Rome*'s Mechanicks. Tell me not,
Wherein I ſeem unnatural: deſire not
T'allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reaſons.
Vol. Oh, no more; no more:
You've ſaid, you will not grant us any thing:
For we have nothing elſe to ask, but That

Which

Which you deny already: yet we will ask,
That if we fail in our requeſt, the Blame
May hang upon your Hardneſs; therefore hear us.
Cor. Aufidius, and you *Volſcians*, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private. —— Your requeſt?
Vol. Should we be ſilent and not ſpeak, our raiment
And ſtate of bodies would bewray what life
We've led ſince thy Exile. Think with thy ſelf,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither; ſince thy fight, which ſhould
Make our Eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts.
Conſtrains them weep, and ſhake with fear and ſorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child to ſee,
The ſon, the husband, and the father tearing
His Country's bowels out: and to poor we,
Thine enmity's moſt capital; thou barr'ſt us
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas! how can we, for our Country pray,
Whereto we're bound? together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound? Alack! or we muſt loſe
The Country, our dear nurſe; or elſe thy perſon,
Our comfort in the Country. We muſt find
An eminent calamity, tho' we had
Our wiſh, which ſide ſhou'd win. For either thou
Muſt, as a foreign Recreant, be led
With manacles along our ſtreet; or elſe
Triumphantly tread on thy Country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely ſhed
Thy wife and children's blood. For my ſelf, ſon,
I purpoſe not to wait on Fortune, 'till
Theſe wars determine: if I can't perſuade thee
Rather to ſhew a noble grace to both parts,
Than ſeek the end of one; thou ſhalt no ſooner
March to aſſault thy Country, than to tread
(Truſt to't, thou ſhalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.
Virg. Ay, and mine too,

That

That brought you forth this Boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires, nor child, nor woman's face, to see:
I've sat too long. ——

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus:
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the *Romans*, thereby to destroy
The *Volscians* whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poysonous of your Honour. No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the *Volscians*
May say, 'This mercy we have shew'd; the *Romans*,
'This we receiv'd; and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be blest
'For making up this Peace! Thou know'st, great son,
The End of War's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit,
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a Name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with Curses:
Whose Chronicle thus writ, 'the man was noble ——
'But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
'Destroy'd his Country, and his name remains
'To the ensuing age, abhorr'd.' Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the first strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the Gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'th' air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt, (28)
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, Boy;

(28) *And yet to* change *thy Sulphur with a Bolt,*
That should but rive an Oake.]
All the printed Copies concur in this Reading, but I have certainly restor'd the true Word. *Vid.* the 11th Note on this Play.

Perhaps,

Perhaps, thy childiſhneſs will move him more
Than can our reaſons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
Like one i'th' Stocks. Thou'ſt never in thy life
Shew'd thy dear mother any courteſie;
When ſhe, (poor hen) fond of no ſecond brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and ſafely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my Requeſt's unjuſt,
And ſpurn me back: but, if it be not ſo,
Thou art not honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee,
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs.——He turns away:
Down, Ladies; let us ſhame him with our knees.
To's ſir name *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down; and end;
This is the laſt. So we will home to *Rome*,
And die among our neighbours: nay, behold us.
This Boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowſhip,
Does reaſon our petition with more ſtrength
Than thou haſt to deny't. Come, let us go:
This fellow had a *Volſcian* to his mother: (29)
His wife is in *Corioli*, and this child
Like him by chance; yet give us our diſpatch:
I'm huſht, untill our City be afire;
And then I'll ſpeak a little.

Cor. O mother, mother! ———

[*Holds her by the hands, ſilent.*

(29) *This Fellow had a* Volſcian *to his Mother*;
His Wife is in Corioli; *and* his *Child*
Like him by Chance; ———] But tho' his Wife was in *Corioli*, might not his Child, nevertheleſs, be like him? The minute Alteration I have made, I am perſuaded, reſtores the true Reading. *Volumnia* would hint, that *Coriolanus* by his ſtern Behaviour had loſt all Family-Regards, and did not remember that he had any Child. I am not his Mother, (ſays ſhe) his Wife is in *Corioli*, and *this* Child, whom We bring with us, (young *Marcius*) is not his Child, but only bears his Reſemblance by chance.

What

What have you done? behold the heav'ns do ope,
The Gods look down, and this unnatural ſcene
They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother! oh!
You've won a happy victory to *Rome:*
But for your ſon, believe it, oh, believe it,
Moſt dang'rouſly you have with him prevail'd,
If not moſt mortal to him. Let it come: ——
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my ſtead, ſay, would you have heard
A mother leſs? or granted leſs, *Aufidius?*

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be ſworn, you were;
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to ſweat Compaſſion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make, adviſe me: for my part,
I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cauſe. O mother! wife! ——

Auf. I'm glad, thou'ſt ſet thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee; out of That I'll work
My ſelf a former fortune. [*Aſide.*

Cor. Ay, by and by; but we will drink together;
And you ſhall bear [*To* Vol. Virg. *&c.*
A better witneſs back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-ſeal'd.
Come, enter with us: Ladies, you deſerve
To have a Temple built you: all the ſwords
In *Italy*, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this Peace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *the* Forum, *in* ROME.

Enter Menenius *and* Sicinius.

Men. SEE you yond coin o'th' Capitol, yond corner-ſtone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be poſſible for you to diſplace it with your little finger, there is ſome hope the Ladies of *Rome*, eſpecially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I ſay, there is no hope in't; our throats are ſentenc'd, and ſtay upon execution.

Sic. Is't poſſible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub; this *Marcius* is grown from man to dragon: he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horſe. The tartneſs of his face ſours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corſlet with his eye: talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He ſits in his State, as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done, is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a God, but Eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark, what mercy his mother ſhall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that ſhall our poor City find; and all this is long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in ſuch a caſe the Gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Sir, if you'd ſave your life, fly to your houſe;
The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; All ſwearing, if
The *Roman* Ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Meſ. Good news, good news, the Ladies have prevail'd,
The *Volſcians* are diſlodg'd, and *Marcius* gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*,
No, not th' Expulſion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend,
Art certain, this is true? is it moſt certain?

Meſ. As certain, as I know the Sun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an Arch ſo hurried the blown tide,
As the recomforted through th' gates. Why, hark you;
[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*
The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries and fifes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the ſhouting *Romans*
Make the Sun dance. Hark you! [*A ſhout within.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the Ladies. This *Volumnia*
Is worth of Conſuls, Senators, Patricians,
A City full; of Tribunes, ſuch as you,
A Sea and Land full. You've pray'd well to day:
This morning, for ten thouſand of your throats

I'd

I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!
[*Sound ſtill, with the ſhouts.*

Sic. Firſt, the Gods bleſs you for your tidings: next, Accept my thankfulneſs.

Meſ. Sir, we have all great cauſe to give great thanks.

Sic. They're near the City?

Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Senators, with ladies, paſſing over the ſtage; with other Lords.

Sen. Behold our Patroneſs, the Life of *Rome:*
Call all your Tribes together, praiſe the Gods,
And make triumphant fires: ſtrew flowers before them:
Unſhout the noiſe, that baniſh'd *Marcius*;
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
Cry, — welcome, Ladies, welcome! [*Exeunt.*

All. Welcome, Ladies, welcome! —
[*A flouriſh with drums and trumpets.*

SCENE *changes to a publick Place in* Antium.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, *with Attendants.*

Auf. GO tell the Lords o'th' City, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
Even in theirs and in the Commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. He, I accuſe,
The city-ports by this hath enter'd; and
Intends t'appear before the people, hoping
To purge himſelf with words. Diſpatch. — Moſt welcome!

Enter three or four Conſpirators of Aufidius's *faction.*

1 *Con.* How is it with our General?
Auf. Even ſo,
As with a man by his own alms impoiſon'd,
And with his charity ſlain.
2 *Con.* Moſt noble Sir,
If you do hold the ſame intent, wherein
You wiſh'd us parties; we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We muſt proceed, as we do find the people.
3 *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference; but the Fall of either
Makes the Survivor heir of all.
Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits
A good conſtruction. I raiſed him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; who being ſo heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing ſo my friends; and to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unſwayable, and free.
3 *Con.* Sir, his ſtoutneſs
When he did ſtand for Conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping——
Auf. That I would have ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my hearth,
Preſented to my knife his throat; I took him,
Made him joint ſervant with me; gave him way
In all his own deſires; nay, let him chuſe
Out of my files, his projects to accompliſh,
My beſt and freſheſt men; ſerv'd his deſignments
In mine own perſon; holpe to reap the Fame,
Which he did make all his; and took ſome pride
To do my ſelf this wrong; 'till, at the laſt,

I ſeem'd

I seem'd his follower, not partner;
And he wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and, at last,
When he had carried *Rome*, and that we looked
For no less Spoil, than Glory ———

Auf. There was it; ———
(For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him;)
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the Blood and Labour
Of our great Action; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his Fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the People.*

1 *Con.* Your native Town you enter'd like a Post,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the Air with noise.

2 *Con.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
Giving him glory.

3 *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his Tale pronounc'd shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more,
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You're most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.

What-faults he made before the laſt, I think,
Might have found eaſie fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The benefit of our Levies, anſwering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding, This admits no excuſe.
Auf. He approaches, you ſhall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, *marching with drums and colours; the Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords; I am return'd, your ſoldier;
No more infected with my Country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but ſtill ſubſiſting
Under your great Command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
With bloody paſſage led your wars, even to
The gates of *Rome:* Our ſpoils, we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoiſe, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no leſs honour to the *Antiates,*
Than ſhame to th' *Romans:* and we here deliver,
Subſcribed by the Conſuls and Patricians,
Together with the ſeal o'th' Senate, what
We have compounded on.
Auf. Read it not, noble lords,
But tell the traitor, in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your powers.
Cor. Traitor! —— how now! ——
Auf. Ay, traitor, *Marcius.*
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, *Marcius, Caius Marcius;* doſt thou think,
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy ſtol'n name
Coriolanus in *Corioli?*
You Lords and Heads o'th' State, perfidiouſly
He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up,
For certain drops of ſalt, your city *Rome;*
I ſay,

I ſay, your city, to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten ſilk, never admitting
Counſel o'th' war; but at his nurſe's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That Pages bluſh'd at him; and men of heart
Look'd wondring each at other.

Cor. Hear'ſt thou, *Mars!* ——

Auf. Name not the God! thou boy of tears! ——

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Meaſureleſs liar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O ſlave! ——
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the firſt time that ever
I'm forc'd to ſcold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Muſt give this Cur the Lie; and his own Notion,
(Who wears my ſtripes impreſt upon him; that
Muſt bear my beating to his Grave;) ſhall join
To thruſt the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me ſpeak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volſcians*, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy! falſe hound! ——
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-coat, I
Flutter'd your *Volſcians* in *Corioli*.
Alone I did it. Boy! ——

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him die for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it preſently:
He kill'd my ſon, —— my daughter, —— kill'd my
couſin, ——
He kill'd my father. ——

[*The Croud ſpeak promiſcuouſly.*

2 *Lord.* Peace, —— no outrage — peace ——
The man is noble, and his Fame folds in

This

This Orb o'th' earth; his laſt offences to us
Shall have judicious Hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.
Cor. O that I had him,
With ſix *Aufidius's*, or more, his tribe,
To uſe my lawful ſword ———
Auf. Inſolent villain!
All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.
[*The conſpirators all draw, and kill* Marcius, *who falls, and* Aufidius *ſtands on him.*
Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.
Auf. My noble Maſters, hear me ſpeak.
1 *Lord.* O *Tullus* ——
2 *Lord.* Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.
3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him ——— maſters all, be quiet;
Put up your ſwords.
Auf. My lords, when you ſhall know (as in this rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your Honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
My ſelf your loyal ſervant, or endure
Your heavieſt cenſure.
1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the moſt noble Coarſe, that ever Herald
Did follow to his urn.
2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the beſt of it.
Auf. My Rage is gone,
And I am ſtruck with ſorrow: take him up:
Help, three o'th' chiefeſt ſoldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it ſpeak mournfully:
Trail your ſteel pikes. Though in this city he

Hath

Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he ſhall have a noble memory.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of* Marcius. *A dead March ſounded.*

The End of the Sixth Volume.

No. G.4036.4
v.6

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